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LEGENDARY PINUP BETTY PAGE

PENN AND TELLER GET VERY STRANGE

SHARON STONE SHOWS HER BASIC INSTINCTS IN A BOMBSHELL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

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IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.
Charlie Sampson, a World Champion bull rider, has seen the underside of a few 1,500-pound bulls. Bulls have punctured his lungs, broken his sternum, his ribs, his ankle, his wrist, his fingers, his legs (four times), and shattered every bone in his face. Charlie says he always dreamed of being a cowboy. He's wearing a Timex watch with a genuine cowhide strap. It costs about $50.
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IT TAKES A LICKING
AND KEEPS ON TICKING.
A suspicious package was delivered to a southern county courthouse addressed simply "To Lisa." With tensions high over the Gulf war, a bomb squad set off a deliberate blast to destroy it. Inside was Boomer, a kitten. "This is a very sweet kitty," said a vet called to the scene. "It was trusting, not angry or snippy." Boomer's watch is quartz, so it doesn't tick loudly. It costs about $55.
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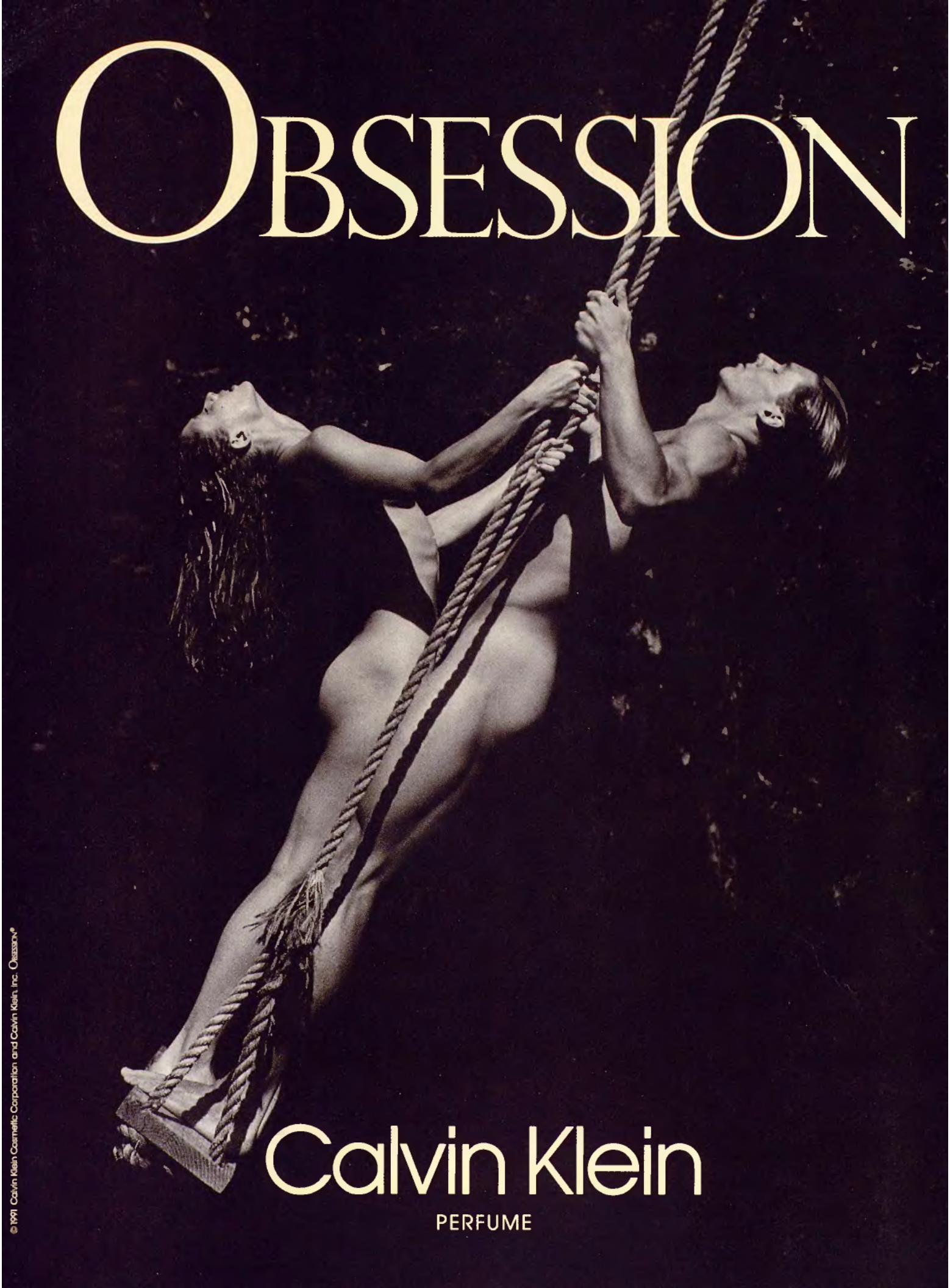
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PLAYBILL

THOSE OF US who have trouble deciding whether we've been naughty or nice this past year have some delightful company in **Sharon Stone,** star of the blockbuster *Basic Instinct*. Was she coy innocent or predatory murderess? Whatever the verdict, Stone is clearly the steamiest new talent in Hollywood. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, she proves exceptionally candid about sex, brains, gay-bashing, Michael Douglas and why she's basically a girl you could take home to mother. Contributing Editor **David Sheff** interrogates the woman who made not wearing underwear a provocative fashion option.

If you're wondering where your Christmas bonus went, you may want to read **Graef Crystal's** *Golden Featherbedders*. Since the publication of his book *In Search of Excess*, Crystal is recognized as the whistle-blower of record when it comes to bloated executive compensation. His commonsense analysis of America's best-compensated businessmen has won him no shortage of enemies, some of whom pressured *Financial World* to drop his regular column. He also has plenty of friends, namely American stockholders, who consider Crystal the leading hero in the fight against corporate greed.

Devlin, the antihero of **Thomas Berger's** *Personal Power*, knew firsthand the financial limitations of not being one of the boardroom big boys—until he subscribed to the Krafft technique, a mail-order course in hypnosis of sorts. Devlin takes over his company before he gets his just deserts. **Charles Bragg** illustrates the modern morality tale.

Jessica Hahn is the consummate survivor. Having been a victim of the deposed Reverend Jim Bakker, she dusted herself off, told her story the only way she could and topped it off with two stunning pictorials in PLAYBOY. In celebration of her continuing hard work and celebrity—she had an HBO gig, an episode of *Married . . . with Children* and other acting offers—she returns to these pages in *My Fifteen Minutes of Fame Are Up. Not!* sporting a fabulous figure and a remarkably uniform tan. Joy to the world.

Joy out of this world is the topic of **Arthur C. Clarke's** *Eros in Orbit*. In honor of the space-shuttle flight that recently launched a married couple, Clarke considers the great fictional tradition of trysting in the weightless realm. Artistic contributor **Ron Villani** sets the mood with his celestial illustration.

Penn and Teller, the two wise men of postmodern comedy, apparently attended one too many boring dinner parties last season. *How to Play with Your Food* is the result. Here are some of the startling and unsavory ways they suggest we enliven our dining experiences. The stabbing-a-fork-into-your-eyeball trick should get your tablemates' attention. Additionally, frequent humor contributor **Keith Robinson's** *No Dumping* describes the danger zones when breaking up is very hard to do.

As a small-time crook fleeing from the cops, the last thing Dortmunder wants is any kind of attention. The hero of **Donald E. Westlake's** short story, *Party Animal*, ducks into a Christmas party, where he hides out as a quick-change caterer serving canapés to the police. **Charles Burns** serves up the illustration.

In another holiday fiction offering, *The Premonition*, **Joyce Carol Oates** has written a tale of a strange Christmas. When Quinn begins drinking again, his wife and kids send him, well, packing, as Oates puts a grim spin on the yuletide spirit.

For those who wonder who will follow in the footsteps of the baby boomers, wonder no more. The present crop of disaffected youth—defined in Douglas Coupland's novel *Generation X*—has reared its amusing, if weary, head. Writer **Dean Kuipers** has a fix on these no-age dudes who were "born in the downbeat after the baby boom." They're cynical men and

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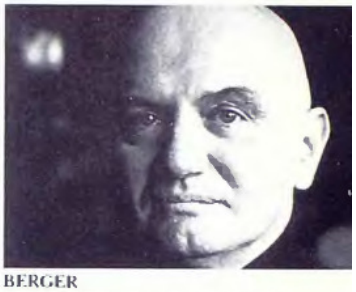
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PENN, TELLER

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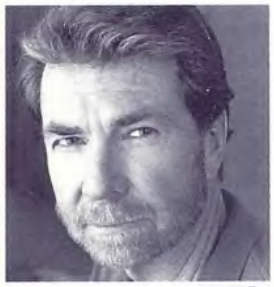
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women who are indistinguishable to the naked eye from the rerun TV characters whom they idolize. They live in their parents' cable-ready finished basements and can't get the jobs they want. But they do have their passions: Our report is stuffed with Xer info, Xer daily schedules—even an Xer life-skills quiz. **Anita Sarko,** famed d.j. of downtown Manhattan, exposes *Love Among the Xers*.

The channel-grazing Xer may pause briefly on the TV show that features a bunch of otherwise sensible people in suits shouting and pointing their fingers. *The Insider's Guide to the McLaughlin Group*, by Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker,** gives us the scoop on why these pundits yell at one another. According to Kalbacker, it all comes down to good old Jesuit-style classroom showmanship.

Frankincense and myrrh may have been fine gifts to bear in years gone by, but when visiting modern mangers, today's wise men should turn to *Playboy's Christmas Gift Collection* (shot by **Don Azuma**), which is packed with assorted treats—from a high-style phone that does everything but call your broker, to a limited-edition motorcycle. Fox TV's *Melrose Place* is where every twentysomething person turns for fashion advice. Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** hung out at the hippest housing complex to raid the closets for the coolest and brightest clothing of the season. **Stephen Danelian** did the photographs. *On the Scene* covers "The Spirits of Giving"—special-edition packages of our favorite liquors for those valued friends who prefer their assets liquid.

Anybody determined to go outside and actually experience the snow and ice should commit to memory **Charles Pluedde-man's** *Playboy's Killer Guide to Snowboarding*. This how-to for the newest mountain craze includes tips on gear, destinations, lingo and technique. A hint: Don't bail or you may get hurt.

For sheer holiday cheer don't miss December Playmate **Barbara Moore.** You may have seen her in videos by Waylon Jennings, Charlie Daniels and Lacy J. Dalton, among others. But Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** captures Barbara in a way you have not seen before. A woman you may have seen before, or at least heard of, is **Betty Page.** The quintessential Fifties pinup girl who inspired our forefathers and caused them to imagine some of the naughtiest of things, Page is making a comeback. In *The Betty Boom*, writer **Buck Henry,** one of her legion of fans, fondly recalls his obsession.

For 50 years the "king of kink," photographer **Helmut Newton,** has been taking lots of photographs and explaining little about them. Now, in *20 Questions* asked by **Margy Rochlin,** Newton tells us how he coaxes people to pose for his tantalizingly bizarre photographs. His sexually dangerous images have spawned many imitators, but none come close to the master. The portrait that accompanies the interview was shot by Newton's wife, photographer **Alice Springs.**

We serve up **Gary Cole's** annual *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. The demise of Duke's lock on college b-ball, Cole finds, is the single biggest factor in this year's season. With his probing, prescient eye, he picks Duke's heir apparent.

Guest *Media* columnist **Bob Garfield** turns his high beams on what passes for automotive journalism these days. He discovers the quid pro quo relationship between Detroit and the car reviewers that ultimately rear-ends the consumer. **Neil Tesser** surveys the range of recent jazz vocal offerings and suggests a lingering listen to a few old standbys and some new talent such as songbird Judy Niemack. Be sure to fill out our *Jazz & Rock Poll* ballot. Results in April.

And finally, what would a PLAYBOY Christmas be like without our *Sex Stars*? Not very compelling, we think. We offer our traditional holiday salute to those hardworking hardbodies who blazed across the silver screen, some captured in the situations that made them notorious. Happy holidays.

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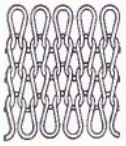

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PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

Basic instinct told us PLAYBOY readers wanted to see Sharon Stone again. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Stephen Earabino for Visages Style, L.A., and shot by photographer Michel Comte. Thanks to Serena Radaelli and Alberto Fava (both for Cloutier) for styling Sharon's hair and makeup. The white marabou coat is by Adrienne Landau. As our Rabbit reminds us, "You gotta know when to fold 'em."

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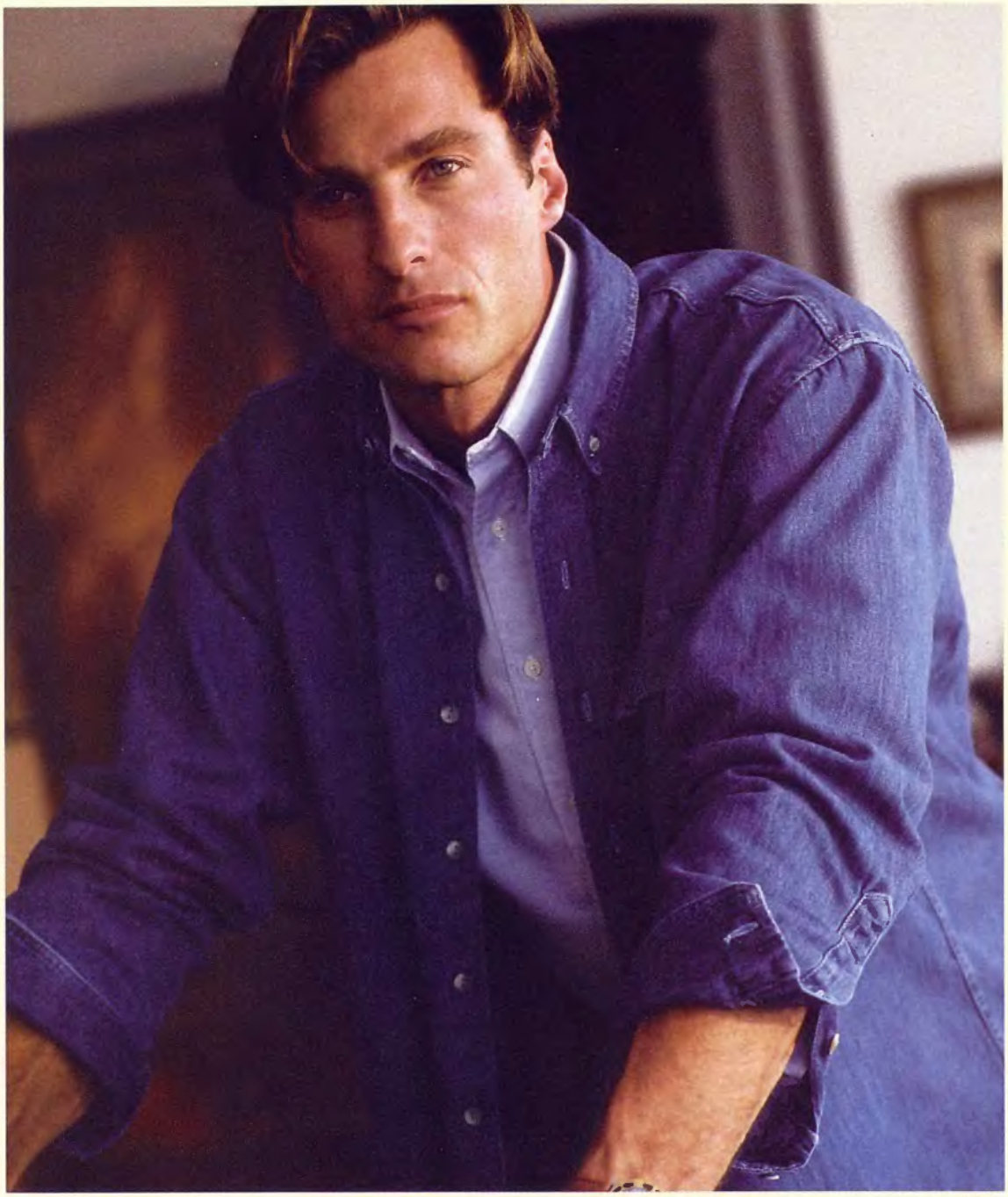

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SANDRA BERNHARD

I've always known that PLAYBOY has a great sense of humor. Putting Sandra Bernhard on the cover of the September issue was funny, though she's the ugliest woman I've ever seen. What a hoot!

Tammy Tyson
Omaha, Nebraska

I thank you for bringing a moment of joy and laughter to my dreary existence here in Okinawa, where I'm stationed with the Marines. My life will never be the same after the Sandra Bernhard pictorial (*Not Just Another Pretty Face*).

Cpl. Keith D. Kentner
2/8 WPNS Co. Unit 82056
Okinawa, Japan

Sandra Bernhard has class, style and nothing to hide. Let's draft the divine Sandra for president!

Michael Kane
Lincoln, Nebraska

Beauty *is* in the eye of the beholder, and I am beholding about the ugliest magazine cover I've seen in my life and that includes *Butter-Fat Magazine*, which I saw in a cattle stall at the last county fair.

Paul W. Faust
Huntington Beach, California

Sandra Bernhard on the cover of your magazine is like John Candy on the cover of *Muscle and Fitness*. Please.

Tom Stringfellow
Davie, Florida

Regarding Sandra Bernhard's appearance on the September cover in the Bunny outfit saying, "*Now* you tell me the clubs are closed!" I would like to add, "And just in time, too."

Peter Soltz
Canton, Massachusetts

BETTY FRIEDAN INTERVIEW

I found the September *Playboy Interview* with Betty Friedan to be, like so many other *Playboy Interviews*, an excellent lesson in humanity. I want to thank Friedan for her implied optimism that our species is evolving and for her rational insistence that women define feminism, not vice versa.

Melissa Simpson
Stephens City, Virginia

I enjoyed the interview with Betty Friedan and agree with her philosophy that the women's agenda should be part of a people's agenda. But it disturbs me that a person as wise as Friedan draws a parallel between suppression of art by Nazi Germany and the current wrangling over the National Endowment for the Arts. However, Friedan has helped make up my mind that the NEA, its bureaucracy and the tax-supported meal tickets should be eliminated. If people wish to continue to enjoy art, let them voluntarily pay for it. Art that finds its own audience will not only survive but thrive.

Mark A. Svoboda
Lewistown, Montana

The interview with Betty Friedan confirms that you don't have to be young and attractive to be a bimbo. She says she used to feel that PLAYBOY was bad because it didn't deal with the whole woman. Did she apply the same rule to all other theme publications that dealt with a single aspect of life, such as *Woman's Day*, *Catholic Digest*, *Popular Mechanics* or *Jack and Jill*? Does every publication have to be everything to everybody?

Eugene T. Phillip
Great Falls, Virginia

So Betty Friedan hated *The Silence of the Lambs* and loved *Thelma & Louise*? Give me a break! First of all, I admit I didn't see the movie, but I read *Silence of the Lambs* twice. Strong female lead. Strong female victim. But *Thelma & Louise*? No woman I would befriend

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would be so stupid as to leave $6700 in plain sight alone with a man who had just finished bragging about being a crook. Believe me, I loved the premise of two female buddies on an adventure against the world, but did they have to be portrayed as idiots in order for the movie to work?

I have the greatest respect for Betty Friedan, but she stinks as a movie critic.

Brenda Stockbridge
Bullhead City, Arizona

BABER ON BURNING CITIES

I congratulate *Men* columnist Asa Baber on his September PLAYBOY installment, "Why Cities Burn," which pointed to the relationship between absent fathers and the Los Angeles riots. I am no particular fan of Dan Quayle's or George Bush's, but I feel that the theme of family values and fatherhood initiated by Quayle in his statement concerning Murphy Brown is one of the most significant themes struck by either party for the 1992 election. Is it so hard to see that paternal involvement can be part of the answer to so many of our society's ills, ranging from our slippage in foreign competition (an educational problem) to crime on the streets (lack of discipline and the ability to delay gratification)?

John A. Rossler
Baldwinsville, New York

SEOUL MATE

In all my years of subscribing to PLAYBOY, I've never seen a more magnificent female than your September Playmate, Morena Corwin (*Seoul Mate*). And she has a sister! (Remember the Zinszers?)

May UFOs pick up Morena and clone her. I hope to see her again as Playmate of the Year.

Bill Holdsworth
Providence, Rhode Island

Morena Corwin has to be one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, and I'm looking forward to seeing more Asian women in upcoming issues.

Stu Peterson
Bettendorf, Iowa

REAL MEN DON'T BOND

I thoroughly enjoyed Bruce Feirstein's *Real Men Don't Bond* (PLAYBOY, September). His observations are witty, trenchant and up to the high standard established by his original effort to define real men. However, I could not escape the feeling that the author is himself a quiche-eater. As I am sure Feirstein would agree, real men don't write sequels.

Gonzolo Vorbeck
Chicago, Illinois

I know that Bruce Feirstein's article will probably generate 5000 letters, but I have to get my two bucks' worth (real men know that two cents ain't squat). Ten real men Feirstein omitted from his list are: James Garner, Ted Williams, Chuck Norris, Richard Petty, Dr. J, Joe Frazier, Robert Palmer, Cal Ripken, Jr., Robert De Niro and Bill Parcells.

Anybody got a problem with that?

Tim Ryan
East Patchogue, New York

C'mon, Bruce—you were doing fine with your real women description until

What beer drinkers drink.

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the last sentence. As we all know (but some of us won't admit), in their previous lives all real men were real women.

Jennifer Parker
Palm Beach, Florida

Contrary to Feirstein's opinion, real men *do* bond; they just don't bond in accordance with Robert Bly's *Iron John*. Despite Bly's assertion that there is no bona fide tradition in Western culture of initiating and raising men, there is indeed one: The honorable fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons has a tradition that goes back at least to the 12th century and may go back to the building of Stonehenge and the Pyramids.

Twenty-nine men who signed the Declaration of Independence were Masons; thirteen men who signed the Constitution were Masons. George Washington was a Mason, and saw to it that a substantial number of his officers were Masons for reasons of security and secrecy. Both Roosevelts were Masons, and Harry S Truman was Grand Master of Missouri. In all, there have been 14 presidents who have been Masons. I think I am justified in saying that presidents are real men. Real men do bond!

If any man wants to become a Mason he only has to ask a Mason if he can join.

Jeremy S. Yates
Nashua, New Hampshire

DENNIS MILLER

After reading *20 Questions* with Dennis Miller (PLAYBOY, September), I wasn't surprised that his show was canceled. At no time was he entertaining, funny or even amusing. He was boring night after night, with the same stale jokes, four-letter words and obscene body movements. It is said vulgarity is the tool of the ignorant, and he used it constantly.

Hazel O. Edwards
Houston, Texas

I enjoyed your *20 Questions* interview with Dennis Miller. I had the opportunity to see his stand-up act live in Seattle shortly before his show premiered. He was funny, witty, bright and talented. No wonder his show was canceled.

Eric Grulke
Seattle, Washington

REDISCOVERING FORT LAUDERDALE

Your March exposé of Fort Lauderdale (*The Creep, the Cop, His Wife & Her Lovers*) prompted a June *Dear Playboy* response from the city's mayor, Jim Naugle. Mayor Naugle praised his city, offering those interested a personal tour of Fort Lauderdale. Well, Naugle was true to his word. We wrote to him and he did, indeed, escort us on a water-taxi tour of the city. Fort Lauderdale is a beautiful city, rich in history and culture and just plain fun. Entertainment is plentiful, the beaches are inviting and being surrounded by palm trees and sunshine makes the workweek easy to handle. We happily relocated to the Fort Lauderdale area from New York in July and thank PLAYBOY and Mayor Naugle for giving our decision the final push.

Anita Lessinger
Lou Cocomello
Coconut Creek, Florida

ANATOMY OF A SEDUCTION

In response to Warren Farrell's "Anatomy of a Seduction" in the September PLAYBOY *Mantrack*, I'm not sure what percentage of the male population Farrell feels he speaks for, but may I express my opinion for the rest of us? If all a man is looking for is the quickest way to get a woman into bed, I agree he may indeed face some 150 rejections along the way. If, on the other hand, a man sincerely cares about a woman and makes sure she understands that, then things will progress at a more leisurely pace, signals will be sent and received and the man will find out something a lot of men already know. Women are giving creatures who will, if not pressured, often give a man far more than he might have otherwise tried to take, with nary a rejection along the way.

Manny Diez
North Miami, Florida

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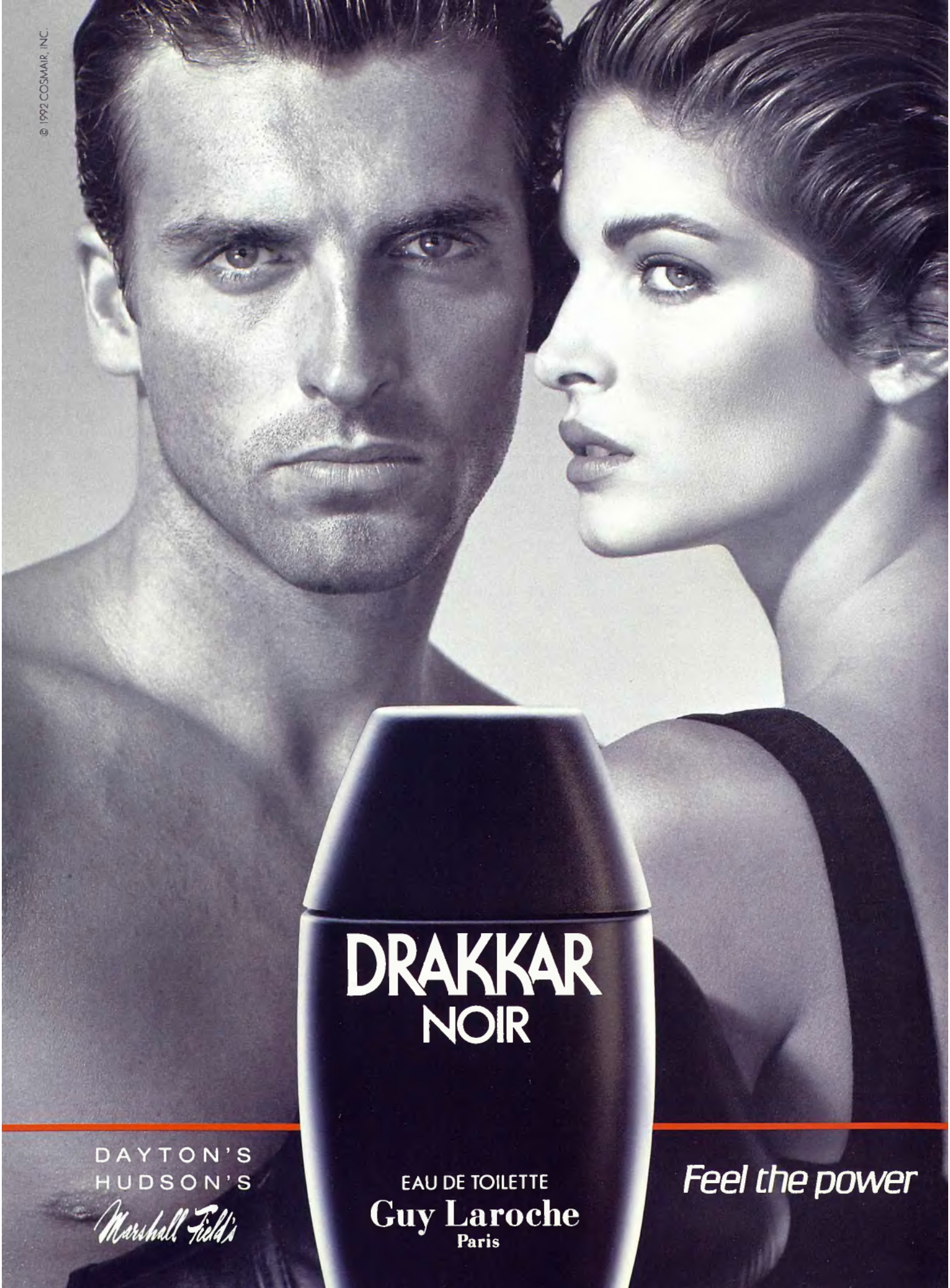
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

RED CARPET, WHITE GLOVES

In New York there's a new suite deal for the fussy traveler. The unassuming entrance to the Ramada Renaissance hides behind Times Square's famous neon Coke sign—but step inside and you'll think you've crashed the set of *Masterpiece Theater* when a white-coated butler approaches and graciously offers his services. If you like (and don't mind paying a bit more than the hotel's regular rate), he and his colleagues will treat you to the type of attention usually reserved for royalty or the superrich.

You'll be waited on by at least two butlers who work the day and night shifts, and you may request a particular individual to assist you. Your butler will unpack and repack your bags and act as a personal concierge. He will run your bath, bring coffee at a moment's notice, have your shoes cleaned and your clothing laundered. And as an added touch, he'll iron your newspaper so the ink won't soil your hands. In return, you should reward courteous service by tipping at the end of your trip. (Butlers pool their tips, so it's not necessary to tip each one.) For those who are not to the manner born, some pointers: Don't travel with your college duffel bag. Don't walk around half-naked. Don't ask your butler to referee domestic quarrels. And don't call him Jeeves.

HOLY ROLLERS

As Harrison Ford realized in the movie *Witness*, the ways of the Amish aren't readily apparent to outsiders. Nor is their logic. According to the Pennsylvania Dutch Convention and Visitors Bureau, Old Order Amish youth—who, because of religious beliefs, scorn such modern conveniences as electricity and cars—are currently substituting Rollerblades for their horses and buggies. Seems that bicycles and motor scooters are banned to limit mobility—thus keeping the community intact—whereas Rollerblades pose no threat. Amish kids, however, are averaging between 25 and 30 miles of skating a weekend. In traditional clothing, no less. Of course, it's a refreshing contrast to other American teens who dress in full spandex roller garb—only to hang out at the local mall.

FIELD AND STEAM

Bumper sticker of the month: SUPPORT CATCH-AND-RELEASE: GET A DIVORCE.

MIDDLE OF THE ROADKILL

Our last election bulletin: In Texas, disenchanted Perot supporters moved their RUN, ROSS, RUN stickers from the rear to the front bumpers of their cars.

DATING TIPS, NUMBER 5032

Our award for the most tortured performance in an off-Broadway classroom goes to self-styled Scandinavian psychodramatist Ava Taurel. A professional dominatrix, Taurel lectures on "Fetishes and Fantasies: Is It Pleasure or Is It Pain?" at the Learning Annex in New York. For three hours, the stern but matronly Madam Ava details the proper use of small pliers, titty twisters, scrotum squeezers, sturdy belts and other tools of the erotic-power trade. Her showstopper is a description of how a nurse-from-hell attitude, a simple rubber tube and a cup of water can please a truly bottoms-up client. After attending Ava's class, we headed for another Learning Annex program: "Seven Weeks to a Settled Stomach." Make that eight.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

NATURE WALK

The Wellness Permission League of Myerstown, Pennsylvania, has been urging readers of local newspapers to take their houseplants out for a walk. Members of the group noted that "walking your plants around the neighborhood enables them to know their environment, thereby providing them with a sense of knowing, bringing on wellness."

•

Pat Lees of Sheffield, England, had a short-lived joy when his thoroughbred carrier pigeon managed to beat 300 other contestants in a race from France. As he approached the exhausted bird to take off its leg tag, a cat pounced on it and ate it. Another pigeon-keeper was then awarded the cash prize.

•

Last May, Thailand's Capital Security Command set up a coup d'état hotline in Bangkok so that people could phone in to find out whether or not a revolution had occurred.

ACTION SHOT

In June, a 29-year-old Moab, Utah, man fell to his death from the north rim of the Grand Canyon while backing up to have his picture taken.

IN CASTRO'S CLOSET

Our man in Havana, Tom Miller, has documented in his new book, *Trading with the Enemy*, how Cuba's economic austerity measures are affecting romance. Here—as a prime example of what passes for humor in this hemisphere's fading bastion of communism—is a mock national directive on sex (translated from the Spanish):

"Given that couples sweat a lot in our

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

K-Tel Co. sells 150,000 Veg-o-Matics during its holiday-season television advertising blitz.

QUOTE

"I can't see a woman above me—well, sometimes, maybe."—POLISH PRESIDENT LECH WALESA JOKING ABOUT THE ELECTION OF HIS NEW BOSS, PRIME MINISTER HANNA SUCHOCKA

KEVIN FOPE

KING-SIZED

Weight of King Kong, according to old movie-poster claims: 10 tons.

•

According to Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, weight of Kong's hands if he were size depicted in poster: 20 tons.

•

Estimated weight of largest dinosaur that walked upright: 6 to 7 tons.

STEEPLECHASE

Based on a Gallup Poll of 907 Americans, the percentage of people who have switched religions or denominations: 23.

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Percentage who became Methodists: 14; Presbyterians: 12; Southern Baptists: 10; Catholics: 9; Mormons: 1.

•

Percentage who switched for marital reasons: 26; because they liked the new religion better: 14; the new church was closer to their home: 11; their friends or relatives asked them to change: 10; God told them to do it: 5.

TRICKLE-DOWN LOVE

Percentage of married men who say they're in love: 90; of single men: 54.

•

Percentage of Americans who earn more than $50,000 who say they're in love: 89; of those who make less than $20,000: 46.

TIPS

Size of tip it took a *Chicago Reader* reporter to get a bowl of Trix cereal at the Ritz–Carlton: $20; to get a city bus driver to make an unauthorized stop: $10; to use a microfilm machine at a library for longer than the 15-minute limit: $5; to bribe a club bouncer into admitting him without ID: $5.

BREATHE EASY

Chances of being killed by a shark: 1 in 300 million; by falling airplane parts: 1 in 10 million; by a bee sting: 1 in 5.5 million; by lightning: 1 in 2 million; while traveling for six minutes by canoe: 1 in 1 million.

GULF WAR STORIES

Amount by which Japan and Korea reduced their pledges to the United States for the Gulf war because of a "misunderstanding between governments": $698 million.

•

Number of televisions and VCRs received by the Pentagon from Japan: 6874; cars: 2349; stereos: 2500; computers: 3621; forklifts: 170; cots: 44,998.

•

Contributions to the Gulf war from individuals: $688,000.

DUMPING ON D.C.

Number of bottles and cans found along 164-foot stretch of riverbank near Washington, D.C.: 101; foam cups: 79; tires: 61; cable wire bundles: 18; rugs: 7; 55-gallon drums: 7; refrigerators and air conditioners: 4; garden hoses: 3; mattresses: 3; shopping carts: 2; guard rails: 2; tricycles: 2; lawn mowers: 1; artificial Christmas trees: 1.

—CHIP ROWE

climate, use of the bed is prohibited to save on soap for sheets and pillowcases and wear and tear on mattresses.

"In the heat of the summer, it is authorized to make love on the rooftops, stairs, beaches and deserted bus stops (if there are any).

"Erections are allowed only during the sex act (a limp penis doesn't waste energy).

"Masturbation will be punished with the penalty for wasting milk products.

"The vagina must remain closed on holidays."

BUBBLE, BUBBLE

These days, fans of psychedelia and all things retro are amusing themselves with an old childhood wonder: the soap bubble. One of the highlights of last summer's concerts by the Black Crowes—a band that revels in the sounds and spirit of the Seventies—was an industrial-sized bubble machine that spewed colorful and wobbly spheres above the stage. For cheap but Technicolor thrills at home, bubblologists report that the secret lies in the bubble batter. Here's the approved recipe: Take one ounce of Dawn or Joy liquid detergent (Dawn if you like blue hues), add eight ounces of water, preferably distilled, and one ounce white Karo syrup. Stir, do not shake (unlike James Bond's martinis)—froth is the enemy of bubbles. Store in a plastic container. The longer it cures, the better it gets.

POP KILLER

The irony in this year's furor over Ice-T's *Cop Killer* was that the guardians of public morality left the job half done. They completely overlooked the long list of tunes already in circulation that are warping the minds of young Americans. Let's purge all offensive discs from store shelves, starting with:

I Shot the Sheriff: Just *Cop Killer* with dreadlocks.

That Old Black Magic: Theme song for Satan worshippers.

Mack the Knife: Affectionate portrait of a slasher.

Beat It: Double entendre in support of self-abuse.

Ode to Billie Joe: Romanticizes suicide and makes thinly veiled reference to abortion.

Thank Heaven for Little Girls: What was Chevalier thinking of?

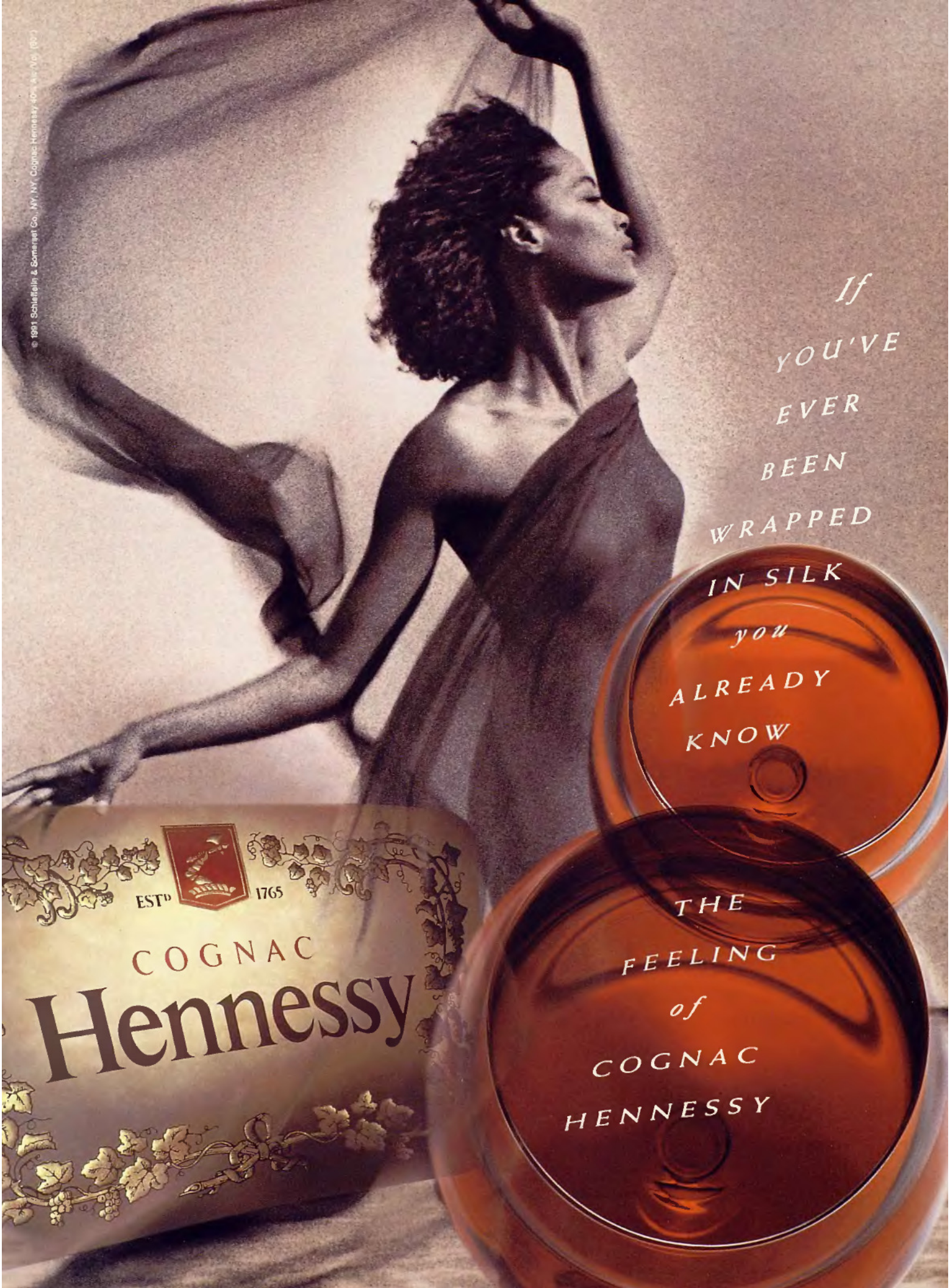
Ballad of the Green Berets: Extols group violence and supports unpopular political position.

Folsom Prison Blues: Sympathizes with felons.

Quarter to Three: Expresses endorsement of drunken driving.

Ahab the Arab and *Old Black Joe:* Racist.

Louie, Louie: Incoherent or not, we know smut when we hear it.


If
YOU'VE
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ALREADY RATED NC-17 for its general release, ***Bad Lieutenant*** (Aries) is a dark morality play with shock value to spare. Harvey Keitel, stoned and starkers in one striking sequence, plays the title role. He's a New York detective, rotten to the core, who peddles drugs, gambles recklessly and misuses his authority. A lapsed Catholic on a high-speed guilt trip, he masturbates in front of two young women and becomes psychotically obsessed with the case of a beautiful nun (Frankie Thorn) who has been raped by local thugs. In the movie's strange finale, after an encounter in church with an apparition of Jesus, he suddenly appears to seek redemption rather than revenge. Written by director Abel Ferrara in collaboration with Zoe Lund (the actress who starred in Ferrara's *Ms. 45*), *Bad Lieutenant* spells out its themes of hypocrisy and sexual obsession with the intensity of a nightmare. You won't be enlightened, but Keitel's performance has a snaky fascination. ¥¥¥

•

Again knee-deep in nefarious deeds, Keitel portrays one of six hardened criminals on a doomed jewelry heist in ***Reservoir Dogs*** (Miramax). Fledgling director Quentin Tarantino, who also wrote the screenplay, refuses to explain the precise meaning of his title. The movie's meaning is obvious enough: It's a blood-red reminder that crime doesn't pay. While the idea is hardly new, the execution is a mesmerizing exercise for the actors—particularly Keitel, Tim Roth as a mortally wounded participant in the holdup and Michael Madsen as a cruelly sadistic gunman (see "Off Camera" for more on Madsen). Jumping from the tension of the moment to revealing flashbacks that precede the crime, *Reservoir Dogs* reduces evil to its essence with classic style and concentration. ¥¥¥½

•

Scandal, schmandal. Gossip will fade, but ***Husbands and Wives*** (Tri-Star) is made to last. Woody Allen himself stars in his beguiling comedy about the perils of love, marriage and sex, with Mia Farrow as his worried spouse and Juliette Lewis as a smitten student in his writing class. Judy Davis and Sydney Pollack all but steal the show as an estranged couple fooling around, respectively, with Liam Neeson and Lysette Anthony. Despite frequent handheld camera shots that often simulate vertigo, put it high on your list. ¥¥¥¥

•

Liam Neeson returns with the role of his career as ***Ethan Frome*** (Miramax), director John Madden's eloquent filming of Edith Wharton's novella about forbidden lust in wintry New England. Joan Allen fumes as the sickly wife, Zeena, with Patricia Arquette in a highly effective stint as cousin Mattie, who brings farmer Frome's virility to a boil. It's a starkly beautiful blend of melodrama and erotica right up to the famous tragic sled ride. ¥¥¥½

Keitel acquires new habit.

Psychotics on parade and holiday gifts from two masters.

•

Winner of seven 1991 Césars (the French equivalent of Oscars), including those for Best Film and Best Director, Alain Corneau's ***Tous les Matins du Monde*** (October Films) registers mainly as the feature movie debut of Guillaume Depardieu. The confident 22-year-old son of French superstar Gérard Depardieu shares with his father the role of Marin Marais, a 17th century music student who seduces, betrays and abandons his master's daughter (Anne Brochet, who was Roxanne to Depardieu senior's *Cyrano* on film). Guillaume plays Marais as a youth; Gérard portrays him in his dotage, when he's famed for playing the viol. As he recalls his misspent youth, chamber music gathers momentum on the sound track. *Tous les Matins* (its title translates as *All the Mornings of the World*) is based on a historical novel about real musicians. Although not for everyone, it's all tasteful and leisurely—and probably even better if you're French. ¥¥½

•

About three minutes into Federico Fellini's ***Intervista*** (Castle Hill), the thought occurs that moviedom has been sorely in need of a Fellini fix lately. Although another actor casually portrays the young Fellini as a callow beginner, the maestro himself dominates this luscious valentine to movies, make-believe and the Italian dream factory known as Cinecittà, where most of Fellini's own epics grew larger than life. Anita Ekberg, Marcello Mastroianni and Fellini are reunited in one especially charming episode at Ekberg's villa, where they watch excerpts from *La Dolce Vita*. But *Intervista* never dwells on nostalgia for more than a minute before plunging headlong into wry humor and dry-eyed comment about the good old days before television. The supreme summary of Fellini's view is a mock-Western sequence interrupted by a horde of Indians who ride over the hill brandishing TV antennae instead of spears. That's his ingenious way of reminding a couch-potato world what cinema is all about. ¥¥¥¥

•

Moviemaker Henry Jaglom is no Fellini, and he probably spends too much of his talent and energy on self-analysis, but he also cares about life, love and the art of film. How do you put it all together? he asks himself. His answers are summed up, sort of, in ***Venice/Venice*** (Rainbow), which is set in the Venice of Italy and that of California. In the former, Jaglom appears (Jaglom usually appears in Jaglom movies, and director John Landis also appears in this one) playing a Jaglomesque filmmaker named Dean, who has a movie showing at the Venice Film Festival. There he meets a lovely French journalist (Nelly Allard). She follows him back to California's Venice, where he already has a live-in waif. Meanwhile, he interviews countless actresses for a movie he is planning. Jaglom is honest enough to spoof his own self-indulgence, but it may be tough for everyone else to take this bizarre, expensive home movie to heart. ¥¥

•

In this second film incarnation of James Fenimore Cooper's vivid novel, ***The Last of the Mohicans*** (Fox) offers ambushes, bloody combat, treachery and daring escapes in the hostile wilderness of pre-Revolutionary New York. As Hawkeye, the Scot raised by a Mohican chief, Oscar winner Daniel Day-Lewis cuts a commanding figure in the role Randolph Scott played with stiff competence back in 1936. Getting a British colonel's feisty daughter (Madeline Stowe) and her frightened sister (Jodhi May) from one beleaguered outpost to another is the action afoot. Native American politics are played both ways by Indian activist Russell Means as Hawkeye's substitute father and by Wes Studi as Magua, the hate-warped Huron who

vows to spill English blood to avenge his people. The 18th century's French and Indian conflicts are the historical backdrop of a movie with a mite more romantic byplay than called for in the circumstances. Hawkeye has such an endless supply of ammunition you'd swear his flintlock rifle was an Uzi. Even so, director Michael Mann makes *Mohicans* an intelligent saga with plenty of edge-of-your-seat excitement. ¥¥¥½

•

Ever get a yen for a good old-fashioned whodunit made in the B-movie style of yesteryear? Then relax with ***Traces of Red*** (Goldwyn), directed by Andy Wolk from a screenplay by actor-turned-writer Jim Piddock. As a Palm Beach detective caught up in the case of a murdered prostitute, James Belushi is an entirely believable sleuth. He's also a suspect. So is Lorraine Bracco, playing a rich, promiscuous Palm Beach widow who launched her career as a stewardess. So are Tony Goldwyn, William Russ and Faye Grant—all up to something that's designed to keep audiences guessing. The hate notes, secret loves and lipsticks scattered throughout give *Traces of Red* a preposterous twist or two toward the end. Well, it's only a movie—escapist, up-market and markedly more fun than a game of Clue. ¥¥½

•

Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov's ***Close to Eden*** (Miramax), set amid the empty steppes of China's Inner Mongolia, is an amazing piece of work. Deceptively simple on the surface, the movie depicts the life of a sheep farmer named Gombo (Bayaertu), whose beautiful wife (Badema) urges him to bring back a TV set and some condoms from his next visit to the city. She refuses to have sex because Chinese law prohibits adding a fourth child to their brood of three. The bucolic existence on the steppes contrasts strikingly with that of the city, an oasis of loud disco bars and cocktail lounges. Returning on horseback with the TV—but no condoms—Gombo has a vision in which he meets a vengeful Genghis Khan. Once home, he finds television a dull substitute for sex and lets nature take its course. How director Mikhalkov puts all this together is masterful—at once comic, imaginative and breathtakingly beautiful. *Close to Eden*'s leisurely pace is a welcome change for anyone willing to enter an exotic distant world. ¥¥¥¥

•

Almost painfully plain, ***The Match Factory Girl*** (Kino International) is portrayed by Kati Outinen in this virtually silent movie by Finnish director Aki Kaurismaki. There's dialog, but damned little of it. His heroine is a perennial wallflower who gets pregnant, gets sick of it all and gets even by slipping rat poison to four people on her hate list. You never see the grim results of these murders, and that's crucial to Kaurismaki's teasing, entirely original style—producing an old-fashioned film with an edge of ultra-modern cool. ¥¥¥

Madsen unleashed.

OFF CAMERA

Michael Madsen, 34, is sensational as an amoral sadist who cuts off a cop's ear in *Reservoir Dogs* (see this month's review). But it was the role of Susan Sarandon's beau in *Thelma & Louise* that really put his career in gear. "That bounced me out of the bad-guy stereotype," says Madsen, who has three pictures backed up: *Fixing the Shadow* (with Charlie Sheen—"I'm the guy he's trying to bust in a motorcycle gang. It's actually based on an article called *Undercover Angel* that ran in PLAYBOY in July 1981"), *Almost Blue* (playing a jazz saxophonist) and Warner's *Free Willy*. Of the last, he jokes: "Everyone thinks it means whip your willie, but it's about a twelve-year-old delinquent who wants to free a killer whale. I'm a really nice guy, the kid's foster father."

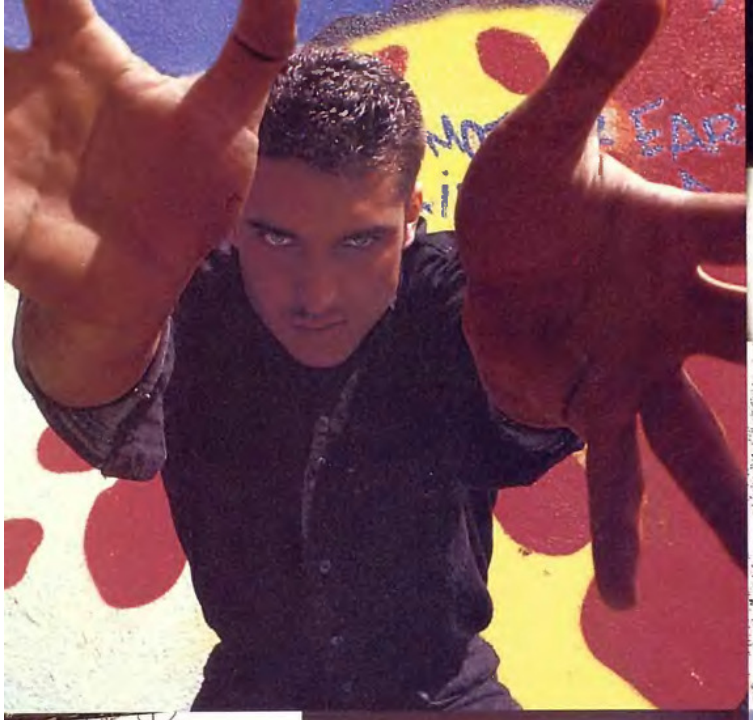
Michael is one of three Madsen kids from Chicago (the gorgeous Virginia is his kid sister). Their mom won an Emmy for a documentary about Windy City moviemaking. "My older sister, Sherry, was going to be the actress, but she got married, had kids and moved to Wisconsin. Virginia took acting classes, but I was always in real trouble—burglary, stealing cars, petty bullshit. I did a little time." It was a Steppenwolf Theater production, *Of Mice and Men*, that changed his life. "I went there to meet some girls. They never showed, but I was really impressed by the play. People stayed to talk afterward, and John Malkovich asked me if I'd ever thought of being an actor." Now settled in the L.A. area, Madsen plans to produce and star in *Time Trial*, a caper movie he wrote. Joining him in the cast will be sister Virginia and his wife, Jeanine.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bad Lieutenant (See review) Corrupt cop saga centered on Keitel. ¥¥¥
The Best Intentions (Reviewed 10/92) Reminiscing with the absorbing Ingmar Bergman. ¥¥¥¥
Bob Roberts (10/92) Star-director Tim Robbins tackles U.S. politics. ¥¥¥½
Close to Eden (See review) A magical mystery trip to Inner Mongolia. ¥¥¥¥
Ethan Frome (See review) From the book, and quite compelling. ¥¥¥½
A Fine Romance (11/92) Mastroianni and Julie Andrews commiserate. ¥¥¥
Glengarry Glen Ross (10/92) Real estate sharks attack Chicago. ¥¥¥
Husbands and Wives (See review) Woody scores another big one. ¥¥¥¥
Intervista (See review) Federico Fellini's masterful memoir. ¥¥¥¥
The Last of the Mohicans (See review) A classic rises again. ¥¥¥½
The Lover (11/92) Sex education of a sultry French schoolgirl. ¥¥¥½
The Match Factory Girl (See review) A wallflower's sly revenge. ¥¥¥
Mr. Saturday Night (11/92) Top comic stint, courtesy of Billy Crystal. ¥¥¥
Night and the City (11/92) Big-city doings with Lange and De Niro. ¥¥¥
Of Mice and Men (11/92) Steinbeck's rueful ode to migrant workers. ¥¥¥
The Public Eye (11/92) Joe Pesci gets New York somewhat in focus. ¥¥¥
Reservoir Dogs (See review) Criminal minds without a master. ¥¥¥½
Rich in Love (11/92) Albert Finney's family problems seem to matter. ¥¥½
A River Runs Through It (11/92) Fly-fishing, with Redford casting. ¥¥¥¥
Sarafina! (11/92) Musical social protest with Whoopi Goldberg and militant Soweto students. ¥¥¥½
Singles (10/92) The club scene in Seattle, couple by couple. ¥¥½
Tous les Matins du Monde (See review) Two Depardieus on viol. ¥¥½
Traces of Red (See review) The way B movies used to ask whodunit. ¥¥½
Unforgiven (11/92) Clint Eastwood in a classic back-to-basics Western. ¥¥¥½
Venice/Venice (See review) A tale of two cities from Henry Jaglom. ¥¥
Waterland (11/92) Atmospheric period drama, with Jeremy Irons in a pro-life, pro-choice dilemma. ¥¥½
Where the Day Takes You (10/92) Well, it takes you to Hollywood's homeless young. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it



off-road durability, left-

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the canyon

coast style. perfect for the rigors of the urban landscape.

L·A·GEAR®

street hikers

Dillard's

VIDEO

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Basic Instinct*** (could-be killer Sharon Stone whips cop Michael Douglos into frenzy; lots of hot rewinds); ***The Playboys*** (Ireland, 1957: heortoches, fistfights ond brilliont pothos from Albert Finney); ***K2*** (Mott Croven, Michoel Biehn, the mountoin—toke the peak ond points).
COMEDY	***My Cousin Vinny*** (Brooklyn lowyer Joe Pesci pleods cousin's cose in Alobomo; Morisa Tomei steols the show); ***High Heels*** (sexy pixie ploys love triangle with o sideorm; on Almodóvor compfest); ***Alvin and the Chipmunks*** (Disney revives boomers' fovorite rodents; six topes).
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	***The Last Metro*** (from Home Vision's Truffout collection, the 19B0 Deneuve–Depardieu Nozi-ero romonce—subtitled ot lost); new from New Yorker: ***Effi Briest*** (Fossbinder's 1974 sogo of teen girl who weds boron) ond ***The Fire Within*** (finol hours of o burned-out Casanovo, vio Louis Molle, 1964).
WORTH A LOOK	***Prospero's Books*** (John Gielgud recites The Tempest, Isobello Pasco bewitches; lovely nudes from Peter Greenowoy); ***The Cutting Edge*** (figure skoter meets hockey guy; slippery pos de deux ensues); ***American Dream*** (the 1984 Hormel meotpockers' strike; Oscar's Best Documentory of 1991).

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Remakes are the rage these days—ah, but remember the originals?

Born Yesterday: A new version is in the works, but Melanie Griffith won't find it easy to live up to Judy Holliday's 1950 Oscar stint as the bimbo with brains.

Cape Fear: The 1961 shocker holds its own against Scorsese's graphic 1991 version—notably in Robert Mitchum's performance as the vengeful convict.

Dracula: Soaring over all past and present bat men (including Coppola's upcoming stab), Tod Browning's 1931 original, starring Bela Lugosi, still sets the pace.

Father of the Bride: Spencer Tracy and Liz Taylor are the delightful titular duo in this 1950 film. Steve Martin later picked up where Tracy left off, with broader gags but no major improvement.

Of Mice and Men: The new one works, yet it's hard to beat Lon Chaney, Jr.'s, retarded, lumpish Lennie in the 1939 Steinbeck classic about migrant workers.

The Postman Always Rings Twice: The Nicholson–Lange 1981 replay is more explicit, but Garfield and Turner really heat up James M. Cain's ballsy 1946 saga of illicit lust. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDBITS

Central Park Media is rolling out its "Japanimation" collection—sexy high-tech cartoons (called *anime* in Japan) best known for tough and often nude female characters. Latest titles: ***The Supergal*** and ***Beautiful Dreamer.*** . . . A cult hit is born. A-Vision's popular ***It's Potty Time,*** a toilet-training vid for the two-to-six set, is also a sleeper on the party-tape circuit. One reason: the catchy theme song, *I'm a Super-Duper Pooper.* . . . From the folks who brought you *Spitting Image* (England's ugly celeb puppets) comes ***National Exposé*** (BFS), a vid tabloid featuring the latex likes of Dan Quayle, Cher, the Pope and Arnold Schwarzenegger (who confesses, "Ya, my villie is tiny"). . . . Get out your decoders. Columbia House has released its ***Spies*** collection, true tales of global espionage with never-before-seen footage from behind the iron curtain. Call 800-638-2922. . . . BMG Video is out of this world—and beneath it—with an audiovisual duo. ***The Wonderful Planet*** takes you on a mind-blowing junket from the Milky Way to the Amazon rain forests, and ***The Floating World*** is a 44-minute undersea odyssey set to the strains of Bach, Debussy and Tchaikovsky.

TEARJERKERS FOR MEN

Yes, real men cry at movies. Videos, too.

Brian's Song (1970): Pathos and the Chicago Bears. Quote: "Hemingway said every true story ends in death." And that's the first line (Columbia/TriStar).

The Cowboys (1972): A Western backdrop. Revenge. Father-son conflicts resolved. The cry part: John Wayne dies—shot to pieces by Bruce Dern (Warner).

Shoot the Moon (1981): Albert Finney's estranged wife (Diane Keaton) takes up with Peter Weller. Gut-wrenching emotion, bang-up finale (MGM/UA).

Dead Poets Society (1989): Everyone's favorite prof inspires charges to great heights and vast depths (Touchstone).

Charly (1968): What do you mean, the smart drugs were temporary (CBS/Fox)?

The Champ (1979): Jon Voight's washed-up boxer fights for custody of towheaded son. Big tears at final bell (MGM/UA).

The Great Santini (1979): Military man Robert Duvall torments family—especially son—with macho routine. Testosterone-driven sobfest (Warner).

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973): De Niro's a major-league catcher who's taken out of the lineup by leukemia. Basebawl at its best (Paramount). —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

Motorcade Entertainment's ***The Archival Film Disc*** is a retro-fanatic's dream. Included in the limited-edition $100 package: trailers for Hitchcock's *Frenzy*, *Vertigo* and *Torn Curtain* (the last dubbed in French) and a promo for *The Robe*, with Darryl F. Zanuck hawking the joys of Cinemascope. . . . Now on laser from Warner, a tuneful twosome. ***Eric Clapton: Unplugged*** offers the guitar hero in balladeer mode, taped for MTV's acoustics-only program; and ***Lou Reed: Magic and Loss Live in Concert*** finds the Velvet Underground vet fronting the sharpest band he has led in a decade. . . . MasterVision's best-selling ***Audubon Society's Video Guide to the Birds of North America*** has made it to disc. The five volumes now list for $39.95 each. Watch 'em fly.—GREG FAGAN

GUEST SHOT

If the swarm of paparazzi besieging him at last spring's Cannes Film Festival is an indication, kickboxer **Jean-Claude Van Damme** is fast becoming a matinee idol for the Nineties. No surprise, then, that the movie strongman ranks adrenaline-pumping flicks high on his video hit list. "I love action films," he says, ticking off such edge-of-your-sofa classics as *Ben-Hur*, *Spartacus*, *Apocalypse Now* and *Blade Runner*. Van Damme occasionally lightens the lineup with "great comedies" or, for steam release, the likes of *Angel Heart*. So what doesn't Mr. Muscles from Brussels watch? Himself. "I always think there's so much I could have done better," he says. Hey, chill—you're doin' fine. —SUSAN KARLIN

Some of the wildest storms happen below deck.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN

COLOGNE FOR MEN

By BOB GARFIELD

I'M SITTING in the dentist's office, flipping through a magazine as I wait to be drilled, filled and billed. I notice that four car ads—for Mitsubishi Diamante, GMC Typhoon, Nissan NX2000 and Nissan Sentra SE-R—quote the same source in their copy. That source is *Car and Driver*. It's one of those situations where all parties involved are well served. The carmakers flaunt the independent validation of their excellence, and *Car and Driver* gets to look like the ultimate authority. *Car and Driver* evaluated these cars because Mitsubishi, General Motors and Nissan delivered them, brand-new, to the door, utterly free of charge, for as long as *Car and Driver* deemed necessary. That is the industry custom. Did I mention that the magazine where these ads appear is, in fact, the August 1992 *Car and Driver*?

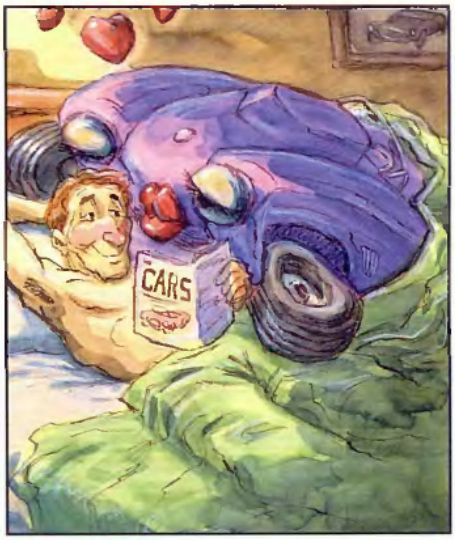
This is the way things work in the you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours world of automotive journalism. Actually, back-scratching is not the correct metaphor. If two human beings got together in the way that car companies and buff books do, it would be considered a felony in 17 states.

But put that out of your mind for a moment, because this isn't a polemic about incest and conflict of interest. The fact is, all cars—import and domestic alike—are pretty good these days. The car magazines can't help that there's not much nasty stuff to write anymore, and you can scarcely blame the auto companies for wanting to make sure their customers read every last positive word. As for the free cars, the economics of publishing dictate the arrangement. If buff books actually purchased—as *Consumer Reports* does—the half-dozen cars they test every issue, they'd be in receivership faster than you can go from 0 to 60 in a Sentra SE-R.

Furthermore, you could never prove that any particular writer was motivated by anything other than the love of cars. As *Car and Driver* editor at large Patrick Bedard told *The Wall Street Journal* two years ago, "I do not see myself as a reporter. None of us came to this business to be reporters. We came to follow our car enthusiasm."

Enthusiasm, indeed. The editors of *Automobile Magazine* wrote about one car with "an absolute magic-carpet ride"; about a "nimble, well-tuned, vitamin-charged, sophisticated" coupe; and about a third vehicle on which the manufacturer "had done everything right."

Were they referring to a Bentley, an Infiniti and a Lamborghini Diablo?



DARREN THOMPSON

Autoeroticism: Are critics in bed with industry?

Why car magazines praise even the worst clunkers.

Don't be silly. They were writing about a Buick Park Avenue Ultra, a Nissan NX2000 and an Isuzu Trooper.

The problem here is perspective. Where does all this fulsome reportage leave a car buyer looking for advice? Nowhere. *Automobile Magazine* likes the Trooper. *Car and Driver* likes the Sentra. So what? This is tantamount to announcing that Dom DeLuise likes veal, that Wilt Chamberlain likes brunettes. To be taken seriously you'd have to demonstrate that somewhere in history there was a vehicle that the buff books *didn't* like. And you'd have a hard time.

"After driving both the Vega and the Pinto, we are convinced that they represent the most significant swing in Detroit marketing in the last decade."

This was *Car and Driver* in September 1970—and, lo and behold, didn't *C&D* prove to be correct? Vega pioneered the technology of instant rust-through, and Pinto was 98 percent successful in not bursting into flames. Thus the vision, thus the unequaled optimism, thus the astonishing enthusiasm of the car-loving auto press. If the bullishness of contemporary car reviews reflects the renaissance in Detroit, it's a renaissance the buff books have seen coming for a long time. Say for 18 years.

"A time like this seems to come along only about once a generation," *Motor Trend* wrote as it previewed the 1975 models. "Now, we are once again arrived at one of these watersheds."

Their evidence? The Chevy Monza 2+2. The redesigned Buick Apollo and Olds Omega. The AMC Hornet Sportabout. The Cadillac LaSalle. And this was only the beginning. A few months later, having had a chance to become familiar with the 1975 cars, *Road & Track* described a car as "one of the most significant designs from a U.S. carmaker since the introduction of the first mass-produced automobile." The magazine was referring to, as you might expect, the legendary Ford Granada, which *R&T* editors likened to a Mercedes-Benz. (In its spasm of Deutschophilia, *R&T* later compared the Chevy Nova to a BMW.)

Sure enough, 1975 was indeed memorable. Thanks to the Granada, LaSalle et al., domestic car sales dropped by an unprecedented 398,800 vehicles—a 5.3 percent decline—while Japanese car sales nudged up a mere 37 percent. Detroit's watershed? No, it was Detroit's Waterloo.

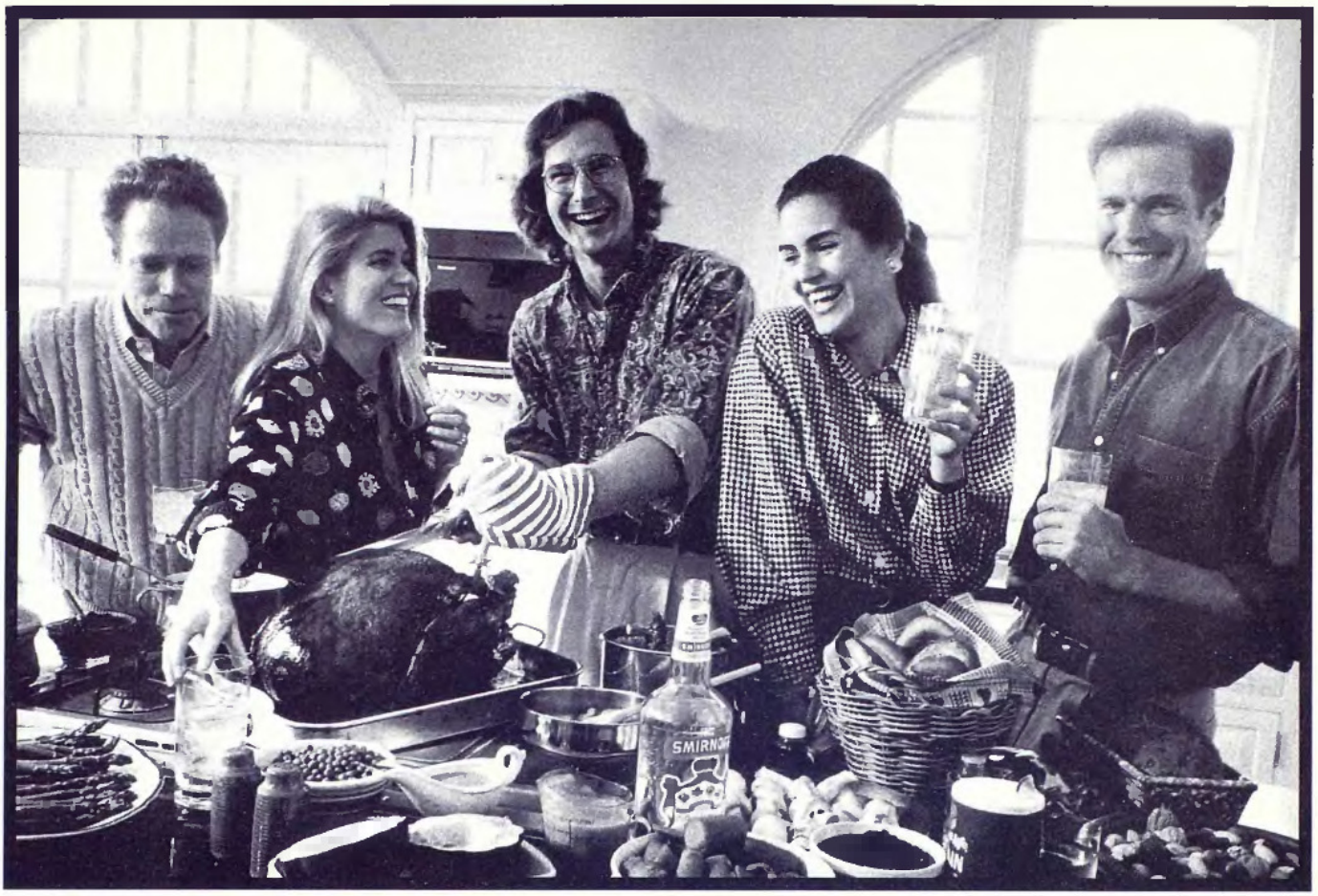
This isn't to say car reviews are 100 percent positive 100 percent of the time. Sometimes even the most enthusiastic of auto journalists are faced with a vehicle that defies their ability to fawn. These situations call for finesse and imagination, so that when our man Bedard wrote about the "finely detailed and well-fitted" aspects of the first Chevette, he was referring specifically to the floor mats (which, by the way, were optional). *Car & Driver* recently found itself focusing on the standard rear defroster and "reasonably roomy and color-coordinated" interior of one subcompact—but, after all, what else could you say about the Yugo? Damning with faint praise remains a way of life in the auto press. The presumption is that readers are hip to the code.

As my pal and *Auto Week* editor Matt DeLorenzo explains, "You have to read between the lines." That is where the truth lurks in a genre that accentuates the positive to a nearly pathological degree. It's true about the buff books now, and it was true as far back as 1958. Having gently mentioned the manufacturing flaws in one particular new line of Fords, *Motor Trend* ended its appraisal with superlatives:

"Across the country, drivers and pedestrians turned to peer and comment on the beautiful [new auto]. . . . I believe it's the sharpest car of 1958."

The highest praised, most anticipated and certainly most remembered. But then, who didn't love the Edsel?

HOME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.



It takes at least five cooks to burn a turkey this badly.

Thanksgiving. Friends. Family. And plenty of stuffing. You must be home.

And isn't it funny how so many of the places you find Smirnoff, feel like home

SMIRNOFF

Number twelve in a series. SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain. © 1992 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FILS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.

MUSIC

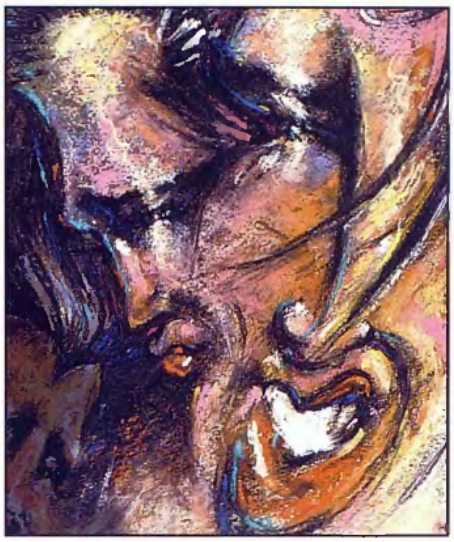
VIC GARBARINI

THINK OF THE sound track to ***Honeymoon in Vegas*** (Epic) as the most star-studded convention of Elvis impersonators ever assembled. Anything the King sang had a symbolic resonance that will never be duplicated. Smart artists recognize that the best tribute to the El involves being true to your own voice, which is why Billy Joel, desperately moaning and hamming his way through *All Shook Up* and *Heartbreak Hotel*, belly flops so badly. Dwight Yoakam scores top honors for having the guts and audacity to update *Suspicious Minds*' central riff—and the integrity to deliver the vocals without the slightest pretension. Likewise, Jeff Beck refuses to hotdog on his instrumental of *Hound Dog*. His simple but nifty premise is: What if Scotty Moore discovered fuzz and feedback in 1956, along with slapback echo? Good fun. Tritt, Gill, Van Shelton et al. give respectable performances, but the Nashville crowd lacks the gospel-fueled grit of the man from Tupelo. John Mellencamp drags a bluesy, dobro-driven *Jailhouse Rock* back to the Delta, where it sounds world-weary and honest. Bryan Ferry croons a creepy *Are You Lonesome Tonight?*, while Willie Nelson, who you've always suspected could charm you by singing the phone book, does almost that as he floats through *Blue Hawaii*. But what's missing is the trembling vulnerability that Elvis awoke in himself and in us. U2's Bono courageously reflects the essence of that flame in a compelling reading of *Can't Help Falling in Love*. From rumbles of pain to transcendent and transforming falsetto, he mirrors the whole journey in a performance that is ineffably and inexplicably miraculous.

FAST CUTS: ***Sun's Greatest Hits*** (RCA): The original incandescence, via Presley, Perkins, Cash, Lewis and Orbison. A thousand box sets dancing on the head of one CD.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The same ***Television*** (Capitol)—with Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd on guitars, Fred Smith on bass and Billy Ficca on drums—that recorded the classic *Marquee Moon* and *Adventure* in 1977 and 1978, respectively, has reunited 15 years later for an album of new material. And they're still great, for all the same reasons. In contrast to almost everyone else on MTV, Verlaine and Lloyd use little or no distortion on their guitars, which gives their music an open, spare architecture and affords the listener a chance to hear their intricate interplay. Less sound, in this case, means a lot more music. On vocals, Verlaine offers a sensual baritone delivery of surreal, wry lyrics that will rock you into a trance. It would be hard to imagine a more welcome comeback.



DON VANDERBEEK

A star-studded tribute to the King.

Another Elvis sighting, Robert Cray is *Warned* and Television returns.

FAST CUTS: Elmore James, ***King of the Slide Guitar*** (Capricorn): A terrific two-CD box set chronicles the career of a musician who was truly king of his instrument. The influence of James's smoking style is still all over the radio, and he sang with stunning intensity. A must for any blues or blues-rock fan.

The Yardbirds, ***Little Games Sessions & More*** (EMI): Already in the process of breaking up when their last studio album was recorded in 1967, the Yardbirds still had flashes of brilliance to offer on *Little Games*. Most fascinating in this two-CD set—which includes oddities such as the Yardbirds' commercial for Great Shakes—are the ideas that Jimmy Page would later develop for Led Zeppelin.

NELSON GEORGE

For a few years in the early Eighties, it looked as if stand-up vocal groups would be going the way of big bands. Veterans such as the O'Jays and the Whispers seemed to be the last of a dying breed. As rap rose in stature, few new groups came to replace older trios and quartets. But the Nineties have brought a back-to-basics movement in black music, and a slew of talented young vocal groups emerged. While Boyz II Men and Color Me Badd have received most of the ink, there are many other lesser-known combos making good music.

The Rude Boys are a Cleveland-based quartet that debuted in 1990 and enjoyed two number-one R&B singles, *Are You Lonely for Me?* and *Written All Over Your Face*. Both were traditional soul ballads embellished with high-tech instrumentation. On its second album, ***Rude House*** (Atlantic), the group tries to score with more up-tempo material such as *My Kinda Girl*. But the slow-paced love songs are the ones that sparkle. *This Love*, *True Apology* and *Always*—all songs made for slow dancing—feature the strong ensemble vocal arrangements and soulful lead voices that make the Rude Boys appealing.

After 7, a trio from Indianapolis, had major pop success with its freshman effort in 1989, including two gold singles, *Ready or Not* and *Can't Stop*. Brothers Kevon and Melvin Edmonds, along with friend Keith Mitchell, have a silky, sophisticated sound influenced by their mentors, members of the La Face production team. On ***Takin' My Time*** (Virgin), After 7 attempts to gain dance-floor acceptance with songs such as *Kickin' It*. And, again, it is the slower material that shines. Where the Rude Boys are gritty, After 7's sound is slicker and more upscale. The ballads *Truly Something Special* and *Takin' My Time* have a pop quality that could earn After 7 fans from both the Luther Vandross and Michael Bolton crowds.

FAST CUTS: Mary J. Blige's ***What's the 411?*** (Uptown/MCA) is cutting-edge R&B that defines upwardly mobile black musical mainstream. Blige's smooth, spunky vocals are showcased by bright, melodic tracks with highly danceable hip-hop base rhythms. *You Remind Me*, *Reminisce* and a supple cover of Rufus' *Sweet Thing* are among the highlights.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

With ***I Was Warned*** (Mercury), singer-guitarist Robert Cray arrives at a rock-soul synthesis as deeply rooted in blues themes and sounds as ever. Where 1988's *Don't Be Afraid of the Dark* leaned too far toward soul, overplaying Cray's unspectacular voice, *I Was Warned* accentuates guitar hooks. With longtime producer Dennis Walker co-writing eight songs, Cray gets his most memorable material since 1986's *Strong Persuader*. In a just world, AOR radio's white males

(18–35) would suck up this guitar stuff as if B. B. King and Bad Company had had a baby.

Cray's themes have also shifted. After a career of splitting the blame in the battle of the sexes, his painful excavations into the horrible secrets of both sides have begun to favor the male-victim formula. In the finale of *Our Last Time*, he watches a one-night stand get dressed, already craving her return. It's enough to make you wince the way *he* used to, since his line is that he's reformed. There really are femmes fatales in this world, and the title tune nails their obsessive allure. Cray has worked hard to make sure you'll like this one, and he ain't jiving.

FAST CUTS: ***Antone's Women*** (Antone's): The Austin blues label specializes in gals' stories, and this multi-artist sampler will make a believer out of you.

Joe Houston, ***Cornbread and Cabbage Greens*** (Specialty): The wild, honking tenor sax of dreams unearthed from the Fifties for seekers after true R&B.

DAVE MARSH

Pop music's most interesting question is never "What's good?" It's "What's hip?" Ask Joe Ely. Ten years ago, when the Clash asked him to open at its concerts, his Southwestern country rock satisfied hipsters mightily. But until **Love & Danger** (MCA), Ely hadn't made a studio album in four years. He still hasn't made a great one since he stopped working with songwriter Butch Hancock, but if you're into solid delivery of superb songs, this album has two genuine winners: Dave Alvin's *Every Night About This Time* and Robert Earl Keen Jr.'s *The Road Goes on Forever*. Let's face it, narrative melodic songs are anything but hip today.

Even though rap is hip-hop, it isn't always hip. A.L.T. and the Lost Civilization's ***Another Latin Time Bomb*** (East/West) may bore purists silly because its basic rhythms come from soul, not funk samples, and because A.L.T.'s vocals and narratives run in straight lines. But in the context of chicano culture, where soul and R&B are still revered, an album that reworks the Champs' *Tequila* and offers a celebratory account of *Refried Beans* might be hipper than any outsider imagines.

FAST CUTS: Dion, ***Dream on Fire*** (Vision): Doo-wopper turned mystic Christian still sings great as he turns in a secular set featuring a street-corner rendition of Springsteen's *If I Should Fall Behind*, and *What's That Sound?*, an attempt to summarize the history of rock and roll.

The Buck Owens Collection, 1959–1990 (Rhino): One of the great singer-band combos of the Sixties.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
After 7 *Takin' My Time*	3	7	7	7	6
A.L.T. *Another Latin Time Bomb*	5	7	6	8	8
Robert Cray *I Was Warned*	9	6	7	4	7
Various artists *Honeymoon in Vegas*	7	8	8	6	7
Television	7	7	8	6	9

IT'S IN THE CARDS DEPARTMENT: If you thought there were no more ways to market **Elvis,** think again. Now you can collect Elvis trading cards—more than 600 of them, in fact. There's the Elvis in the Army collection, Elvis in Vegas, Elvis' cars. You get the picture. The cards are being sold in 12-packs for $1.49. We don't know if bubble gum is included.

REELING AND ROCKING: Sheena Easton sings the old chestnut *The Nearness of You* in the movie *Indecent Proposal*, starring **Robert Redford, Demi Moore** and **Woody Harrelson.** . . . **Ice-T** is currently developing a film based on a comic book about him, *Ice-T's Players*. . . . **John Doe** has an acting role in **George Strait's** movie *Pure Country*, and one of his songs will be used in the **Whitney Houston** and **Kevin Costner** movie *The Bodyguard*. . . . The **Bob Dylan** look-alike contest, now ten years old, will be filmed as a documentary this year, tentatively titled *It Ain't Me, Babe*. Contestants compete in five categories: folk Dylan, amphetamine Dylan, post–motorcycle-accident Dylan, born-again Dylan and freestyle. . . . **LL Cool J** has a song in the **Robin Williams** film *Toys*. . . . **Drew Barrymore** will star in **Pamela Des Barres's** groupie opus *I'm with the Band*. . . . **Garth Brooks's** music may be headed to Broadway and the big screen. *Honky-Tonk Angels*, a play that incorporates eight of his songs into the action, is doing boffo business in the South; the producers are negotiating to take it to New York and then turn it into a movie. . . . **Queen Latifah** is up for the lead in **Bruce** (*Driving Miss Daisy*) **Beresford's** film bio of **Bessie Smith.** Latifah plans to do her own singing if she lands the role.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra** made its first tour of the U.S. this past fall, playing the music of **Duke Ellington.** Then jazz, from dance to film to performance, will settle in for New York's annual Jazz at Lincoln Center program during the 1993 season. Go East, young men and women. . . . If you're looking for a perfect holiday gift, you'll want to consider *Songs of Freedom*, the only compilation to chronicle **Bob Marley's** career. The CD set will be a numbered limited edition; only 1 million copies are being manufactured throughout the world. . . . **Rod Stewart** is working on his autobiography. . . . **Stevie Wonder** just received a lifetime achievement award at the seventh annual salute to the American songwriter concert in L.A. . . . **Gloria Estefan** and her husband **Emilio** have bought a Miami Beach hotel to run. . . . **Stones** alone: First, **Ron Wood's** solo album, *Slide on This*, was released to coincide with a 15-city tour, then **Keith's** studio LP was released. Now look for **Mick's** latest, produced by **Rick Rubin.** . . . There may have been a number of cast changes at *In Living Color* this year, but **Keenen Ivory Wayans** and actress (but still *Color* choreographer) **Rosie Perez** faced more than 500 wanna-be **Fly Girls** at open auditions for three slots. . . . **Yothu Yindi** will play the UN this month to launch the Year of Indigenous People. . . . Did you catch **Jimmy Buffett** on the lecture circuit, reading from his thriller, *Where Is Joe Merchant?* . . . Finally, remember **Mojo Nixon's** classic *Don Henley Must Die?* Well, last summer Nixon was performing in Austin, Texas, when **Henley** jumped onstage to sing it with him. Nixon paid Henley the ultimate compliment: "The boy has balls the size of church bells." Henley never said a word and left the stage and the club right afterward. Nixon's new target? **Michael Bolton.** —BARBARA NELLIS

JAZZ

By NEIL TESSER

All that jazz.

Stocking stuffers from Helen Merrill, Betty Carter and the great Sonny Rollins.

WHEN ASKED what jazz was, Louis Armstrong reportedly said, "Man, if you've got to ask, you'll never know." But for almost as long as people have tried to define jazz, they've argued about what defines a jazz singer. Is swing enough? Is an orchestra too much? And how about scat—or can nuances of tone and phrasing supply enough of the improvisation?

Yes, yes, and yes in the case of the captivating Helen Merrill. On ***Clear Out of This World*** (Antilles), she once again shows the power of small and keenly observed inflections. Forty years after her first record, Merrill still toys only slightly with a melody; instead, she places her soft and husky contralto into harmonically adventurous settings, then relies on her magical timing. Yet Merrill is no minimalist when it comes to emotion, investing standards with the intensity of a method actor—with saxist Wayne Shorter and trumpeter Tom Harrell playing supporting roles.

In the opposite corner sits Betty Carter, the improvisational daredevil who revels in melismatic distortions of line and in death-defying rhythmic stunts. The title of Carter's excellent new CD, ***It's Not About the Melody*** (Verve), slyly echoes the most frequent criticism of her style. But Carter's music is always about melodies—the melodies she creates (incorporating post-bebop freedom), as opposed to melodies written down. Carter teases out the slowest ballads of the century by allowing the lyrics to lag several measures behind the music's pulse. She also scores a knockout with *Naima's Love Song*, an infectious two-themed song that features Craig Handy's vital tenor sax.

Carter now sings a light-year past her first recordings. Compare them with ***I Can't Help It*** (Impulse), two dozen straight-ahead sides from the late Fifties. Even then, you could hear the evolution of modern jazz singing from the clever and complex vocalese of the beboppers—a style that gained early visibility in the recordings of King Pleasure. A reissue titled ***Moody's Mood for Love*** (Blue Note) collects 18 of his exuberant performances.

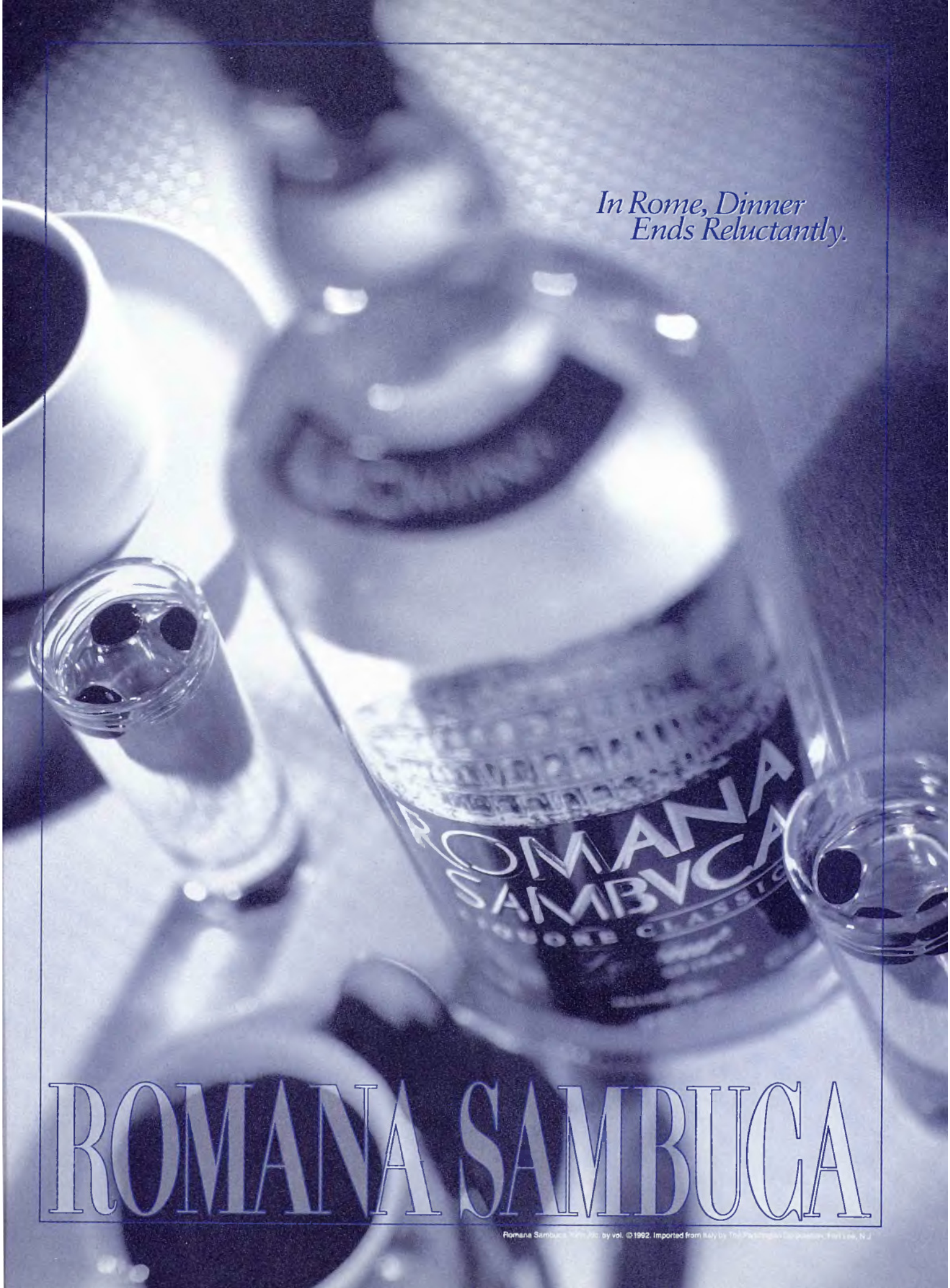
Madeline Eastman updates the vocalese tradition with a few tracks on ***Mad About Madeline!*** (Mad-Kat Records, P.O. Box 420253, San Francisco, CA 94142). But her real strength lies in the ironic distance she brings to modern material, setting it against the work of such expressionists as vocalist Mark Murphy and saxist Phil Woods (with whom she steps smartly on *Freedom Jazz Dance*). Less successful, but still worth noting, is the debut of the 23-year-old singer and actress Eden Atwood. On ***Today!*** (Southport Records, 3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657), she borrows from several predecessors without settling into one style. But her clear-channel voice and her talent for scat suggest Atwood might make her mark.

Three more CDs, while somewhat flawed, display a bevy of bright young voices. On ***Nnenna Freelon*** (Columbia), the young singer/songwriter proves much better than her album, which fusses around with overwrought arrangements. But Freelon herself invites comparisons to the young Sarah Vaughan; get her a new producer and watch for the follow-up. Carmen Bradford steps out from the Basie band on ***Finally Yours*** (Amazing Records). Although her showtime sensibilities threaten to overwhelm this project, Bradford gratifyingly brings blues shouts (a Basie band tradition) to much of her singing. Out of Detroit rides the women's quintet Straight Ahead, steered by violinist and vocalist Regina Carter and vocalist Cynthia Dewberry. Their ***Look Straight Ahead*** (Atlantic) has some real power, even if it tends to get stuck in a mid-Seventies groove.

You need have no reservations about Judy Niemack, a young veteran of the New York club scene who epitomizes the term "jazz singer." Make a point of finding ***Long as You're Living*** (Free Lance Records, c/o Qualiton Imports, 24-02 40th Ave., Long Island City, NY 11101): Niemack's irrepressible swing, savvy scatting and dead-on intonation allow her to improvise solos that seem more horn than voice. In addition, her way with a lyric will warm the hearts of both romantics—on ballads such as *The Island* and *Infant Eyes*—and musical adventurers, as she stunningly tames tough jazz lines written for saxes, not singers.

The Marsalises, jazz's first family, are responsible for a trio of new releases. Wynton Marsalis continues to make admirable if backward-looking music on ***Blue Interlude*** (Columbia). Its centerpiece is a 37-minute extended work in the Ellington mode, with the trumpeter brilliantly juggling a rich collection of mostly blues-based themes. Marsalis' thirst for history provides rewards, but we hunger for something pointing forward from the award-winning jazzman. Brother Branford harkens back even further—to pre-jazz blues—but arrives at something more contemporary with ***I Heard You Twice the First Time*** (Columbia), enlisting B. B. King and John Lee Hooker, gospel and a chain-gang chant. Meanwhile, younger bro Delfeayo Marsalis looks to antiquity. Having previously revealed—as record producer and liner-note writer—his unbearable smugness, Delfeayo uses the story of Christ to inspire his first CD as a leader: ***Pontius Pilate's Decision*** (Novus), which presents serviceable but wholly derivative music and his own lackluster trombone.

Finally, a few stocking stuffers for hard-to-please listeners. Justin Robinson, the alto saxist whose volcanic improvisations light up the Harper Brothers band, makes his debut with ***Justin Time*** (Verve), a rangy collection from the mainstream. Another hard-blowing young alto man, Jesse Davis, leads an expansive sextet on ***As We Speak*** (Concord Jazz). Davis makes effective use of a lightning technique and swollen-ripe sound that come straight from Charlie Parker. On ***That's Me*** (Enja), the glamourous young German organist Barbara Dennerlein has also put together a grand band—sporting tenor strongman Bob Berg and trombone trickster Ray Anderson—though she has yet to find a distinct voice on her instrument. The best unknown band in jazz, Edward Wilkerson's 8 Bold Souls, links the muse of Ellington with the Chicago avant-garde on the rollicking, irresistible ***Sideshow*** (Arabesque). And ***The Complete Prestige Recordings of Sonny Rollins*** are here for the holidays: a brilliantly annotated seven-CD set, tracing the early (pre-1957) career of the saxophone colossus.



Romana Sambuca, 70 Proof, 35% by vol. ©1992. Imported from Italy by The Packaging Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J.

GIFTING YOURSELF

In the spirit of the season, it may be better to give than to receive. However, we've discovered some extraordinary fashion items that we're sure you'd like to get. Expensive? Yes. But they're worth the price, since all combine superior craftsmanship with superb materials. Topping our wish list is a supple pair of black leather jeans with yellow topstitching from the rock-and-roll world's designer of the moment, Gianni Versace ($2370). Jewelry manufacturer Chrome Hearts also has a big rock following—especially for its sterling-silver ID bracelet shown here ($935). Talk about heavy metal. And country-and-western fans will discover that Donna Karan's fringed nubuck jacket ($1300) is city slick. A tie, for once, will be a welcome gift if it's one of the Calvin Klein Collection's elegant silk knit styles ($75). Joseph Abboud's Wearable Art collection includes handsome silk/chenille hand-knit sweaters ($400). If you like shirts with French cuffs, treat yourself to a pair of Cartier's 18-kt.-gold Pasha cuff links ($3400) and studs ($3200), both with cabochon sapphires. Polish your professional image further with a hand-woven English saddle-leather portfolio by De Vecchi ($750).

HOT SHOPPING: CHICAGO

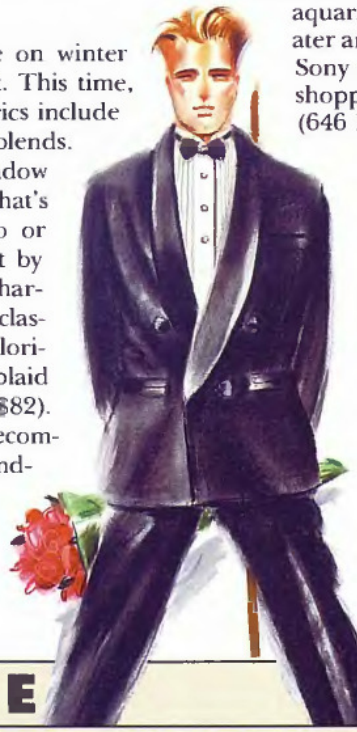
December isn't the best time of year to be in Chicago, but for holiday shopping, the Windy City's Gold Coast/Magnificent Mile areas are worth a trip out in the cold. Barneys New York (25 East Oak Street): Top designer fashions and accessories for both genders. • Boogies Diner (923 North Rush Street): A Fifties-style eatery on the top level, with leather jackets and club clothing below. • J. Crew (900 North Michigan Avenue): Exclusive retail versions of the company's clean-cut catalog clothes. • The Knot Shop (Water Tower Place, 845 North Michigan Avenue): Choose from more than 3000 ties at this Bigsby & Kruthers speciality store. • Nike Town (669 North Michigan Avenue): Nike products galore, plus a basketball court, an aquarium, a theater and more. • Sony Gallery (663 North Michigan Avenue): One-stop shopping for the latest Sony electronics. • Crate & Barrel (646 North Michigan Avenue): An atrium building with everything you need to make your house a home.

CLOTHES LINE

When it comes to style, actor **C. Thomas Howell** likes to keep 'em guessing. "I try not to get pinned down to a certain look. I'll wear ripped jeans with Prada crocodile laceups." The star of Warner's upcoming film *That Night* will tell you he grew up riding and roping, but adds, "I'm one of the few cowboys who doesn't dress like one." Or at least not exclusively. Howell speaks as fondly of his Justin roper boots as he does of his collection of major-league baseball caps *before* they added the insignias: "They were cooler then." What will he wear for the holidays? "A Thierry Mugler sports coat with Men Go Silk slacks." Howell festive.

DARK SHADOWS

Those shadow-plaid shirts your dad wore on winter weekends are back in the fashion spotlight. This time, patterns have a hip, vintage look, and fabrics include contemporary viscose, cotton and cotton blends. The perfect complement to faded jeans, shadow plaids get their name from the hazy effect that's created by blending and overlapping two or more colors. One good example is a shirt by Wilke-Rodriguez ($125), which combines charcoal and cream to create the silvery glow of a classic black-and-white movie. If you prefer colorization, try one of the full-cut, soft-collared plaid shirts from J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud (about $82). Designer Chris Kumiega of Ruff Hewn recommends wearing his slate-blue and black-and-white plaid shirt ($65) with cotton twill pants. And International News adds a zipper front to its red-black-and-white shirt jacket ($42). Layer it over a T-shirt or zip it closed for an even cooler look.



MALT WEATHER

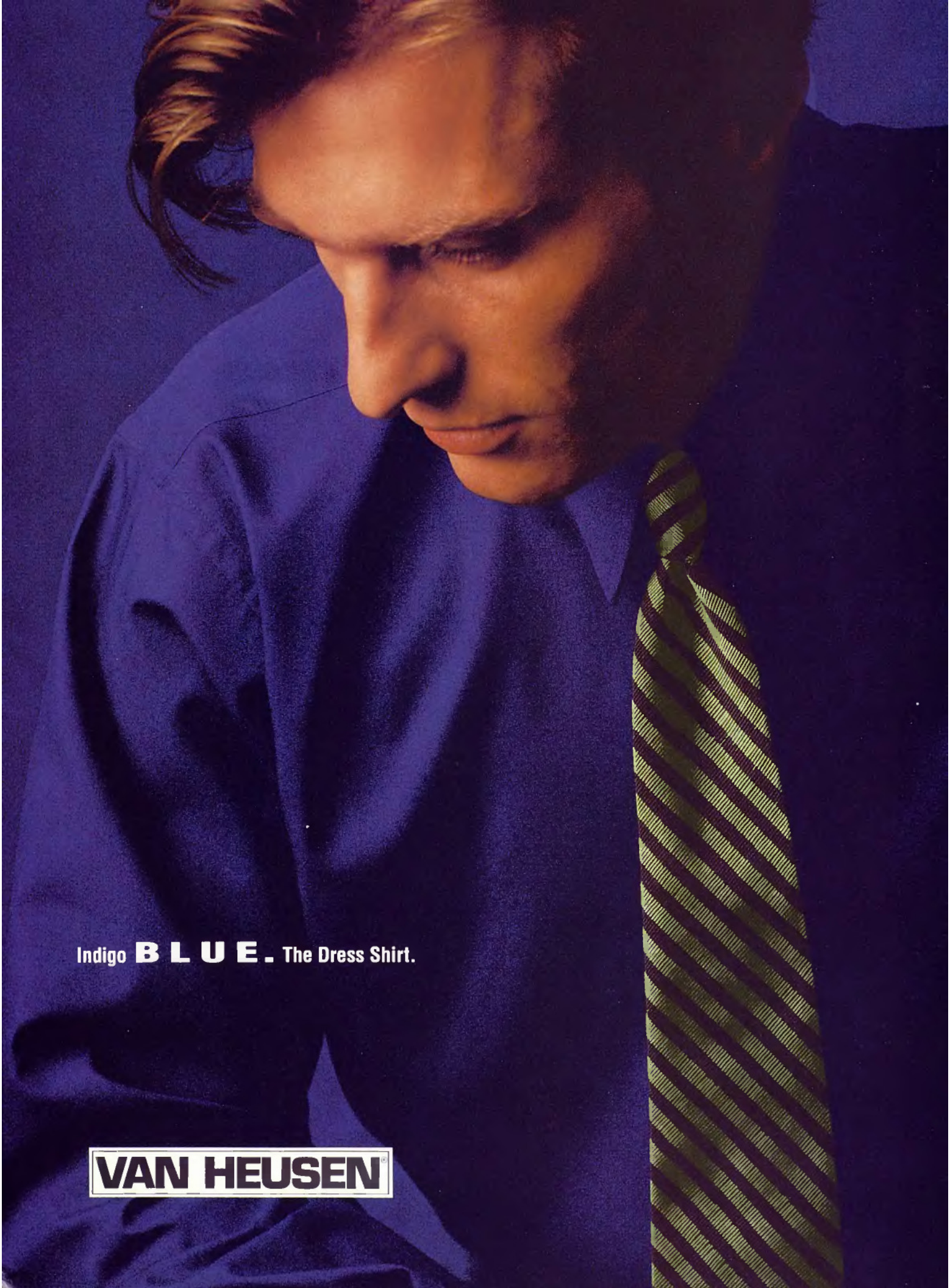
Sipping a glass of smooth single-malt Scotch is one great way to unwind this winter. But with malts from more than 100 distilleries on the market, how do you make a choice? Easy. Go with one of the best, as chosen by Britain's Malt Whisky Association. More than 6000 of the group's members ranked their favorite single malts to come up with a top-30 list. Nine of the top ten are sold in the States, including the number-one pick, the Singleton, as well as Bowmore (ten years old), Auchentoshan, Bunnahabhain, Balvenie, Knockando, Lagavulin, Aberlour and The Macallan (ten years old). The one not imported: Longmorn.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

TUXEDOS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Single- or double-breasted, with shawl collar; elegant pleated trousers	Overly fitted and tailored jackets; pants cuffed at bottom and cut tight at top
COLOR AND FABRIC	Solid black, midnight blue, pale gray or slate blue; worsted wool	Lounge-lizard taupes and Seventies-prom pastels; polyester
DETAILS	Satin lapels; cummerbund in black or black-and-white geometrics	Velvet trim; pre-tied bow tie; ruffled, embroidered or overly pleated shirt

Where & How to Buy on page 243.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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

AT YEAR'S END, publishers have opened the floodgates for 1992 and a veritable tsunami of good reading is bursting into the bookstores. John Updike leads the fiction list with his most enjoyable novel ever, ***Memories of the Ford Administration*** (Knopf). The amusing premise of his 15th novel is that Alfred Clayton, a history instructor at a New Hampshire junior college, has been asked by a historians' journal to write his recollections of Gerald Ford's administration. What he remembers, with almost stream-of-consciousness candor, is a long, passionate affair with a colleague's wife that almost destroys Alf's own marriage.

Alf rhapsodizes over the joys of his mistress' perfect body, while the mother of his three children, whom he dubs the Queen of Disorder, torments him with bitter sarcasm and pleas to return to his home.

In counterpoint to this lengthy confession, Alf offers excerpts from a book on the life of President James Buchanan that he had been trying to write. His own life and his fantasy of Buchanan's life have hilarious resonance.

Updike is entertaining and diverting with his contrapuntal tossing of themes between the Ford-era memoir and the Buchanan manuscript. The reader is stunned to realize that in his casual, tap-dancing manner, Alf has been trying desperately to make sense of his own life. Ultimately, this is a novel about how history—personal and otherwise—is written. It is intellectual fun of the first order.

An impressive trio of novelists joins Updike on the fiction shelf: Martin Cruz Smith, Douglas Adams and Stephen King. Cruz brings detective Arkady Renko back to Moscow in ***Red Square*** (Random House) for the best exploration of post-Soviet society we've read yet. Renko (of *Gorky Park* and *Polar Star* fame) follows the trail of rubles, deutsche marks and dollars from Russia to Germany and back in search of the killer of a Russian black-market banker. Cruz finds as much excitement, action and suspense in international crime rings as he did during the Cold War.

Douglas Adams is back with the fifth installment of his *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*: ***Mostly Harmless*** (Harmony). This sf send-up begins with a young TV anchorwoman named Tricia McMillan being taken up in a huge spaceship. On board, the crew has lost all memory of its identity or purpose as a result of damage from a meteorite. The story bounces from one parallel universe to the next, and Tricia returns from the edge of the solar system having eaten at McDonald's with aliens but not knowing much more than when she left.

ADAM SEYMOUR

John Updike's history lesson.

Updike's best yet; Martin Cruz Smith explores post-Soviet society; King's 27th novel.

In his 27th novel, ***Delores Claiborne*** (Viking), Stephen King forgoes all of his usual supernatural fantasy and focuses on a 65-year-old housekeeper on Little Tall Island in Maine. The 300-page novel is her startling confessional soliloquy, as recorded by the local police chief. She admits to the murder of her husband almost 30 years earlier yet denies another grim rumor: that she killed her senile friend and employer. This is an extraordinarily vivid portrait of an old Maine islander unburdening herself of the demons of a lifetime. For King, it is an impressive tour de force, a sensitive character study that holds the reader rapt without trickery.

From out of the nearly universal gloom surrounding the subject of American education rises the voice of journalist Larry Martz with a dozen stories of inspiration in ***Making Schools Better*** (Times). His thesis inveighs against waiting for major reform of the system. We have to do something right now for the kids in school. He shows us educators who work small miracles daily with limited resources, using dedication and imagination. He points out that every eight seconds of the school day, another student drops out.

Also on the nonfiction shelf are significant biographical studies that deserve more thoughtful attention than we have space to offer: Nigel Hamilton's ***JFK: Reckless Youth*** (Random House) is the first volume in what should prove to be the authoritative biography of John F. Kennedy. Hamilton follows Kennedy through his youth, Harvard, PT-109 and into his first campaign for Congress in over 800 pages of exhaustive detail. In ***Hemingway: A Life Without Consequences*** (Houghton Mifflin), James R. Mellow examines the importance of male influences in this writer's life.

BOOK BAG

The Lizard King: The Essential Jim Morrison (Scribner's), by Jerry Hopkins: Wild stories, poetic myths and sensational rumors about the lead singer of the Doors.

Men of Style: The Zoli Guide for the Total Man (Villard), by Donald Charles Richardson: Even if you don't want to be a Zoli model, you can learn to make the maximum fashion statement with what you've got.

Encyclopedia of Pop Culture (HarperCollins), by Jane and Michael Stern: This A-to-Z guide to America's media mythology is a must for Trivial Pursuit fans, nostalgia buffs and sociology grad students.

Free Speech for Me—but Not for Thee (HarperCollins), by Nat Hentoff: Evidence from all parts of the political spectrum to support the idea that censorship is the strongest drive in human nature. (Sex is a weak second.)

Blue Chipper (Morrow), by Geoffrey Norman: In this hard-boiled tale, when a hot basketball player is being blackmailed to shoot hoops for the local state university, detective Morgan Hunt steps in to call some fouls.

Take Another Little Piece of My Heart (Morrow), by Pamela Des Barres: A sequel to her best-selling memoir *I'm With the Band*, the world's most famous groupie grows up.

Woman with Guitar (Da Capo Press), by Paul and Beth Garon: The first complete biography of Memphis Minnie, one of the greatest blues singers of all time, compiled from the memories of her relatives, friends and fellow performers.

A Day in the Night of America (Random House), by Kevin Coyne: If you want to know what happens after most of us go to sleep, take this after-hours journey into the world of 10 million Americans who work the night shift.

Heroes and Anti-Heroes: Magnum Images (Random House), introduction by John Updike: Since 1947, Magnum photo journalists have been documenting history and its notable figures. From Che Guevara to Ezra Pound to Marilyn: frozen moments of time come to life.

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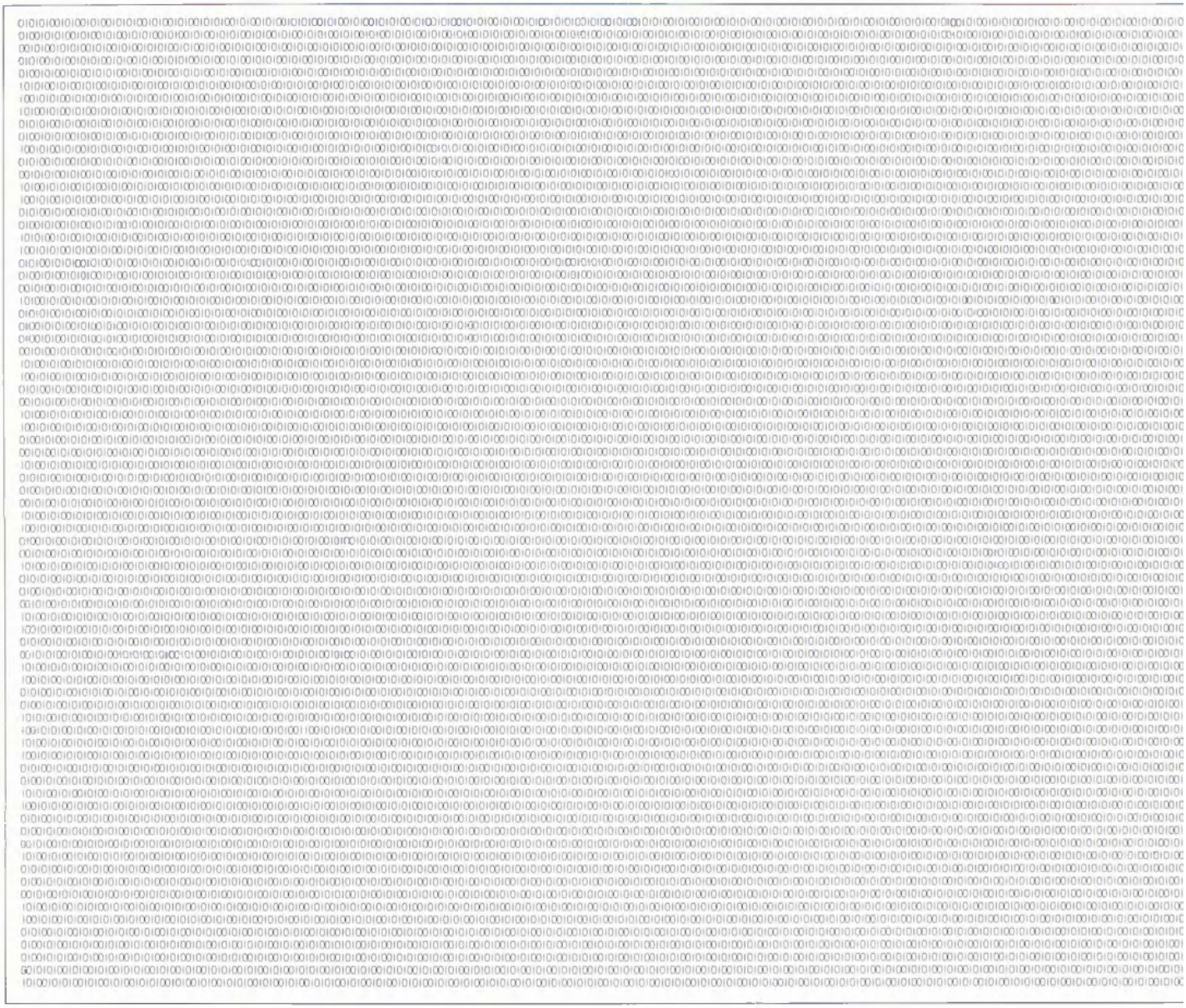

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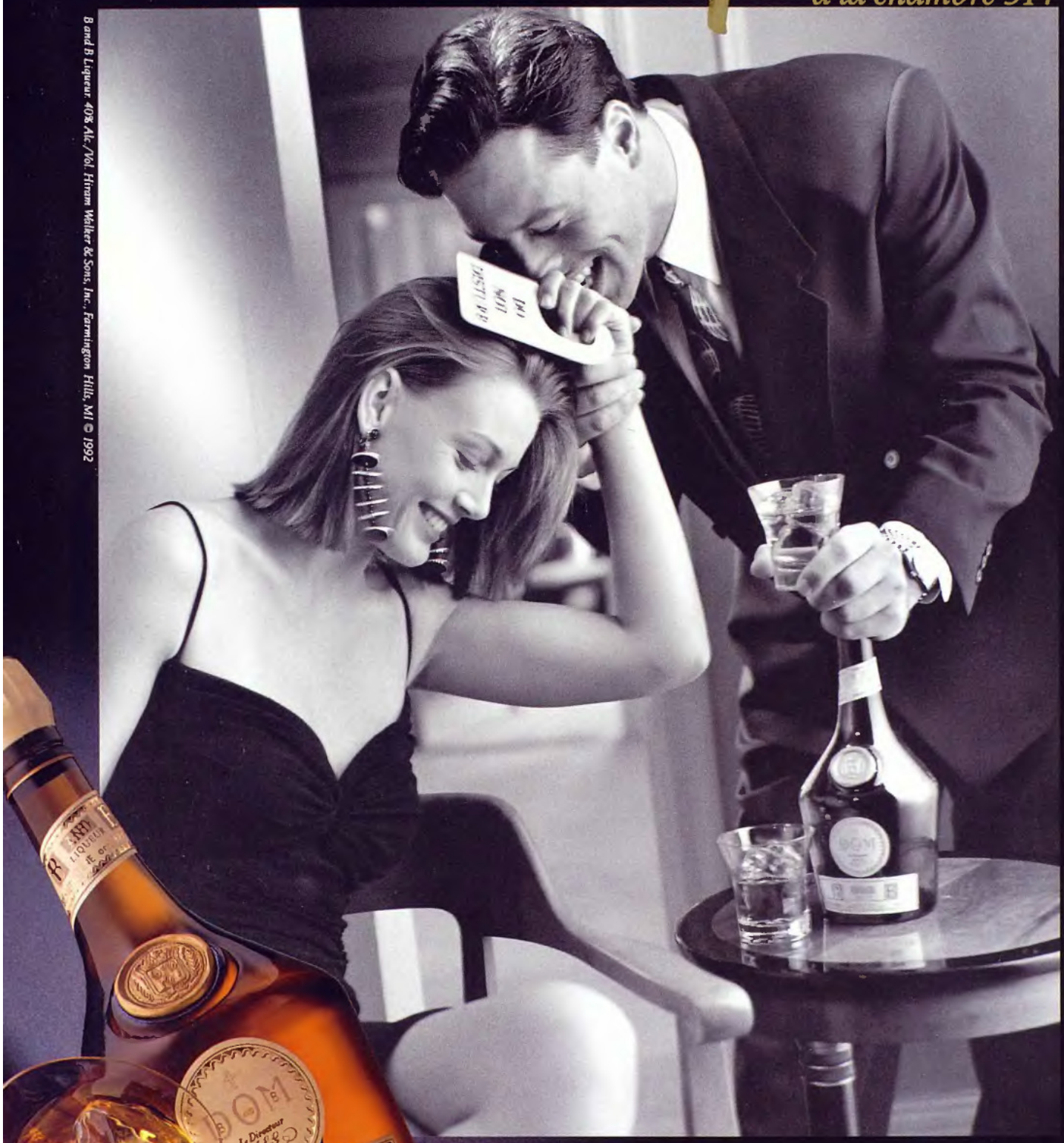

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MEN

By ASA BABER

A recent feminist trend in America suggests that men should be taxed for the crude impositions of their gender. We are, according to some, too great a burden to bear, and we should pay for our male sins and defects.

Lisa Nee argued in a *New York Times* op-ed piece in July that all women should get a tax break:

> Women spend a tremendous amount of their income protecting themselves from unpleasant situations created by men. . . . For the most part, women are a calming influence, peacefully beautifying the city . . . [but] men can squelch your appreciation for the outdoors by leering, honking and making that monkey-sucking noise if they find a woman attractive. . . . Cut women a break. Cut us a deal on taxes.

As I thought about Nee's proposal, I tried to make a monkey-sucking noise. Monkey-sucking noises are definitely beyond me. However, my inability in that area does not mean that I will not be taxed for being male.

This tax-the-terrible-male movement was mothered by June Stephenson, author of a calming and peacefully beautifying book published last year called *Men Are Not Cost-Effective*:

> There are exemptions on the Internal Revenue forms that allow deductions for people over 65 and for people who are blind. An additional exemption on state and federal income-tax forms that allows a deduction for being female would serve two purposes: It would provide gender equity in taxation for crime, and it would so antagonize men as to make them take a second look at their responsibility.

The solution is simple, Stephenson concludes:

> We cannot expect men to police their own. . . . Besides building prisons and increasing incarceration, what is left? Nothing short of men paying for their own criminal gender. Men must pay for being men.

My first reaction to this feminist line of thought was predictable. You know me, I'm Ace the Base, so I began thinking of ways that men might levy taxes on women just for being women. I came up with some great legislation. I certainly hope these taxes are voted into law soon:

PETER PALOMA

TAX THE CRIMINAL GENDER?

(1) The "late for every date" tax. Finally, the woman who makes men wait for her would be taxed a percentage of her income every time she did it. As most men would testify, this measure could halve the federal deficit by 1996.

(2) The "holding up the line in the supermarket or at the bus stop while searching for the exact change" tax. Difficult to monitor and apply, this tax is worth the trouble because of the large revenues it would bring in.

(3) The "I make the rules and I can change them whenever I want to, whether you makers of monkey-sucking noises like it or not" tax. Yes, men, this is the ultimate tax. We spend half our lives trying to figure out the rules and regulations as mandated by the women we want to love—and then another half keeping up with their frequent changes in those rules. Surely this feminine inconsistency deserves taxation!

When you think about it, if they worked at it, men and women could tax one another out of existence. Every session of Congress could be devoted to charges and countercharges of sexual excess and gender insensitivity. There could be a tax on men who never do their own laundry, a tax on women who always leave the toilet seat down, a tax on men who talk about sports too much and a tax on women who hum the same song all day at work.

Nonetheless, the time has come to say something directly to those women who announce so grandly that men alone are the problem, that men alone are evil and annihilating and therefore should be taxed simply because they are men.

Men are not the perfect sex. I am more than ready to look objectively at the male in America and search for ways in which he can be educated and initiated and helped. As men, we have a lot of work to do if we are to become mature and responsible people.

On the other hand—this is where I always get into deep trouble—I make no case for women as the perfect sex.

To put it bluntly, every male who annoys or harasses or violates a woman and makes her life difficult is also of a woman born. He is not part of a male plot against women. He is a product of both male and female training—or lack of it.

Men are not raised in a vacuum. They are not space aliens who arrive on earth fully formed by masculine influences only. Boys are raised and shaped as much by women as by men, if not more so.

As the year 1992 wobbles to a close, let us reassert a basic fact about life on our small planet: Like it or not, we are in this together, all of us, male and female. We cannot tax one gender or the other exclusively. As men and women, we are interconnected and interdependent.

The causes of human weakness and meanness and frailty and violence are shared between the sexes. They cannot be fairly sorted out, blame cannot be exclusively affixed, taxes cannot be exclusively assigned to one sex or the other.

Is there a criminal gender?

"Gender" comes from the Latin *genus*, which means birth or race or kind or kin—a group of persons of common ancestry, as I would define it.

I submit that the criminal gender is the human race. Educationally, culturally and psychologically, we still live in the Dark Ages. We have few valid conceptions about how to raise our own kind in health, generosity and tranquility. Let's do something about that. Together.

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

BECKY HEAVNER

MY LIFE AS A TANK

Sunday: I just got out of the shower and I'm looking in the mirror and wondering whose body this is. It can't be mine. I would never have a body this gross. A butt as big as the Ritz. Thighs like a dirty secret. This is one repulsive body. I refuse to have it anymore. I am going on a diet.

I'll go on a diet and pretty soon I could look like Linda Hamilton in *Terminator 2* or Susan Sarandon in *Bull Durham*. Any girl in any jeans ad would be fine with me.

I want to wear jeans without scaring people, without them thinking a battleship is approaching. I want to look sexy and desirable in jeans. Not like this huge pig I see in the mirror.

Tomorrow I will go to one of those diet places. But right now I must put on a muumuu.

Monday: In my neighborhood, probably in every neighborhood in the country, there are five diet places per square mile. There are obviously quite a few fat pig women who want to look good in jeans.

I visit three diet places and meet three greedy morons. Morons with syrupy voices who all say their diet is the only one that works because they have discovered the trick of weight loss without ever feeling hungry. You eat as much as you want. You don't even have to cook. Just pop these meals, prepared *just for you*, into your handy microwave. Every meal is super unbelievably delicious! You will lose, lose, lose! All credit cards accepted!

As a person who's been on a few diets, I know this to be a lie. You can never eat as much as you want and you always feel madly hungry. The only real trick is to take speed. I hate speed.

I run home in distress and call all my friends to find out which diet place to go to. They've all been to at least one. Cleo, Louise and Rita all say they'll go with me.

"But you're not fat," I say to Cleo, Louise and Rita.

"Are you kidding? I'm a walking office block," says Cleo.

"Oh, please, I'm a cow about to give birth," says Louise.

"I am an actual beached whale," says Rita.

I sift information and eventually wind up in a place where the diet person is not quite a moron.

"Four high-fiber crackers a day, seven ounces of protein, two teaspoons of fat, one apple and all the salad you can eat, except no carrots or tomatoes," the dietician says.

"You're fucking kidding me," I say.

"You'll lose twenty pounds in a month," she says.

"I'm your girl," I say.

I go home and start the famous pre-diet ritual: Eating everything I can. Cheeseburgers. Fries. Mallomars. Quite a few Mallomars. I want to throw up.

Tuesday: Please, somebody feed me. I'm going to faint. I'm starving to death.

I'm supposed to go out with a friend tonight. I call her.

"I can't go. All I can think about is food. I'm seeing spots," I say. "All day I can only eat a couple of crackers and some salad."

"You talk about salad as if it isn't food."

"Salad isn't food. Salad is slimy green background for croutons."

"All I ever eat is salad," she says.

Caught being a salad-hater, I'm humiliated. Everything makes me feel humiliated. My hugeness makes me want to hide. I know I'm perceived as weak and ridiculous. I know that all over town phones are ringing and people are saying, "I ran into Cynthia the other day. At least I think it was Cynthia. It may have been a bus, ha-ha-ha."

Wednesday: Just jumped on the scale. Haven't lost one fucking ounce.

Thursday: Not a fucking ounce.

Friday: I call Cleo. "I'm so hungry," I say. She asks what I'm eating. I tell her.

"Drink a lot of coffee. It's like speed," she pronounces.

"I'm not allowed caffeine."

Cleo hangs up on me. She hates me, too. Just because I'm fat.

An hour later the doorbell rings. Cleo and Rita. A house call.

"OK," says Rita, "how overweight do you think you are?"

"Twenty pounds."

"Fine, that means you're ten pounds overweight, because every woman alive, even little sticks like Cleo here, thinks she's ten pounds overweight. So we just lop ten off from the top. Now, why are you torturing yourself?"

"I'm not torturing myself."

"Ha," says Cleo, "you won't even let yourself drink coffee! Look, so what that you gained a couple of pounds while working on that TV show. You were stressed. A stressed woman is a woman who mainlines M&Ms. Big fucking deal."

"But I hate my body."

"You stupid cow, you can't hate your body. If you hate your body, no diet will work and you'll get fatter and fatter. You have to fly in the face of a society that tells you you're hideous if you don't look like a movie star, or a beer-commercial babe, or a fashion model who is twelve years old and six feet tall, or one of those air-brushed girls in that magazine you work for. Women come in all shapes and sizes. Love your body in all its wondrous big-butt splendor."

"You don't think I'm ugly?"

"Well, the whining isn't attractive," says Rita. "Stop being so strict with yourself. Eat six crackers a day. Or eight! Drink a little coffee. This is getting really boring."

"Listen," I say, "you called yourself a beached whale. And Cleo said she was an office block."

"Oh, please," says Rita. "That's just a little recreational self-loathing a woman does so nobody thinks she's uppity."

Saturday: Drank coffee. Lost two pounds. Susan Sarandon, watch out.

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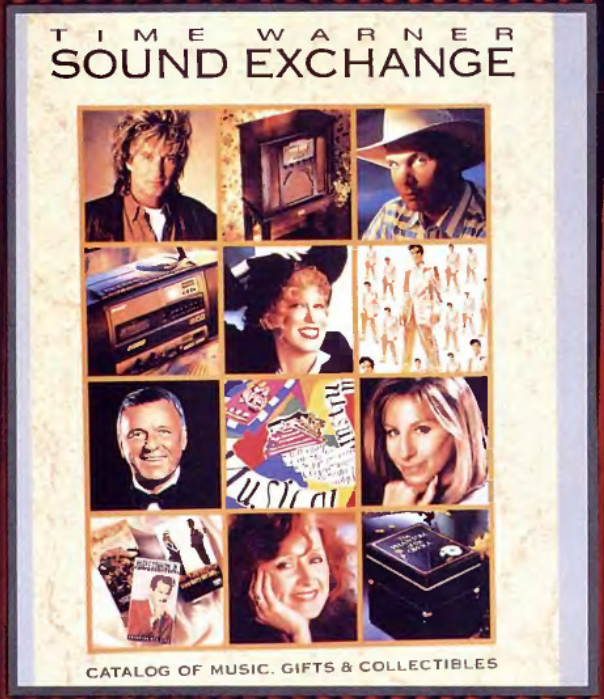

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

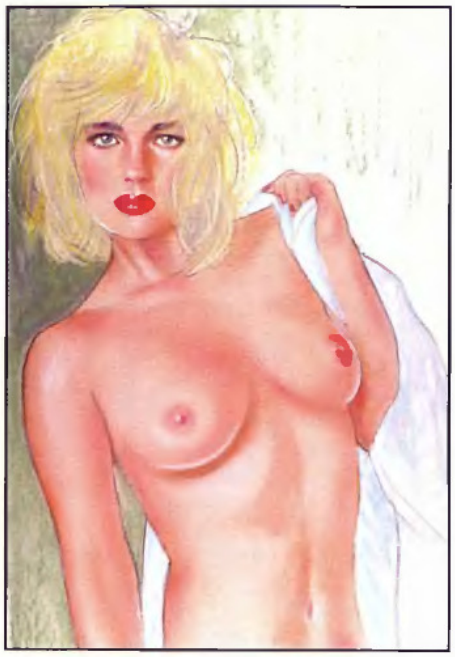
The other day, the bus I take to work was unusually crowded. A woman wearing a minidress ended up standing in front of me. I happened to glance at her dress and was immediately frisky. Needless to say, I got a hard-on. I was embarrassed because she stood so close to me that the bulge in my pants pushed on her behind. I didn't mind and the woman didn't react negatively. The bus went around curves and over bumps, throwing her against me. It felt great, but I wondered what she felt or thought. Do women notice such things?—A. P., Charlottesville, Virginia.

Yes, they do. Generally, they consider the creatures who indulge in frottage (that's the word for copping nonconsensual feels in a crowd) to be a lower life-form than Arlen Specter. The polite thing to do is to turn away. If you really get off on public transportation, invite a girlfriend along.

Does a rubber band placed around the edge of a CD improve the sound? I've seen some stores selling custom rings that supposedly "extend bass response and enhance dynamics." How do they work?—G. J., Dallas, Texas.

About the only thing a rubber band does is cushion the edge of the CD when you fling it across the room in disgust, realizing that once again you have fallen for an audiophile come-on. The laser on a compact disc player reads information; nothing you apply to a disc—be it green ink or Rain-X—changes that information.

Many of my husband's friends are getting married. It seems that the bachelor parties are getting out of hand. Whatever happened to just drinking, playing cards, renting stag flicks or, at worst, having a stripper perform and leave? The current trend is to have live sex shows, body shots (drinking shots of tequila from parts of a woman's body) and weekend trips (as if one night isn't bad enough). My husband is very conservative. He doesn't think with his dick, nor would he ever cheat on me. However, he has given in to the obligatory body shot (at a bachelor party the night before I gave birth to our son), which in my mind was being unfaithful. If he ever caught me licking another man's body—harmless fun or not—he would be extremely angry and hurt. My girlfriends agree that this is a problem, yet when we try to persuade the men to keep things clean, they become defensive and accuse us of overreacting, being crazy and trying to pussy-whip them. They say that the purpose of bachelor parties is to provide the groom with something he will not be allowed to enjoy after he's married. What more do these guys need? It's not like we're fat, dumpy or deprive them of sex.—K. H., Chicago, Illinois.



Take away the stag films, the women, the body shots, and what's left? One of those Iron John retreats with a bunch of guys in loincloths, beating drums and hugging trees. There's no easy way out of this quandary: If we side with your husband, you'll think we are sexists, which we occasionally are. We admit that men (and for that matter women) often do things in groups that if done alone would border on infidelity. Consider those girls' nights out, where women tuck dollar bills inside the G-strings of guys with low body fat who are just working their way through the seminary. The point of both is to send the participants home with a jolt of sexual energy. How many guys does your husband know? This isn't going to be a problem the rest of your life. Ease up—the critical sentence in your letter is the revelation that he attended one of these parties the night before your son was born. The issue more likely is how pregnancy and child rearing affect your sex life. Sort that out, and the bachelor parties will take care of themselves.

Is it possible to buy an antilock braking system for older model sports cars such as the Porsche 356 Roadster or a Corvette from the Sixties? I love the look of the older sports cars, but I appreciate the safety factor of ABS. What do you say?—F. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

From a purist's point of view, the answer is no. You wouldn't colorize a print of "Casablanca," would you? From an engineer's point of view, the prospect is risky. Designers of new cars carefully calibrate the ABS to fit the particular car. A one-size-fits-all aftermarket ABS uses a pressure-relief valve that results in a longer stopping distance. If you want to race down memory lane, talk to a knowledgeable tire dealer. With the right treads and a course in threshold braking, you can achieve maximum performance from the most venerable road warrior.

Thank you for the generous mention of my book *Mystical Sex* in the September *Playboy Advisor*. At the risk of sounding unappreciative, let me confess that a scintilla of angst clouds my replete gratification. You stated: "The author suggests that *karezza*—having sex without orgasm—will lead to a heightened spirituality. We always thought it led to blue balls." That idea is a misinterpretation of Taoist, tantric and other mystical literature. Ball coloration aside, far be it from me—or anyone else in his right mind—to discourage people from orgasms. The timelessness of mystical sex is not nonorgasmic. There is nothing about simply not having an orgasm that promotes mystical experience, and mystical sex is not orgasm deprivation. Mystical sex does not preclude lovers' climaxing, unless doing so brings an unwanted end to lovemaking. It goes without saying that they may have as many climaxes as they want. Lovers ascend to an altered state of consciousness during endless mystical sex, not because so many minutes of sex have been chalked up, not because so much friction, tension or electricity has been generated but because the issue of duration is no longer a problem. Mystical coitus reservatus therefore does not primarily refer to a particular sexual duration but to the state of mind during sex, an attitude in which the present moment of sex is an end in itself, streaming spontaneously and carrying lovers along together in the effortless flow of whatever is happening.—Louis Meldman, Birmingham, Michigan.

We stand corrected. Readers interested in pursuing this topic can order "Mystical Sex"—the book—for $11.95, postpaid, from Harbinger House, 2802 North Alvernon Way, Tucson, Arizona 85712.

Some of my friends have car stereos with removable faceplates. I know they are supposed to be theft deterrents, but don't they actually call attention to the fact that you've spent some bucks on a good sound system? And in that case, what's stopping a thief from ripping off your stereo, calling in for a replacement plate and then reselling the unit?—B. T., Seattle, Washington.

The theory behind the removable faceplates is that thieves are logical. If there are two cars in a parking lot, one with a standard stereo and one with a stereo sans faceplate, the thief

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

will rip off the first vehicle, since he or she can move the hot property quickly. Those who are dense enough to take the plateless stereo encounter technological trouble: Since they can't operate it without the faceplate, it is unlikely they will go to the expense and risk of ordering a new one. In other words, they're out of luck and are unlikely to waste their efforts on a similar system in the future.

Many sex manuals say that it's all right to fantasize during sex, to think of someone else. And it's an old joke that to avoid premature ejaculation, all a guy has to do is think of baseball. This seems backassward to me. Shouldn't the point of sex be your partner and what's going on at the moment?—L. J., New York, New York.

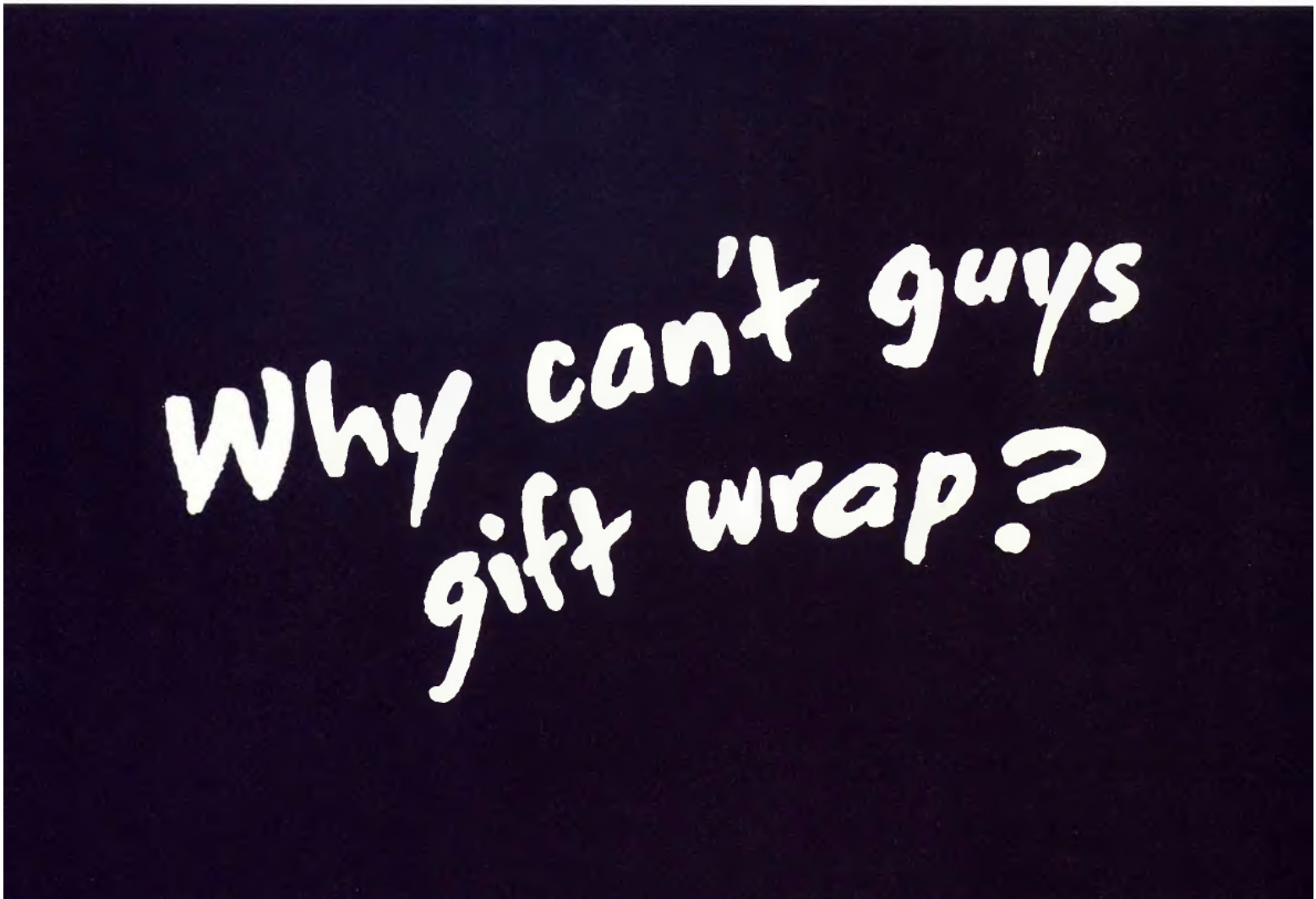
Sex therapists are starting to reconsider what constitutes good sex. David Schnarch, author of "Constructing the Sexual Crucible," suggests that some of the traditional patterns that people use to function sexually—such as fantasizing or focusing on technique—actually get in the way of ultimate sex. Sex is not simply an activity or a set of behaviors. It is a form of intelligence, a way of finding out about yourself and your partner. The question is not what you think about during sex but how you think. There are three main dimensions to the sexual experience: trance state, role enactment and partner engagement. To have sex you have to exclude the day-to-day reality and focus attention on your body's arousal. As Bernie Zilbergeld, author of "Male Sexuality," put it, "When you are kissing, keep your mind in your lips. . . . When your partner is touching a part of you, put your attention in that part. When your penis is being touched or when you are having intercourse, put your attention inside of your penis. Be aware of the fit between the penis and whatever is around it—pressure, texture, temperature and wetness." Role enactment is the awareness of a fantasy or script. Maybe someone once said you had great hands—whenever you make love, pride yourself on the skill and sensitivity of your touch. Maybe you like to growl like a tiger or fuck like a swashbuckler. The fantasy takes sex beyond friction. Partner engagement can range from the casual (it's enough that she is alive) to the affectionate to the profound. A quick way to gauge where you are with a person is to kiss with your eyes open. Schnarch suggests "kissing interruptus"—stop kissing when you feel you are losing contact with your partner, or are being tuned out by her, or when you sense that she is coasting.

Heady stuff, sex.

One of my friends claims that he never travels with more than two bags. He says that airlines overcharge for the handling of sports toys, so he sends his mountain bike ahead by UPS or DHL. Have you ever heard of this practice?—F. E., Baltimore, Maryland.

The man who dies with the most toys wins. The man who travels with the most toys dies first—from the hassles. Most airlines allow you to have three pieces of luggage on domestic flights—a large, a medium and a small. If your equipment is more important than your clothes and fits one of these categories, fine (golf clubs, fishing and archery gear and bowling bags are accepted as luggage). If not, you have to pay a $45 one-way charge for the extra piece of luggage. Some items cost more: Airlines charge $45 one way to handle bikes (plus a charge for the box if you don't have one), $60 for scuba gear and $75 for windsurfing equipment. In many cases it is cheaper to send sports equipment by UPS or DHL. Check with your destination: If they'll handle receipt of gear and if you can do without it for the two or three days before and after your trip, let someone else schlepp it. Either that, or maintain a complete sports locker in every resort you frequent.

Why is it that women can have multiple orgasms and men can't? The last time I was with my girlfriend, I performed oral sex on her and she had three orgasms. When she did the same to me, I had one. This even happens long distance: During a recent phone call, she masturbated with great fervor while we told each other erotic stories. Bottom line, she had three orgasms, I



had one. Last year I spent a weekend with her at a beach house. We made love intensely in different ways. She had five orgasms, I had two. I feel inferior. Any suggestions?—L. C., North Brunswick, New Jersey.

Look at it this way: The relationship has had 15 orgasms and three very good times. Don't spoil it with double-entry accounting.

This is kind of embarrassing, but my wife has come across several articles about testicular cancer, and she's after me to start doing self-examinations. What's the best way to do them? What exactly am I looking for? Are they really necessary?—D. G., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Although testicular cancer is relatively rare, studies show that it is the most common solid tumor in men between the ages of 15 and 35. The estimated five-year survival rate has increased considerably, but only when the cancer is detected early, so self-examination could save your life. The best time to examine yourself is when the scrotum is relaxed, usually after a hot bath or shower. Place your index and middle fingers under a testicle and your thumbs on top. Carefully roll each testicle between your thumbs and fingers. They should feel firm but with some give, almost like an earlobe. What you're looking for is any swelling or hardness, usually a small lump. If you feel anything unusual, consult a urologist. The process will feel strange at first. Perhaps you can ask your wife to perform the examinations.

What should a beginner or low-intermediate skier look for when purchasing his first pair of boots?—J. K., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Focus on fit. Go to a ski shop (not a we-sell-everything-and-specialize-in-nothing sports store) and try on as many boots as it takes in order to find a pair that matches the shape of your foot. Stand up, walk around and flex your knees toward the floor. The boots should be snug without too much forward flex and your big toes should touch the front. It's normal to feel a tingling sensation, as though your foot's asleep. But if you sense any pain or unnatural pressure, move to a different model. Beginners tend to prefer rear-entry boots since they're easier to get on and off.

In the past year or so, I've become intrigued by the abbreviated-ponytail hairstyle that many men seem to be wearing these days. I've seen it on Steven Seagal in *Hard to Kill*, Jim Belushi in *Taking Care of Business* and on about half the villains in *Miami Vice*, *Wiseguy* and every cocaine cowboy/inner-city gang exploitation flick. Did this style originate with matadors and samurai or is it a new development?—M. J., Houston, Texas.

Who knows? The resurgence of the style started out as a subtle statement of nonconformity: The message was "Hey, I'm bad. I've gone eight weeks without a haircut." The style allows you to present a neat look at work and to let things fly when not. In addition, the ponytail provides your girlfriend with the equivalent of reins when you perform oral sex.

My girlfriend is great. She's smart, funny and responsive sexually. The only thing wrong is that when we're in bed together, she laughs a lot. I don't think she's laughing at me, but it makes me uncomfortable. Should I tell her how I feel?—D. L., Durham, North Carolina.

Nah, it might make her stop. Of all the infectious agents one might find in bed, laughter is the most welcome. We recall an informal survey a few years ago that asked people, "If you had to give up one, orgasms or chuckles, which could you live without?" Your girlfriend has the correct answer—neither.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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THE CURSE OF THE BOOB TUBE

tv, socialization and violence

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

I grew up with television, my wife did not. Her native country—South Africa—banned all broadcasting until 1975. We notice the differences all the time—she hasn't a clue who Beaver was, or why it should matter. She has not seen all 117 episodes of *The Brady Bunch* and couldn't care less about the difference between *Star Trek* and *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Without a pop-culture base, crossword puzzles are torture.

She has a completely different idea of how our family should use the time between five o'clock and nine o'clock at night. Saturday morning at our house is pancakes and chores galore.

The few times we have watched television with our children have been instructional. To our daughter, Nelson Mandela is the man so important that her parents gave up all of one Sunday to wait for and watch his release from prison.

She has a clear sense of television's ability to divide our attention. Halfway through an evening of the Olympics, our daughter walked to the television, turned it off and announced, "It is time for my show." She did floor exercises for the next half hour. She has learned our family value—that it's better to have fun than to watch someone else have fun.

We are atypical: The average American child two to five years of age watches more than 27 hours of television per week. Most parents express concern that a steady TV diet of car chases, explosions, rapes, drive-by shootings, ninja brawls and missile attacks has led to increased violence in society and a corrosion of family values.

What happens when you introduce television into a society that previously entertained itself with movies, books, magazines, radio, sports and hobbies? Seattle psychiatrist Brandon S. Centerwall decided to study the first television generation.

"Given that homicide is primarily an adult activity, if television exerts its behavior-modifying effects primarily on children," Dr. Centerwall wrote in a *Journal of the American Medical Association* report on his research, "the initial 'television generation' would have had to age ten to 15 years before they would have been old enough to affect the homicide rate." And television's first generation certainly had a taste for homicide. Among whites in the United States, the homicide rate almost doubled from 1945 to 1974.

In Canada, the homicide rate also almost doubled from 1945 to 1974. From 1974 on, both countries reached a saturation point—homicide rates remain stable.

Centerwall looked at alternative explanations—age distribution (i.e., the more young people, the greater the violence), urbanization (i.e., crowding creates violence), economic conditions (i.e., poverty creates violence), alcohol consumption (drinking increases aggression), capital punishment (if the state kills, then citizens will kill), civil unrest (race riots or war protests take their toll) and the availability of firearms (if you put a gun on the wall in the first act, someone will die in the third act). None explained the rise.

Centerwall then looked at South Africa. The state first allowed television in 1975. In 1974, the homicide rate among white South Africans was 2.5 per 100,000. As of 1987, the homicide rate had risen to 5.8 per 100,000—a 130 percent increase.

Centerwall asserts: "If television technology had never been developed, there would today be 10,000 fewer homicides each year in the U.S., 70,000 fewer rapes and 700,000 fewer injurious assaults."

This is a provocative study. But when Marie Winn, author of *The Plug-In Drug: Television, Children and the Family*, wrote about it in *The New York Times*, she had a different interpretation of Centerwall's study: "The time-consuming act of watching replaces some crucial child experiences, notably play and socialization." In other words, it is not the violence on television that is the culprit but television viewing itself.

Even if the content is monitored—if all your child watches is *Sesame Street*, *National Geographic* specials or *60 Minutes*, the effect, says Winn, will be the same. The 27 hours the American child spends in front of the screen is not spent roughhousing with Dad, learning to share toys with a little brother, helping Mom bake bread (or microwave the macaroni), taking the dog out for a walk, learning to ride a bike or learning to read. In short, the hundreds of tiny human interactions that define and create family are lost in those hours.

You might notice that, on television, few of the families watch television. They are too busy doing the things real-life families have forgotten. Even TV families know that rearing children is not a spectator sport.

COP COUP?

Many publications referred to the outcome of the trial of the four Los Angeles police officers accused of beating Rodney King as the "Rodney King verdict." As we know, King was not on trial, so it wasn't the Rodney King verdict. It was the Los Angeles Police Department verdict. Who do you think was responsible for this amazing public relations coup? After all, it resulted in removing the name of the L.A.P.D. from nearly all publicity.

Mike Carlie
Director of Criminal Justice Studies
Southwest Missouri State University
Springfield, Missouri

THE RAND MAN

Now that the Supreme Court has upheld *Roe vs. Wade*, PLAYBOY should take another look at the opponents of abortion rights and remind fundamentalist Christians about what kind of man Randall Terry, their Operation Rescue founder, really is. He is a man making a living from women's sexuality—he is, in essence, a pimp.

Kingston Wulff
Reno, Nevada

WHOSE CHOICE?

When it comes to reproductive choices, men have none. The new child-support laws take away virtually every right a man has to determine his parental responsibility. Adding insult to injury is that, under the new laws, nonpayment of child support will be considered a felony regardless of whether or not a man admits to paternity. What rights are there for men who do not want to be fathers? Absolutely none. They have no choice.

Terrie Burrell
Chicago, Illinois

OWNING UP

Chip Rowe's "Blameless Society II" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) made fun of government officials who destroyed a woman's house to eradicate a drug den. What they failed to recognize is that some people call these buildings home. Now the venerable DEA is expanding its antidrug snare to include tenants and owners. Some property owners in Cleveland formed a union after the city boarded up their properties because they allegedly violated laws passed to close down drug houses. Authorities said that the properties posed immediate hazards to human life and health. The owners claimed no prior notice was given and that they had little recourse once the board-ups took place. My guess is that property razing is the latest installment in the DEA's correspondence course.

Bill Bailey
Cleveland, Ohio

FOR THE RECORD

LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING?

The New York City Yellow Pages lists assorted wonders. According to our sources, there are some things you won't find, as detailed in a memo that we weren't supposed to see.

"The following list of phrases are not acceptable in Yellow Pages advertising: Young technicians. Once is never enough. Slip-and-slide oil rubs. Hot bodies for the man who has no limits. We take it all off to music. Striptease dancers. We show it all. Full nudity. Full.

"The following types of pictures and illustrations are not acceptable in Yellow Pages advertising: (1) Male or female forms alluding to sex or that are provocative in nature. Illustrations with expressive [*sic*] cleavage or bare buttocks will not be permitted. (2) That suggest sensual or erotic pleasures. (3) Male or female forms without proper street attire. (4) Suggestive poses will not be permitted."

MACKINNON: SENSE AND CENSORSHIP

I just finished your article "Catharine MacKinnon: Again" (*The Playboy Forum*, August). As a recovering rape victim, I know men and women have a long way to go in our dealings with one another. But it's ridiculous to censor anything sexual [because it's] a male-domination tactic. After all, women are capable of enjoying things sexual, too. As far as MacKinnon's opinion regarding her opponents' "siding with the masters," any woman who refuses to respect another woman's opinions is no friend of womankind to begin with.

Heather Franz
Thousand Oaks, California

Catharine MacKinnon's thesis is that violence toward women is inspired by pornography. In his article "Catharine MacKinnon: Again," James R. Petersen says that no credible research has ever established a link between pornography and violence. However, there is some good evidence that the availability of pornography decreases violence. In view of the widespread continuing efforts by many to subvert the First Amendment, PLAYBOY can do the nation a service by gathering facts pertinent to pornography and crime into a pamphlet giving specific figures and references. The pamphlet could then be distributed to lawmakers and sold to the public. Many people would be interested in having the truth readily available.

Laurence E. Hoisington
Clearwater, Florida

Look no further. Americans for Constitutional Freedom, together with the Freedom to Read Foundation, has published a pamphlet by author and activist Marcia Pally called "Sense & Censorship: The Vanity of Bonfires." Pally looks at social-science data, laboratory studies and media coverage and explodes the myths surrounding pornography, crime and censorship. For a copy, send a self-addressed envelope with 75 cents' postage to: "Sense & Censorship," Americans for Constitutional Freedom, 900 Third Avenue, Suite 1600, New York, New York 10022.

RESPONSE

KNIGHTS

I read that the Knights of Columbus have plans to erect a "tomb of the unborn" in every Catholic diocese in the country as a monument to what the Knights term the "new slaughter of the innocents through abortion." Such a gesture fans the flames of an already heated debate. Let's stop politicizing a private issue and leave it in the hands of the women who are directly and irreversibly affected.

John Gardner
New York, New York

DOVE BARS

Several local video dealers have joined forces with a Wildmon-like group called the Dove Foundation. They put their "dove" labels on films that promote "family values." The group has started a drive for "clean" versions of popular movies—versions without any swearing, nudity or violence. We're talking about actually removing scenes from already-released films. It sets a dangerous precedent and makes for lousy entertainment.

Sherry Mason
Atlanta, Georgia

NORML PROCEDURE

I never thought I'd see the day when the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws would be accepted over the Ku Klux Klan in a town like Little Rock. But NORML was given the green light to take part in an Adopt-A-Highway program sponsored by the state Highway and Transportation Department, while the KKK was turned down. Needless to say, local Klan members were bent out of joint when their request to participate was denied. Keep up the good work, fellas!

David Braddock
Little Rock, Arkansas

SENTENCING

I would like to congratulate you on your fine article "A Criminal System of Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Three or four years ago, I might not have paid much attention to it, having never been arrested, much less convicted of a crime. But I am, in fact, one of the victims of that criminal justice system run amok, and a brief abstract of my case appears in your article. It is my hope that this will not be PLAYBOY's only piece on the devastation wreaked upon first offenders by mandatory minimum sentences. The public must be made aware of the fact that sentencing nonviolent first-time offenders to inflated prison sentences while releasing violent repeat offenders only exacerbates the crime problem in America.

Olen Maffett Pound
Memphis, Tennessee

The broad-scale abuse of our civil liberties and the incarceration-without-question policies of the past two administrations have made violence as American as apple pie. This scorched-earth approach serves only to engender a combat mentality in drug dealers. If you know you're going to jail for life, would you hesitate to use deadly force?

Daniel Neal
Miami, Florida

The ACLU has launched a campaign for the Bill of Rights on a platform with four significant planks: a national campaign against bigotry and racism, constitutional protection for a woman's right to choose, a realistic approach to crime and punishment and a bill of rights for all working people. In the current atmosphere of mandatory sentencing, the third plank is especially pertinent to the many Americans who are serving time. The ACLU's arguments on existing sentencing guidelines include the following: "Sentencing policies address the wrong end of the problem. The cry for more prisons and harsher sentences is used by some politicians to divert an anxious public's attention—and public resources—away from the real problem. . . . More and more law enforcers also agree that we must stop squandering limited resources on ineffective measures and

CHEAP THRILLS

SMOKE & MIRRORS

AND JUSTICE FOR SOME

These Big-Budget Circus trading cards are the brainchild of Peggy Gordon and Bill Sienkiewicz. Gordon wrote the commentary featured on the back of the cards and Sienkiewicz painted the images for the front. The 36-card set, with such popular political targets as political handlers and judiciary follies, is available from Tundra Publishing, 413-586-9525.

WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS DON'T KNOW ABOUT SEX

An article published in the *Journal of American College Health* suggests that college students are not as well educated on matters of sex and sexual health as most people think—just take a look at the questions about sex that they ask most frequently. (These questions were submitted anonymously, encouraging candor.)

UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN

What is an orgasm?
How do you know when you really have one?
What are some ways to excite a male?
Is oral sex unhealthy?
Is masturbation normal?
Can a guy's penis be too big for a girl?
Do condoms really reduce stimulation for guys?
What is an STD? What is gonorrhea?
How would I know if I had an STD?
Who do you see if you think you have an STD?
Is a vaginal infection the same as an STD?
What exactly is AIDS?
How is AIDS contracted?
Can you contract HIV from oral sex?
Can you have HIV and not have AIDS?
Can a woman get pregnant with anal sex?
Do men enjoy oral sex or do they do it just to please their partners?
Are you supposed to have sex only in the dark?

UNDERGRADUATE MEN

Is oral sex harmful?
What causes impotence?
How does alcohol affect sexual arousal and performance?
Is it normal, once in a while, not to be able to have an erection while being stimulated?
Is it weird not to want sex a lot?
Can you hurt yourself long term by having too much sex now?
Why do women need a lot of foreplay?
What is the average size of a penis?
Can a man ejaculate after a vasectomy? Does it hurt when you have one?
How effective is a condom?
How dangerous is the pill?
What is the best (most effective) form of birth control (besides abstinence)?
Is it OK to have more than one person in your sex life?
How can I improve my ability to let my partner know what I like in sexual activity?
Is being a virgin during college psychologically damaging?
Can a girl get pregnant without sexual intercourse?
How long do you have to wait to get a pregnancy test?
What is the safest kind of abortion?
At what time of the month does a woman usually ovulate?
How is herpes contracted?
What is the best way to prevent STDs?
What are the signs and symptoms of various STDs?
Can an STD kill you?
Can you get herpes from oral sex?
Can a guy get an STD if his girl has a yeast infection?
What are genital warts and how are they caused?
Is chlamydia as bad as herpes?
Can you really get an STD from a toilet seat?
What is AIDS and how is it caused?
Do men get AIDS easier than women?
Will most gay men eventually get AIDS?
Can you have AIDS and not really have the symptoms?

CAMPUS WATCH

READER RESPONSE

(continued)

respond to the social problems that are the breeding grounds of crime—joblessness, broken families, poor education, inadequate housing. We must stop treating drug abuse as a crime and treat it instead as the public health problem it is. . . . New approaches, based on new premises, are needed."

Joseph Merchant
Cincinnati, Ohio

The ACLU delivered copies of the platform to delegates at the Democratic National Convention. The Republicans opted not to receive it.

PHOBIAS

John Bryant's letter addressing the ban on homosexuals in military service ("Name That Tune," "Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, August) incorrectly classified military personnel as homophobic. Call me narrow-minded or bigoted, but don't call me homophobic. In my opinion, the ban on homosexuals in the military is needed because homosexuals do not conform to the standards of society. Adherence to regulations and respect for authority are fundamental to the military. And what about other people's sensitivities? I am not going to share a communal shower, and I am sure that a lot of guys feel likewise. Do we spend thousands of taxpayer dollars to build new dormitories, locker rooms and bathrooms? What if their unit deploys to a combat zone in a country where homosexuality is illegal? We're right in the middle of drastic reductions in the military and are kicking out experienced, competent and moral soldiers, sailors and airmen. Come on, let's put common sense before the politically correct.

Brian K. Sellnow
Howard AFB, Panama

Not everyone in military service shares your opinion. An editorial that ran in both the "Army Times" and the "Air Force Times" trashes the idea of hetero discomfort and fear of unwanted sexual overtures: "[That discomfort] is no justification for the ban. If it were, all heterosexuals would be banned because of the possibility they might offend others by subjecting them to unwelcome attention." The editorial goes on to say that "many gay service members secretly have served honorably and well. Their ability to excel at military duties is beyond question. Why then should their sexual orientation be a factor in their careers?" That's worth saluting.

WHERE ARE WE ON AIDS?

the epidemic under a microscope

Dr. Jonathan Mann, the Harvard University researcher who co-chaired the eighth international AIDS conference in Amsterdam this summer, put it this way: "We are all working on the twigs, the leaves, the branches. But no one sees the forest."

More than 1000 speakers addressed the conference; 5000 papers circulated among the world's top scientists. The result?

Time looked at the scientific setbacks. Its August 3rd cover story seemed actually to celebrate the human immunodeficiency virus as the Virus of the Year. From the story's title, "Invincible AIDS," to a description of the virus as "a fiendishly fast-moving target, able to mutate its structure to elude detection drugs and vaccines," the article was a breathless account of the tense chess match between science and nature.

U.S. News & World Report cut to the bottom line: The worst-case scenario predicts that AIDS will have a total cost of $514 billion. "The dollar loss equals 1.4 percent of the entire world's gross domestic product."

Stories such as those just make you reach for a condom, don't they? What does the world's gross domestic product have to do with love and sex? To borrow a phrase from the ecology movement, we must think globally but act locally. Nothing in that coverage brings AIDS down to the personal. And that is where the conflict occurs.

Stories that cover the personal are troubling.

Newsweek gave us the human face of teenagers with AIDS, profiling a young black woman who, when she found out she had AIDS, told each of the 24 men she'd slept with in the previous year. None went for testing.

The Wall Street Journal lectured *Newsweek*: "Any pointed reference to the relation of sexual promiscuity to AIDS is not to be found in the media or among our educators. It is repressed because it might seem to be judgmental—i.e., having a moral connotation. . . . What did *Newsweek* have to say about such promiscuity? Nothing, absolutely nothing. It reported the facts but strenuously avoided any suggestion that she had been wrong in her behavior. The tone of the story was such as to imply that her mistake was in not insisting that those men practice safe sex."

What help have we offered that woman? One of the stories reported that last year the nation spent $2.70 per person—about the price of a bottle of aspirin—on AIDS prevention.

CUDDLE, CUDDLE CUDDLE, KISS, EMBRACE,
KISS, BED, TOUCH, STRIP STRIP, FONDLE,
FONDLE, SEXUAL INTERCOURSE,
SEXUAL INTERCOURSE, SEXUAL INTERCOURSE,
SEXUAL INTERCOURSE, SEXUAL INTERCOURSE,
BLOOD TEST, HIV POSITIVE, AIDS, AIDS, REGRETS,
REGRETS, REGRETS, REGRETS, REGRETS, REGRETS.

The articles following the conference were filled with despair and frustration. An AIDS specialist told *Newsday*: "As long as we define AIDS narrowly as a personal-risk issue, we will not have an effective strategy for control. We have to get away from the fixation of putting more and more money into AIDS-prevention programs. It's simply not a question of money at all."

In the middle of this, we read an editorial in *The New England Journal of Medicine* called "AIDS and Absolutism—The Demand for Perfection in Prevention." The authors, Willard Cates and Alan Hinman, who are doctors at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, point out: "Nothing in medicine, or in life for that matter, always works." Taking on the critics of sex ed and condom use, they charge: "[There are those] who argue that abstaining from sex until marriage and practicing monogamy thereafter provides our only hope against the further spread of HIV. We agree that abstinence and mutually faithful sexual relationships with uninfected persons are the only guaranteed methods of preventing the sexual transmission of HIV. This does not mean, however, that we should withhold information about ways of reducing risk from those who do not find this approach feasible. Moreover, the absolutist line of reasoning does not take into account that condoms may be effective more than 90 percent of the time, and that even delaying the transmission of HIV is beneficial, both to individuals and in changing the dynamics of the epidemic as a whole.

"Voltaire's phrase 'The best is the enemy of the good' applies to HIV prevention. . . . Until we have more effective (or even perfect) approaches, we should more fully implement the partially effective approaches we have, such as condom use, HIV counseling and testing, partner notification, methadone maintenance and the use of bleach [to sterilize needles]. We do not live in a perfect world, and our quest for solutions must recognize the fact."

In other words, we must do what we can.

WHEN THE CHURCH SINS

priests who molest children commit a crime that's hard to forgive—but must be understood

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

When you search in Nexis, a data base of magazine and newspaper articles, for stories on priests who molest children, the screen goes blank and returns with the message: "Your search will retrieve more than 500 documents. Do you want to continue?"

If you do, the computer responds with a torrent of pain: the story of evangelical preacher Tony Leyva, who roamed the South in a dark-blue Cadillac, wearing a Superman costume, claiming he was Super-Christian, swapping young boys with his associates. His victims number in the hundreds. One reads about Father James Porter, a man who gave altar boys rum-soaked cake, then raped them. Porter also brushed up against girls in the hallway and finger-fucked them. His victims began to tell their stories when a former altar boy placed an ad that asked: "Remember Father Porter?" Porter had victims in four states, the result of being moved by the church—at the first hint of scandal—from parish to parish.

Then there's Gil Gauthe, a Louisiana priest who worked his way through families, victimizing 36 children.

After a week of reading, "molest" seems an obscenely weak euphemism for a monstrous act. The stories don't simply convey pain, they embody pain. One of Gauthe's victims would sit for hours at the window of his darkened home "watching for the black Camaro that used to come for him. He was afraid the man would come back, the man who did those strange things to him. The man with the black car and the black gun. The black suit. And the white collar."

One of the stories from 1988 tells of a victim, a 12-year-old boy abused by a religious brother at a Boy Scout camp, who hanged himself.

We have lived through media blitzes before: stories that suggest Satanic cults abuse children in dark rituals, stories of runaway children lured into a sexual underworld, stories alleging that day-care providers regularly abuse their charges. Most of those articles were false. The hysteria was misdirected. Out of respect, fear or simple denial, the press, by and large, neglected the genuine sexual tragedy unfolding within the church. Now we face the undeniable.

Jason Berry, author of *Lead Us Not into Temptation*, reports that more than 400 priests have been accused since 1982 of sexually molesting children.

AMY CREMORE

He estimates that since 1985 the church has paid more than $350 million in damages, health care and legal expenses.

Court records reveal that more than 200 pedophile priests have sought—or been forced to undergo—treatment at a monastic center in Jemez Springs, New Mexico.

Perhaps the most eloquent book on the church and sex, A. W. Richard Sipe's *A Secret World: Sexuality and the Search for Celibacy*, reports an estimated two percent of the nation's 57,000 priests are pedophiles and another four percent are sexually preoccupied with adolescents. That's 3420 predators at play in the fields of the Lord.

Defenders of the church insist there are no more pedophiles in the priesthood than there are in the general population. They charge the press with indulging in another feeding frenzy, causing an epidemic of church- and priest-bashing.

One reader asked *The Boston Globe*: "Do we need all these stories to get the obvious point that it's not right and the church should do something?"

What the church has and has not done is largely the result of one man.

Jeffrey Anderson, a lawyer in St. Paul, Minnesota, has brought 100 cases against Catholic priests (and 40 more against other denominations), arguing in each that the church has created a climate that fosters abuse.

Anderson began seven years ago when the bewildered parents of a boy abused by a priest wandered into his office. They told him that they had complained to the bishop. And after a few months, the church finally responded—by sending them a check, nothing more. Shouldn't something more be done? the parents asked.

Anderson investigated and came away convinced there was a pattern of abuse, that there was a conspiracy of complicity and concealment at the highest levels of the church. "The church is closed, covetous of its image, dark, powerful. Its response is to close ranks and protect its own," says Anderson. He concluded that priests were shunted to new parishes to molest again. This policy created the numbers—and only when hundreds had been sacrificed to maintain appearances did victims come forward.

Most abuse cases don't make it to trial or to headlines. A sealed settlement buys the silence of victims and protects the priests' identities. We asked Anderson to describe these monsters. He said

they seem to share certain qualities. Among Catholic offenders, the men come from devout families. A strong mother pushed them into the priesthood. They seem to suffer an arrested development. They have no healthy sense of sexual identity.

"Their level of understanding is so superficial. They are ignorant about their own sexuality. They have no idea that what they do is sex, is abuse. One priest thought that his actions did not violate his vow of celibacy, since he didn't marry the victim. Some enter the priesthood thinking celibacy will protect them from these urges, but in this climate they act out. Repression and denial breed behavior. The silence and complicity of the church protect that behavior."

Why now? "Historically, nobody could believe that priests abuse. When they are able to believe, the church wields such power that nothing happens. Police don't prosecute. The press does not report."

That has begun to change.

Both the Catholic Church and most major denominations have responded to the lawsuits the way major corporations respond to sexual harassment penalties. They form committees, issue guidelines, offer to pay for the victims' therapy, promise treatment for the offenders. And stonewall on guilt.

A case in point: Chicago's Cardinal Joseph Bernardin created the Commission on Clerical Sexual Misconduct with Minors to recommend church policy reforms. Even though the archdiocese had received at least 21 allegations in the past year alone, the commission issued a statement that "the church is generally neither legally nor morally obligated to report the matter [of abuse allegations] to criminal justice authorities for prosecution." Cardinal Bernardin later reconsidered this stance, saying once "a priest is an abuser, he should never again return to parish ministry or any ministry which might place a child at risk." He has now formed an independent lay committee that will report allegations.

Perhaps it is more than ironic that the same leaders rail against the sexual revolution, pornography, permissiveness and sex education—as though these were the sources of all evil.

The honor for uncovering this shame, according to Sipe's *A Secret World*, goes to the sexual revolution: "The change in the sexual climate during the past quarter century has challenged sexual meaning and practice and has made a formerly mute population articulate in describing their own sexual practice and questioning assumptions of others, including priests and clerical celibacy in general," he writes. "Explicitness of sexuality, popularly accepted, challenges the denial of sexuality that many celibates must use to keep their practice somewhat in place. It also threatens, not entirely in a hostile way, the structure of celibacy. Explicitness can be an invitation to truth, nonsecrecy and accountability—delicate areas, to be sure, for [the] religious."

Sipe, who retired from the priesthood to practice psychotherapy, has worked with hundreds of sexually troubled priests. He believes the church's twin silences—on the nature of human sexuality and on the nature of celibacy—create the crisis.

Sipe quotes Dr. Leo Bartemeier: "We take promising young men from thirteen to twenty years of age, feed them well, educate them diligently, and eight to twelve years later we ordain them, healthy, bright, emotional thirteen-year-olds." Priests swear to celibacy, oftentimes with no more articulation than "Celibacy means no sex, hetero, homo, auto, *basta cosi*."

> ***"A sealed settlement buys the silence of victims and protects the priests' identities."***

Concerned about sex? Pray about it. Don't think about it. Play sports.

"The lack of basic education about sex and celibacy," Sipe continues, "creates a situation where adolescence is protected or postponed, or where the celibate priesthood becomes a hiding place for unresolved sexual conflicts. . . . Without living role models with whom to identify explicitly in the area of handling one's sexual drive, the priest is left to the secret arena and isolation of his own fantasy, where fear and guilt proliferate."

Add to that the unique approach to confession: The church typically has viewed sexual misconduct as isolated acts, lapses to be forgiven and forgotten after the sacrament of reconciliation, or confession. This view—that sexuality stands apart from self—is a sure prescription for tragedy. And it may help explain how a priest can do so much good and yet remain the occasional, or repeat, predator.

The problem extends beyond the church into religion as a whole. According to a report based on a decade of research into pedophilia ("The Cruelest Crime," published in *Life* in 1984), a disproportionate number of pedophiles are outwardly religious. Gerald Kaplan, director of a treatment center for molesters, told *Life*: "[Offenders] will even distort Bible passages to indicate to their kids that they should be having sexual contact, or use the passage about 'forgive and forget' when their daughters are angry." They have neither a sense of control nor responsibility—they shift blame to their deity or to the Devil and never accept it themselves.

Sipe cites I. F. Stone's comment about the Iran-contra affair: "'You cannot have secrecy and accountability at the same time.' There is no other single element so destructive to sexual responsibility among clergy as the system of secrecy that has both shielded behavior and reinforced denial."

Sipe believes that nothing less than a new sexual theology will save the church. He offers as a guide the 1983 statement prepared by the Bishops' Committee on Priestly Life and Ministry of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops: "To be a human person is to be a sexual person—the marvelous mystery of human sexuality permeates every moment of human existence. . . . The human person is so profoundly affected by sexuality that it must be considered as one of the factors that give to each individual's life the principal traits that distinguish it."

One therapist has come up with a novel treatment. He videotapes pedophiles as they reenact their crimes with a stuffed doll. When forced to watch the videotape of their actions, the molesters feel—for the first time—shame and empathy for their victims.

Perhaps the church, as it watches its crimes acted out in the press, will feel some shame.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

LONDON—*A young couple had oral sex in a crowded train compartment and everyone ignored them. However, when the satisfied couple lighted up cigarettes, enraged fellow passengers called the heat. The two admitted engaging in an indecent act but were simply fined $95 each.*

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—*It sure beats Superman. The city was treated to a 90-minute outdoor porn show before the cops could get past a locked elevator and pull the plug. As an unknown perpetrator projected an X-rated movie onto a giant 19'x26' rooftop advertising sign, traffic snarled and a crowd gathered. Without a law specifically prohibiting aerial porn, police said the charge would be "offensive behavior and trespassing"—if they ever apprehend the projectionist.*

PAID IN FULL

OTTAWA—*Should a 33-year-old woman who traded sex with her doctor for prescription drugs over a two-year period be able to collect damages? Two Canadian courts saw the arrangement as a barter between consenting adults. They rejected the woman's suit under a century-old legal principle that denies people the right to benefit from their own illegal or immoral acts. Canada's supreme court disagreed. That court ruled that the patient can collect $30,000 from the elderly doctor—for aggravated assault, $20,000, and for punitive damages, $10,000.*

HOLD THE ANCHOVIES

LOS ANGELES—*"It's a Nineties kind of job," says Tony Maza, owner of the Cupid Condom Delivery Service. Domino's Pizza so inspired the entrepreneur that he launched his delivery service for people who fail to plan ahead or have guests drop by unexpectedly. His $5.99 introductory package includes three American-brand condoms in black, burgundy and royal blue, plus instructions, an AIDS information pamphlet and an adult novelty key chain. Maza delivers upwards of 60 orders a week.*

YOUNG LOVE

TAVARES, FLORIDA—*A Lake County circuit judge ruled that Florida's statutory-rape law violates the privacy rights of minors. The ruling involved the cases of two men, ages 19 and 20, charged with having sex with their willing 15-year-old girlfriends. Citing a 1990 state supreme court abortion-rights decision, Judge Jerry Lockett ruled: "If this constitutional right to privacy extends to the decision of a minor to have an abortion, it must extend to the decision to engage in sexual intercourse."*

DO YOU PRAY IN THE NUDE?

DIXON, ILLINOIS—*Does freedom of religion include the freedom to worship naked? An inmate at the Dixon Correctional Center thinks it does. In a federal lawsuit, the 48-year-old convicted murderer describes himself as a member of Technicians of the Sacred. This religion, according to the inmate, is based on "magical systems" and nudity. He claims prison authorities are violating his First Amendment rights by requiring him to wear clothes in the prison chapel.*

LAYING ON OF HANDS

SAN FRANCISCO—*First it was psychiatrists. Then lawyers confessed. Now doctors, too, admit that they've had sex with people they met through work. A survey of physicians found that nearly ten percent admitted knowing their patients biblically. Their respective professional associations view affairs with clients as a breach of trust. Sex will continue to be acceptable with politicians because there's no expectation of trust in that relationship.*

HIV HOAX

AUSTIN—*Is HIV rampant in Texas high schools? After a six-month inquiry, the Texas Department of Health found no evidence to support the claims of a former AIDS counselor that 13 students, including six from one small school in northeast Texas, were HIV-positive. Unable to confirm any of the identities, a department investigator said, "None of these individuals were born in Texas, are licensed to drive an automobile in Texas, have died in Texas or were listed on area school-enrollment rosters."*

NIP AND TUCK

BEIJING—*Chinese doctors have gone from sex change to sex exchange. According to Reuters news service, surgeons at Beijing Number Three Hospital transplanted the testicles from a 30-year-old man to a 22-year-old woman. The woman then received a penis constructed from her stomach lining, while a vagina fashioned from "leather" was added to the man's new body. Neither patient knows the other's identity, and both hope to find marriage partners of their former gender, said a hospital spokesman.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

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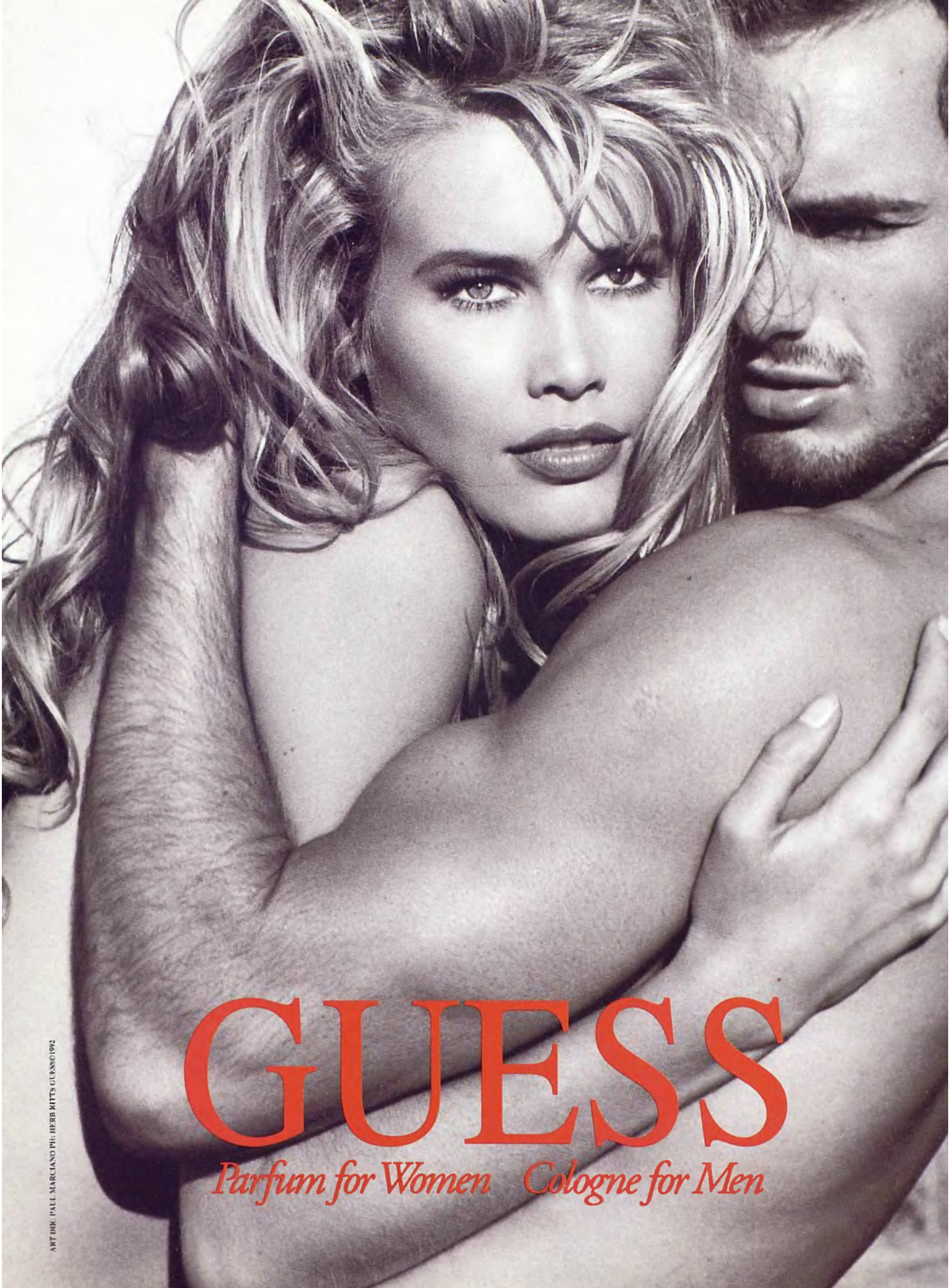
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"I NEVER PAID *WHAT* BILL?"

a bad credit report—particularly when it's wrong—can cause misery you never dreamed of. here are some things to do

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

This is going to be an upbeat column about how one man, me, beat the system. And I have the documents to prove it. The stairwell leading up from my new townhouse garage is papered with the letterhead stationery of 19 department stores, credit card companies, auto financiers and banks that apologized for taking my good name in vain.

Best of all, they promised to notify the responsible credit reporting agency that besmirching my credit was an error and that the dings next to my name should be removed. Duly chastened, the vast computer network that shares the most intimate details of our lives with anyone who antes up 25 bucks now reports I have a perfect credit rating. You can have one, too, but it will take some work.

I had forgotten just how much the system stinks until I sold my condominium and tried to buy another one. As I told one bank loan officer, "I just want to heed the president's call and do my bit to lift us out of this recession. I'm ready to take the plunge—are you?" His bank wasn't. Interest rates were low, money was tight and the banks were despicably choosy.

So there I was, an influential world-class journalist, with my tax returns in hand and letters from the *Los Angeles Times*, PLAYBOY and Random House attesting to my solid future, baring my soul to impress some pimply faced 30-year-old loan officer. My credit report—a mysterious computer stew of TRW, Trans Union and God knows what other set of professional snoopers—was lousy.

Actually, when the report first beeped up on his dot-matrix printer, I was relieved. Out of some 110 accounts, I had only 19 bad hits. Hell, what are nineteen 30-days-late payments over the past seven years? And who are they to complain when they're charging me upwards of 20 percent interest, plus fines? I should get an award for being able to meet their usurious rates for decades while raising a family and not going bankrupt or nuts.

OK, maybe I was close to going nuts. But when you try to clear your name by calling some 800 number and are forced to wade through voice mail while being tortured by Muzak, crazy things happen. I never thought that I would come to hate Miles Davis' *Sketches of Spain* until an Indiana bank holding one of my wife's many Master Cards made me listen to it for hours over a three-day period while I waited to be cleared of a late charge for a $24 bill. Then there was the department store that had us down for twenty 90-days-late payments on a charge card that we had had for only five months.

One credit company I'd never heard of couldn't identify a delinquent payment and couldn't say when it was or how much because the bill was from so long ago "we don't keep our records back that far." So delete it, right? Wrong. "We can't because someone reported it." Eventually, they did.

But I'm not here to whine. I'm here to tell you how to beat the system. Think of this article as one of those cable shows about winning through intimidation, because that is what I am here to counsel. I did it and so can you. It happens that most of the charges against me were false. Much to my amazement, the computers didn't know what they were talking about. One national chain had me late three years ago on a credit card that it hadn't sent me until this year—unsolicited, I might add—and that I had never used. But keep in mind the sacred principle that we are all innocent until they manage to prove us guilty. It is up to them to supply the records, which they often do not have or don't really want to bother digging up.

The first step is to get a copy of your and your spouse's credit reports. The three big credit reporting agencies are Equifax, TRW and Trans Union. All have been required by Congress to provide you with a credit report at a reasonable cost and to deal with your complaints in a timely fashion. Equifax charges $8. TRW, the most important one, will send you one for free if you write to TRW Complimentary Report Request, P.O. Box 2350, Chatsworth, California 91313-2350. Enclose a photocopy of your driver's license, your full name, Social Security number, proof of current address, previous address, spouse's name and year of birth. Do it well before you plan a major credit purchase because all of this takes time.

Unfortunately, once you have the report, you must take up each disputed transaction with the department store or bank that reported it in the first place. And you'll have to be persistent.

To begin with, get a speaker phone with automatic redial. This is your basic instrument of retaliation. Otherwise, that vast army of underpaid wretches who man the first line of phones for the gougers have got you. Although the 800 number on your card or billing statement is free, it is also invariably busy, or a maddening mechanical voice will instruct you to wait, and then the Muzak will destroy your brain. But with a speaker phone, particularly one hooked up to an amplifier, you can go about your business, such as writing this column, until a human answers.

Do not, however, attempt to break through to some center of reason with the first-line humans. They have been trained to stonewall. Even if you should miraculously strike a human chord, they have no power to improve your lot. Most often they will tell you to write a letter to somebody who doesn't exist, at some post office box that is never opened. No. You want a supervisor here. Whatever you have to tell that first human to get a supervisor's name and direct phone extension is worth it. Start crying about your children being forced out on the street, or cite the traumatic shock to your wife, who no longer will make love to someone with such a spotty credit rating. Or pretend that your command of English is poor or that your fingers are too arthritic to keep dialing.

My approach is more straightforward. I claim to be innocent and, in a soft but authoritative voice, demand that they supply the proof of guilt as a matter of honor. You have hurt my credit, I say, voice cracking and edged with despair, and I am so troubled by this that I must talk with someone now before it is too late.

Keep in mind your primary strategy: The higher up you get in their organization, the less it pays for them to deal with you. So if you can stick it out and get to a division manager, you have a good chance of winning. A vice president is gold. Stores and banks have lots of vice presidents, and one thing they all have in common is the belief that their time is too valuable to spend talking with the

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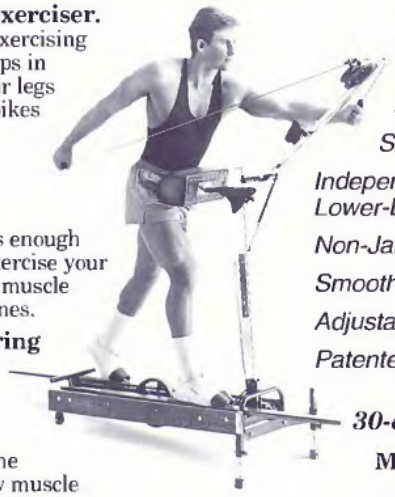

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likes of you. They will, however, if you have secured their direct phone number. Then you have turned the harassment corner. Call whenever you are bored and add yet another wrinkle to your laboriously executed argument.

It can be anything—what your wife remembered about the transaction or some data you unearthed in your personal-computer accounting program or a bit of news on the changing law affecting consumer credit that just came over the radio.

Another tactic is to pit the business where you made the purchase against the credit agency that is now harassing you. Many chains try to present a folksy image, so it doesn't hurt to summon one's sense of betrayal and, in tone more shocked than angry, ask how they, so wonderful to deal with over these past many years, could turn over their accounts to such monsters.

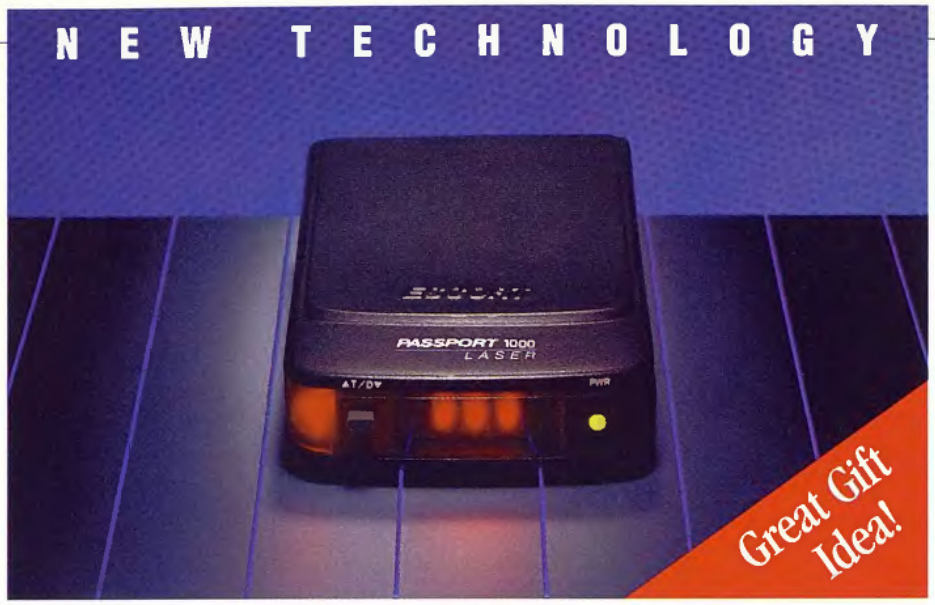
Let me also remind you of a powerful new weapon to confuse the enemy—the fax. Get their fax number and give them yours. Immediately start faxing the supervisor any bit of paper that has the vaguest resemblance to your case and ask for faxes supporting their position in return. Generally, their fax machine will be situated in a central place, making it a real pain for some gofer to deliver your missive every hour or so.

Finally, it's essential that you get written confirmation from them admitting the error of their ways, with a promise to contact the relevant credit bureaus that have ruined your reputation. The letters hanging on my wall all run true to form:

> Dear Mr. Scheer:
> This is to apologize for the inconvenience we have caused you. We find that the error is ours and not yours and have so notified the reporting credit agency.

But do not let that lull you into a false sense of victory. You—yes, you—must also follow up with TRW, or whatever agency distributed the negative rating in the first place, to make sure that it has received those letters and cleared you. All agencies are required to make such corrections promptly, according to the Fair Credit Reporting Act passed in 1970 by Congress and signed into law by the president.

It is outrageous, of course, that existing federal law is so weak at protecting the consumer's interests. You can thank the powerful credit lobby for that. Our best friend in Washington is the Consumers Union, which publishes *Consumer Reports*. It is now in a battle to get tougher protection out of Congress to ensure that records are private and accurate. Remember, tyranny in the Nineties comes in the form of a computer printout.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SHARON STONE

a candid conversation with the red-hot star of "basic instinct" about sex, brains, macho men, killer women and "that scene"

POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Large, antiseptic. CATHERINE TRAMELL *walks in with detectives* NICK CURRAN *and* GUS MORAN. *In the room are assistant district attorney* JOHN CORRELI, CAPTAIN TALCOTT *and* LIEUTENANT WALKER. *A video camera on a tripod records the proceedings.*

CATHERINE *sits down.* NICK *and the others sit directly across from her. She lights up a cigarette. They watch her. She is poised, cool, in complete command of herself.*

CORRELI: There's no smoking in this building, Miss Tramell.

CATHERINE: What are you going to do, charge me with smoking? (*She casually blows her smoke across at Nick.*)

INTERROGATION ROOM—LATER

CORRELI: Would you tell us the nature of your relationship with Mr. Boz?

CATHERINE: I had sex with him for about a year and a half. I liked having sex with him. He wasn't afraid of experimenting. I like men like that. Men who give me pleasure. He gave me a lot of pleasure.

CORRELI: Did you ever engage in any sadomasochistic activity?

CATHERINE (*smiling*): Exactly what do you have in mind, Mr. Correli?

CORRELI: Did you ever tie him up?

CATHERINE: No. Johnny liked to use his hands too much. I like hands and fingers. (*She spreads her legs just a bit in* NICK*'s direction.*)

And, lo and behold, she isn't wearing any underpants. The pantyless shot in this year's thriller hit "Basic Instinct" was not called for in Joe Eszterhas' $3 million script, but it ended up being one of the most talked about moments in the film. The upshot: Delectable Sharon Stone, who played Catherine Tramell, emerged from the picture with instant stardom, rave reviews and proprietor of the most famous pubis aureus on the planet.

Before she delivered her scorched-earth performance in "Basic Instinct," Stone was best known for roles in a long list of movies, most of them forgettable, in which she played an assortment of leggy blondes. There were exceptions: She stole "Irreconcilable Differences" from its stars, Ryan O'Neal and Shelley Long, as the actress who successfully sleeps her way to the top. In "Total Recall," she was the gorgeous and deadly wife of Arnold Schwarzenegger, who ultimately blows her away with the epitaph, "Consider that a divorce."

But nothing was like "Basic Instinct." In the wake of the film's ballyhooed opening, it was reported that stars including Michelle Pfeiffer, Geena Davis and Julia Roberts had turned down the movie. Stone's public response to the actresses' apprehension was perfectly Catherine Tramellesque: "Be afraid. Don't turn on the juice. I'll do it."

And she did. Yet even before it opened, "Basic Instinct" was at the center of controversy. Gay groups protested the movie's set in San Francisco, charging that the film was homophobic—just another in a string of Hollywood movies that portrayed homosexuals as psychotic killers. One critic went further, implying "Basic Instinct" was "grounded in men's hatred and fear of women."

The protests continued throughout the launch of the movie and, predictably, audiences came in droves. Whether or not they left the theater resolved on the gay issue (or on Eszterhas' ambiguous ending: Was Catherine a serial killer or a misunderstood sex kitten?), they knew one thing: They'd seen the performance of a lifetime. As the bisexual murder suspect, Stone is alternately sultry, sweet, childlike, conniving and vulnerable—and as lethal as the ice pick she is suspected of wielding. In another talked-about

"When I got this role, I thought, This is the opportunity of a lifetime. I'm either gonna play this part and rock things or hang my head in shame at the supermarket. It was an all-or-nothing roll of the dice."

"The sex scenes were ludicrous. Do you have sex like that? Do you know women who have orgasms from these anatomically impossible positions? Please. In two minutes? Send them over to my house so I can learn."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

"I am less comfortable with the fact that the public is more concerned with whether or not I was nude or gay than whether or not I was a fucking serial killer. Excuse me very much, but where are your priorities, people?"

scene, Michael Douglas, who co-stars as detective Nick Curran, finally succumbs to Stone's seduction, christening the ensuing sexual gymnastics as "the fuck of the century." Stone's Catherine, however, isn't so easily impressed. "What do you want?" she asks matter-of-factly. "I don't confess all my secrets just because I have an orgasm."

The movie, directed by Paul Verhoeven (who made "Total Recall" and "Robocop"), had to have 47 steamy seconds cut from it in order to get an R rating. The offensive bit of action, according to Stone, was a swap of oral sex between Douglas and herself. But what remained still pushed boundaries with its sexual and violent content. Not coincidentally, the movie earned $115 million.

In interviews that followed the movie's opening, Stone complained that Verhoeven had persuaded her to remove her panties for the interrogation scene, telling her that they reflected light back at the camera. He assured her, she said, that nothing would be seen. Although she charged that she was manipulated and exploited, she happily parodied the scene as the host of "Saturday Night Live" (on which she also did a bit on Tayster's Choice spermicidal jelly). "I think I'd be a little more comfortable if I could sit down," she said in her opening monolog. The studio audience hooted and cheered, waiting for her to uncross her legs.

Whatever the truth behind the movie's "flash" scene, Verhoeven's edit (or lack thereof) has caused a sensation. Stone, whom Rolling Stone *dubbed a "sex babe," is now considered moviedom's newest superstar. (Of course, this was nothing new to us. Stone posed for a spectacular* PLAYBOY *cover and pictorial in July 1990.)*

Sex symbol was an unlikely outcome for a girl who thought she was a homely geek while growing up in Meadville, Pennsylvania (near Erie), where her father works in the tool-and-die business. "I never felt blonde," she says, but she was smart. Her IQ tested at 154, and Stone began skipping grades in school, eventually taking college courses when she was 15.

In spite of an aptitude for science, Stone enrolled in acting classes. She graduated from college and supported herself by modeling. On TV she pitched Clairol, diet Coke and Charlie perfume before showing up at a casting call for extras to appear in Woody Allen's "Stardust Memories."

Allen was taken by Stone and he gave her a small part in the film (she is the dream girl who plants a seductive open-mouthed kiss on the windowpane of a passing train). Then began the parade of B and C movies such as "Deadly Blessing," "Police Academy 4" and "Action Jackson."

In 1984 she married Michael Greenburg, the producer of one of those less than memorable films, the TV movie "The Vegas Strip Wars." They were divorced in 1987, and earlier this year Stone began popping up in the press for her romance with country singer Dwight Yoakam. Today, she has a boyfriend whose name she prefers to keep private, though industry gossip identifies the paramour as Chris Peters, son of producer Jon Peters and actress Lesley Ann Warren.

Her success in "Basic Instinct" has made Stone one of the most sought-after actresses in Hollywood. Regularly deluged with scripts, she has just signed to star in "Sliver" (screenplay by Eszterhas, from the book by "Rosemary's Baby" author Ira Levin), to be directed by Phillip Noyce. A "Basic Instinct" sequel is said to be in the works. Her fee for the latter, it has been reported, is $7 million.

It thus seemed the perfect time to return Stone to our cover—and to our pages as our "Playboy Interview" subject. Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *who sparred with Betty Friedan in the 30th anniversary "Playboy Interview," was sent to meet with Stone in Los Angeles. Here is Sheff's report:*

"What do you say when you meet a woman who once commented, 'If you have a vagina and a point of view, that's a deadly combination'? I wondered this aloud as I headed to the St. James Club to meet Stone for our first interview session.

"She arrived in the deco lobby wearing pink leggings and a pink sleeveless T-shirt under a sweater that hung precariously over her shoulders. I told her it was a pleasure to meet her. She smiled as if to say she knew.

"We sat in the corner of the hotel's dining room next to a wall of George Hurrell photos of movie stars. Coincidentally, the glamour photographer's last work was a series that included Stone. She ordered a spritzer and a bowl of blackberries, on which she sprinkled Equal. She lifted the berries one at a time to her lips, delicately popping them into her mouth.

"It was soon apparent how life is for the 'hottest thing in Hollywood' (as one studio executive called her when he stopped at our table to introduce Stone to his friends): An actor came by and told her what a fan he was. Men and women alike approached to gush about "Basic Instinct," and a waiter brought over a telephone so Stone could field a call from her agent. 'I can't help it,' she apologized, 'we have to let this director know right away.' She turned him down.

"Stone sneezed uncontrollably and looked out at the L.A. smog—'Air you can really sink your teeth into,' she said—and discussed with candor and color the movie that launched her into the limelight. At one point she became so deeply involved in a description of some of the movie's sex scenes, she actually lost control. Stroking the stem of her wine glass, she moaned and cried—loudly—'I want more of that!' It was the famous deli scene from 'When Harry Met Sally' all over again, as a roomful of dumbfounded St. James patrons stared at us.

"In 'Basic Instinct,' when Michael Douglas fell in love with Sharon Stone, he knew he was playing with fire, yet he succumbed nonetheless. Before the interview was over, I knew how the guy felt."

"Once I opened the door and went where Catherine lived, I was in. There was no going back."

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be the world's favorite ice-pick murderer–sex babe?

STONE: [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Has it changed your life?

STONE: Well, people fuck with me a lot less than they used to.

PLAYBOY: How close are you to the character of Catherine Tramell? Your director, Paul Verhoeven, said you *were* Catherine.

STONE: Then I guess I did a good job, if that's how he experienced me. If you convince your director, you must be doing it right.

PLAYBOY: Your performance in *Basic Instinct* went way beyond work you've done in the past. How did that feel?

STONE: Some of it was very difficult, so I just had to push myself. But once I opened the door and went where Catherine lived, I was in. There was no going back. I was living in another kind of world with different kinds of rules.

PLAYBOY: Did it overtake you?

STONE: I certainly had nightmares. Scary nightmares.

PLAYBOY: About ice picks?

STONE: No, but the kind of dreams that shake your core because you're pushing ethical boundaries. Once you break those boundaries—once you go beyond them without any kind of moral judgment—it has to affect your psyche.

PLAYBOY: Many actors wouldn't admit that. They would say, "Ah, it was just a role."

STONE: You cannot immerse yourself in a character and remain unaffected. At least I cannot.

PLAYBOY: Was it exciting to cross those ethical lines?

STONE: We often bury things about ourselves out of simple politeness or fear of facing who we might actually be. But when you play a role like this one, you can't hide from those things anymore. You have to pull out all your strange and distorted thoughts and feelings and look at them. It's very frightening. But I learned something interesting: I thought I was worse than I was. I'm not so bad. When it was all over, I thought, That's it? It's freeing—and maybe a little

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disappointing—to find that the dark side of my character was not so dark after all.

PLAYBOY: Was any of it fun?

STONE: The thing that was really fun for me was mirroring male behavior in that interrogation sequence. Catherine's behavior was shocking but, excuse me, I always thought it was shocking when men acted that way around me. I always thought it was inappropriate. Yet no one made a big deal about it.

PLAYBOY: How were men that way around you?

STONE: Grabbing their balls, throwing their sexuality around, screaming out their car windows, "Hey, baby, wanna get married?" Being patronizing, being . . . men. In the movie, I got to mirror that kind of behavior to a roomful of men who use that as a tool of their profession. And I loved it. I loved the spontaneity of watching them, seeing what their game was and then playing it.

PLAYBOY: What was it about Catherine that so disarmed the men in that room? Her sexuality? Her boldness?

STONE: Ask the men. I felt that they were disarmed by her confidence. The ruse they use—"We have the power, we're going to show you"—didn't cut the mustard with her. Her attitude was, "You're so powerful. Aren't you cute!" And, of course, she had all the power. These men put her in a position where she was alone in a chair in the center of an empty room—surrounded. That would be a very intimidating position to be in unless she disarmed them, which she did.

PLAYBOY: Would you have been as sure of yourself in real life?

STONE: Yeah, here's an example: One day I was supposed to be on the set to film the disco scene. My dress was falling apart and the wardrobe people kept trying to fix it. It took forever. Everyone was waiting for me—Michael [Douglas], the director, the other actors, the lighting and camera people, two hundred extras. I waited, sipped tea and read. My best friend was there and she asked me, "How can you not be completely panic-stricken? All these people are waiting for you and you're sitting here having a cup of tea." I said, "You can look at it in one of two ways: "They're all waiting for me" or [*sly smile*] *"They're all waiting for me!"*

So that's what I learned from Catherine. At the police station she could have been stricken and scared. But instead she thought, This is going to be fun.

PLAYBOY: Fun because she was able to turn the tables on the men?

STONE: Not so much that she got to torture them but that she was in a game with them. [*Coquettishly*] "Oh, so you want me to sit in the middle of the room here? *Oh, charming.* Why is that? You want to make sure you can look up my

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dress? OK, you can look up my dress." It was a game.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Verhoeven conned you into wearing no underpants, promising that nothing too personal would be used in the final movie?

STONE: I don't want to get into that. It's all resolved now—water under the bridge.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that seeing your pubic hair on screen became such a big deal?

STONE: There's something about being the one who did it that protects you from the reaction. I don't know how big of a deal it's become. If you say it's a big deal, I assume it must be a big deal.

PLAYBOY: Trust us.

STONE: I don't talk about it with my friends. It doesn't come up at the parties I go to.

PLAYBOY: If you had been told that it was going to be in the movie, would you have refused to do it?

STONE: I'm not going to talk about this with you. It's not because I don't respect your——

PLAYBOY: Interest?

STONE: Your right to ask. But it's resolved and I'd like to leave it that way.

PLAYBOY: You joked about it on the *Saturday Night Live* you hosted. In the middle of your monolog, you announced that you would feel more comfortable if you sat down. When you did, the audience went nuts waiting for you to uncross your legs. It was very effective.

STONE: [*Smiles*] Thank you.

PLAYBOY: Did acting brazenly and manipulatively in *Basic Instinct* affect your personality?

STONE: I'll tell you how it changed me. I received a fan letter from a woman who said, "Thank you for your performance. I will never be a victim again." It did that for me, too.

PLAYBOY: It's difficult to picture you as a victim.

STONE: Good. But in little ways, women are taught to acquiesce—in ways that chip away at our self-esteem, our integrity and our femininity. I won't give that away so easily anymore. If you think I should, you better give me a damn good reason why. If I make such a choice in my life now, it'll be my choice. I won't bend now just to get someone to like me or to avoid confrontation.

PLAYBOY: Did you once bend easily?

STONE: Yes, like many women. I think certain ways of behaving become a habit. But when you play a different character for a long time, you can break that habit. I now understand power in a new way. Women are taught to be powerful by being coquettish. They are taught to manipulate with their femininity. Instead of saying, "I'm a good plumber" or "I'm smart" or "I'm a good teacher" or "I'm a good homemaker" or "I'm a great athlete," women are taught to use these weird stereotypical female things to get what they want. I used to do that, but now I've learned to get what I want by being direct and fearless.

PLAYBOY: What about the fame aspect? Do you enjoy superstardom?

STONE: *Basic Instinct* completely rocked my world. People started chasing me down the street, hiding in my car, showing up at my house. Unbelievable. I've hidden under the counter in the kitchens of restaurants. Some of it has been like a funny, bad movie. Sudden fame of this enormity is scary. People lunge at you, grab you. They sneak into your hotel room and take your lipstick or sunglasses. It's just creepy. Some of it's overwhelming. What drives me crazy is that people really feel a need to touch you. You feel invaded.

PLAYBOY: Did someone really hide in your car?

STONE: A photographer.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with that?

STONE: By getting used to it. In a restaurant, for example, you sit with your back to the room. It becomes a way of life. At first it was irritating; I wanted to be able to go where I wanted to go with my friends, or just to be left alone. But the more I assimilate to the new rules, the easier it is. I hired a security company to brief me and my best friends about how to function in this situation. We were all getting trampled and run over and pulled at and yanked at and scared.

"'Basic Instinct' completely rocked my world. People started chasing me down the street, hiding in my car, showing up at my house. Unbelievable."

Still, the cutest part of the whole deal is when these couples come up—they're like sixty years old—and the lady will whisper, "We just want to thank you. You sure put the spark back in our marriage." I get that a lot from couples who had a great time after seeing the movie. I've become a tall, blonde Dr. Ruth.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the part in the movie?

STONE: A director I had worked with before had a copy of the script. He read it, called my assistant and said, "No one can play this part like Sharon. She has to do it." My assistant read it and said the same thing: "You've got to do this movie." But I wouldn't read it.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

STONE: I didn't want to be disappointed. I knew they'd never give it to me. I didn't want to have my heart broken again.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so sure you wouldn't get the part?

STONE: I wasn't a star, and everyone wants stars. So I wouldn't read it. I put it aside for a couple months. One night I picked it up and read it, anyway. I couldn't believe it. I didn't know what to do. I instantly knew what it was. I thought, God, I hope no one else sees this. I also knew that Paul [Verhoeven] was directing it, which made it even better. I knew he was a genius. *That* script and *that* mind and you're swinging.

PLAYBOY: Since you knew Verhoeven, couldn't you have just called him?

STONE: That's not the way it works. He wanted a star. He had to want me.

PLAYBOY: So how did you convince him?

STONE: I waited. In the meantime he called and asked me to come in to [redub the voice track] for the airplane version of *Total Recall*. We had to redo the dialog, omitting any swear words. You fit new lines into the movements of your mouth. But when Paul called, I told him that I couldn't come until the end of the day.

PLAYBOY: You had a plan?

STONE: Mmm-hmm. I wore a tight and elegant cocktail dress. Everyone was saying, "Gee, Sharon, you look great. What's up?" [*Innocently*] "Oh, nothing. I'm going to a party after the looping."

PLAYBOY: And were you acting like Catherine?

STONE: I was being cool. Very cool. I didn't want him to think I was insane, but I did want to give him a general idea that I could transform myself. Men are visually stimulated—and that's usually enough, at least at first.

PLAYBOY: You don't give us much credit, do you?

STONE: [*Smiles*] Let's face it: Some women make a lifestyle of it. Some men do, too, of course.

PLAYBOY: And it obviously worked with Verhoeven.

STONE: When I was finished looping he told me he wanted to test me for a part in a new movie he was making. And he did—five nights' worth of tests.

PLAYBOY: So you manipulated him. Pretty old-fashioned of you, wasn't it?

STONE: I would have gone directly to him, but at that point I was trying something I thought might work better. I wouldn't ask because I didn't want him to test me just because he felt obligated.

PLAYBOY: Did you screen-test with Michael Douglas?

STONE: Not at that point. He wasn't going to test with somebody like me at that stage of the game.

PLAYBOY: We have read that Michelle

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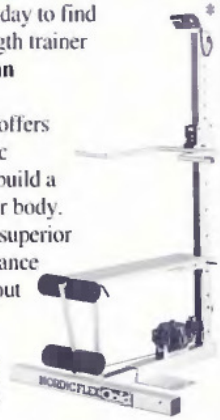

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Pfeiffer, Geena Davis and Julia Roberts were all considered for the role.

STONE: I read that, too.

PLAYBOY: Michael Douglas, discussing why those other women may have felt uncomfortable with the part, said, "Women are often caught between politics and a [particular] role." Is that true?

STONE: It's hard for me to know which women and what kind of political situation he was talking about.

PLAYBOY: His point was that the movie required graphic, relentless sex and violence and that it would be risky for a well-known actress to expose herself as much as you did in the movie.

STONE: No guts, no glory, right? Some very successful actors make very safe choices. That's not my way. To those actresses who didn't think that was their way, I'm incredibly indebted.

PLAYBOY: How were you finally cast?

STONE: Five months later, they had tested a number of other women and even offered the part to a few of them—I really don't know who. But they apparently still kept running my test and saying, "Geez, she seems to have the best handle on it." Then I tested with Michael.

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous?

STONE: I'm always nervous around people like that. Michael's a big movie star. He didn't need me.

PLAYBOY: Did you act out a scene from the movie?

STONE: *Every* scene from the movie—except for the sex scenes.

PLAYBOY: What were they looking for? Chemistry?

STONE: Chemistry and ability. I don't think that anyone believed I had the ability to play a character with that kind of range.

PLAYBOY: Did you have doubts?

STONE: No, because I had been in acting class for seven years, doing Chekhov, Shakespeare, Wilde, Mamet. I had worked on every great part for women there is. Then I did every great part there is for men. So I knew I could play Catherine.

PLAYBOY: Did you draw from any other great movie roles for women?

STONE: I don't think there's been a character like Catherine before. In *Play Misty for Me*, Jessica Walter manipulated Clint Eastwood's character, but that was small time. But because Catherine was sociopathic—because she had no boundaries—she could do so much more. She could manipulate you by being your friend, your child, your lover, whatever it took.

PLAYBOY: Did you think of Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat*?

STONE: Yeah. And Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity*. Both of those women were great. Kathleen Turner is a great, great actress whom I have always enjoyed watching. You never know what she's going to do. So, yes, I thought of her when I did my part. I thought, If Kathleen Turner did this, she wouldn't draw a line here, she'd go further. I also thought of Judy Davis. If she did this part, we'd be rocked right out of our seats. I saw *Impromptu* regularly while I was making the movie, thinking, She has great courage. I want to be like her.

PLAYBOY: What was it about the character that made you want the role so badly?

STONE: I thought she was a damaged person. She was broken, hurt. And she was using power to cover her incredible fragility. I loved the extraordinary dichotomy of that.

PLAYBOY: Could you relate personally to this or was it all just fantasy?

STONE: For an artist, fantasy is reality. Imagination becomes reality in certain ways to us. It's hard to draw a decipherable line. Does that make sense or does it just sound pretentious and stupid?

PLAYBOY: Let's try it this way: Do men assume that you're really like your *Basic Instinct* character?

STONE: The thing about the character is that a lot of people don't know whether or not she was a killer. A lot of people really don't want her to have done it. So the relationship that people have with the character is very individual. It says more about them than about me. I think the role of Catherine met a certain need in society at a certain moment, and it ignited something. In her, everyone saw some person or some fantasy or some monster in their life or in their psyche. *Basic Instinct* is not the best movie, it doesn't make the most sense. It's not the most *anything*. But it got under a lot of people's skin.

PLAYBOY: Michael Douglas', for one—at least his character's. Off screen, how did the two of you get along?

STONE: I had met him on two or three occasions in social situations before I tested with him for this movie. I really felt that he and I could have a certain strange, dynamic energy together. I was never comfortable around him, and I don't think he was comfortable around me.

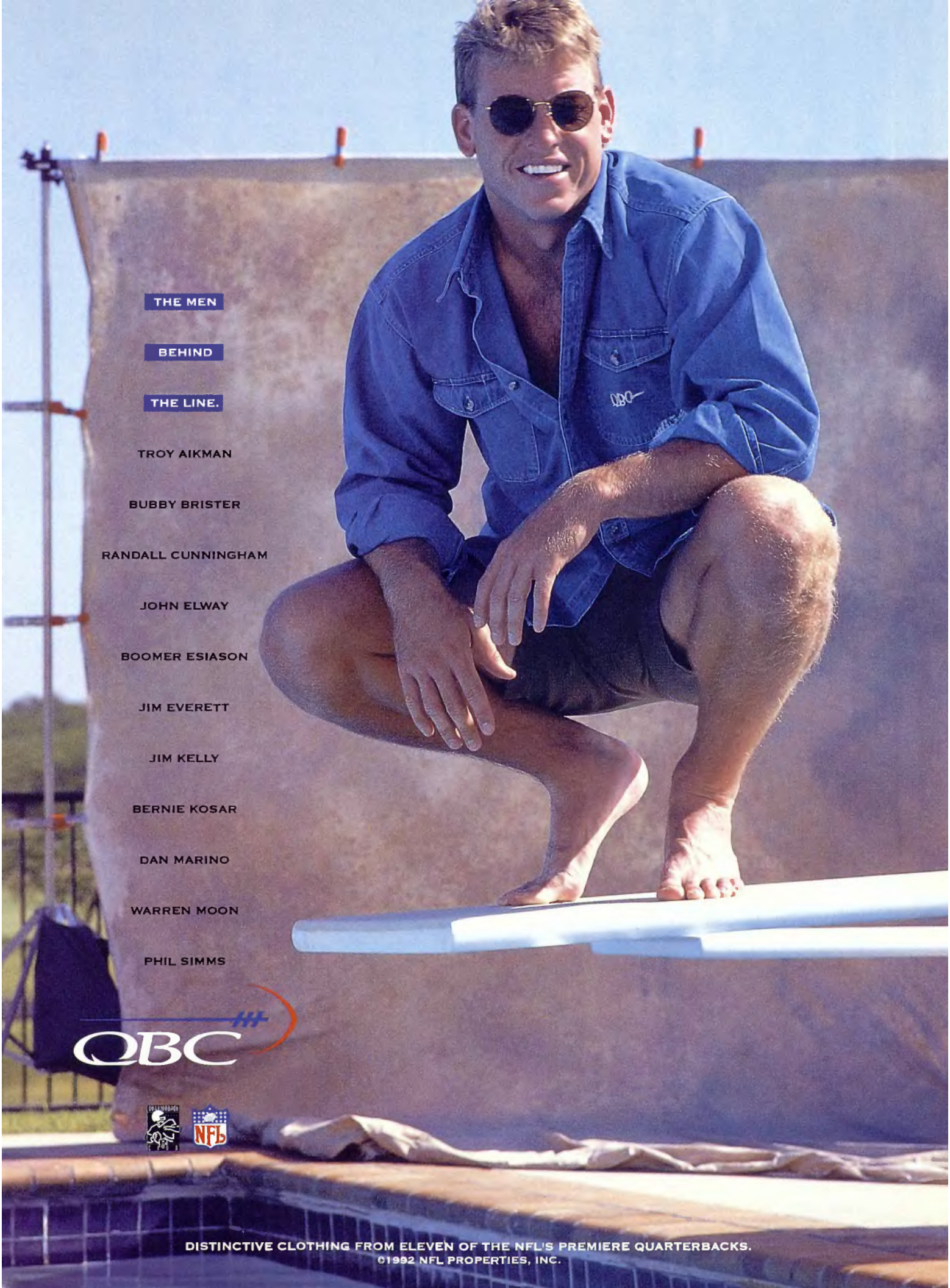
PLAYBOY: Is that good?

STONE: I think that kind of discomfort lends itself to this kind of movie. Tension is good.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough working together?

STONE: It was a primal thing for me. It was all about watching him, observing his movements, provoking him. If one were to believe in karma, I would say there is some karmic circle yet unfulfilled between the two of us. Our energy together was strong. It still isn't comfortable for me, but I think it works very well for our work together.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel some sort of bond now, having been through this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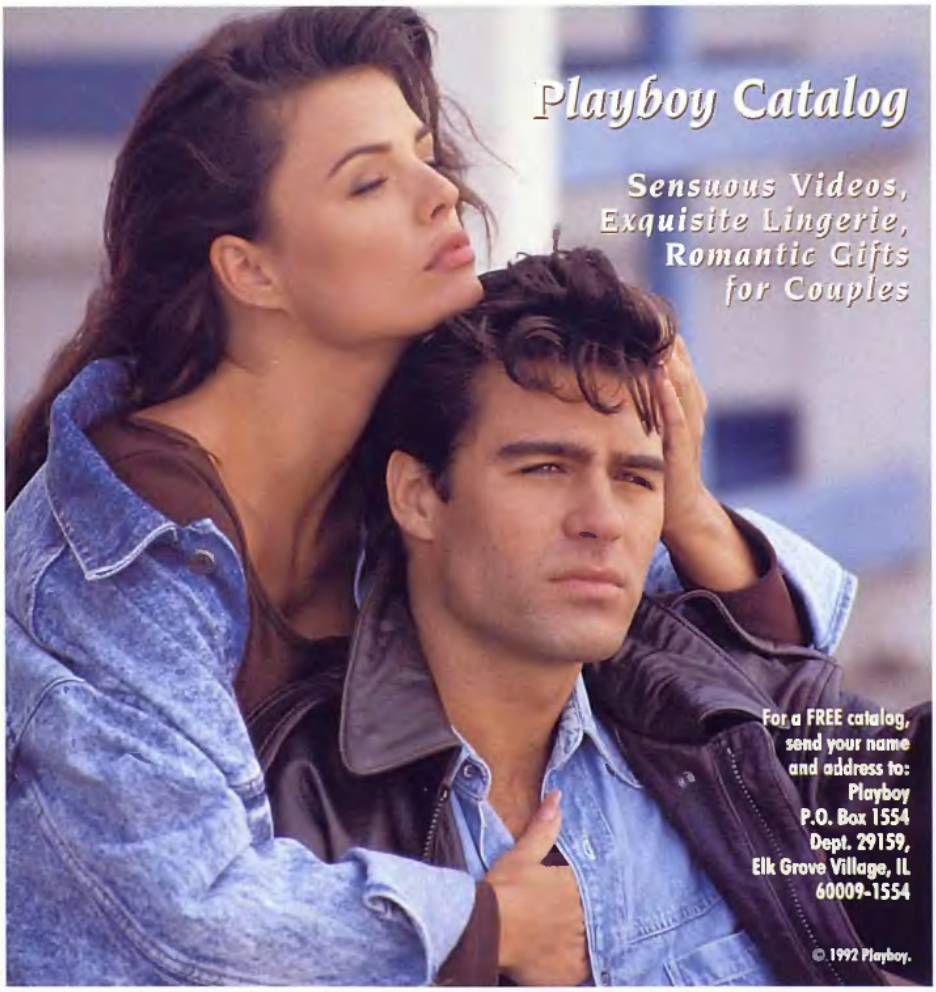


experience together?

STONE: I do. But I basically didn't get to know Michael. There was something about the mystery of not knowing each other that lent itself to this situation. It's odd because now I have this very intimate bond with a stranger.

PLAYBOY: Was it also odd to have intimate sex with a stranger in front of a camera and, ultimately, millions of people?

STONE: I suppose I reveal some sort of disturbed part of my personality when I tell you that I'm more comfortable in that situation than in a real intimate situation. For example, Camp Pendleton, the military base, is having its fiftieth anniversary, and James Brown is giving a concert. I'm emcee. There will be thousands of Marines there. I was telling my girlfriend, "That's so comfortable to me." See, I know how to be in front of thousands of Marines. I know exactly how to have that relationship. That's easier for me than being alone with one man in my living room.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about you?

STONE: Well, with the Marines there's an agreement. You know why you're there, you know what they want and you know what you're supposed to do.

PLAYBOY: And with you and a man in your living room?

STONE: It's just life and anything can happen. That's scary.

PLAYBOY: What can happen?

STONE: That's all I have to say about that. I don't want to discuss the psychology of my personal and intimate life. Let's move on to something else.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond to *Basic Instinct* the first time you saw it?

STONE: I was horrified. I was completely appalled.

PLAYBOY: What shocked you?

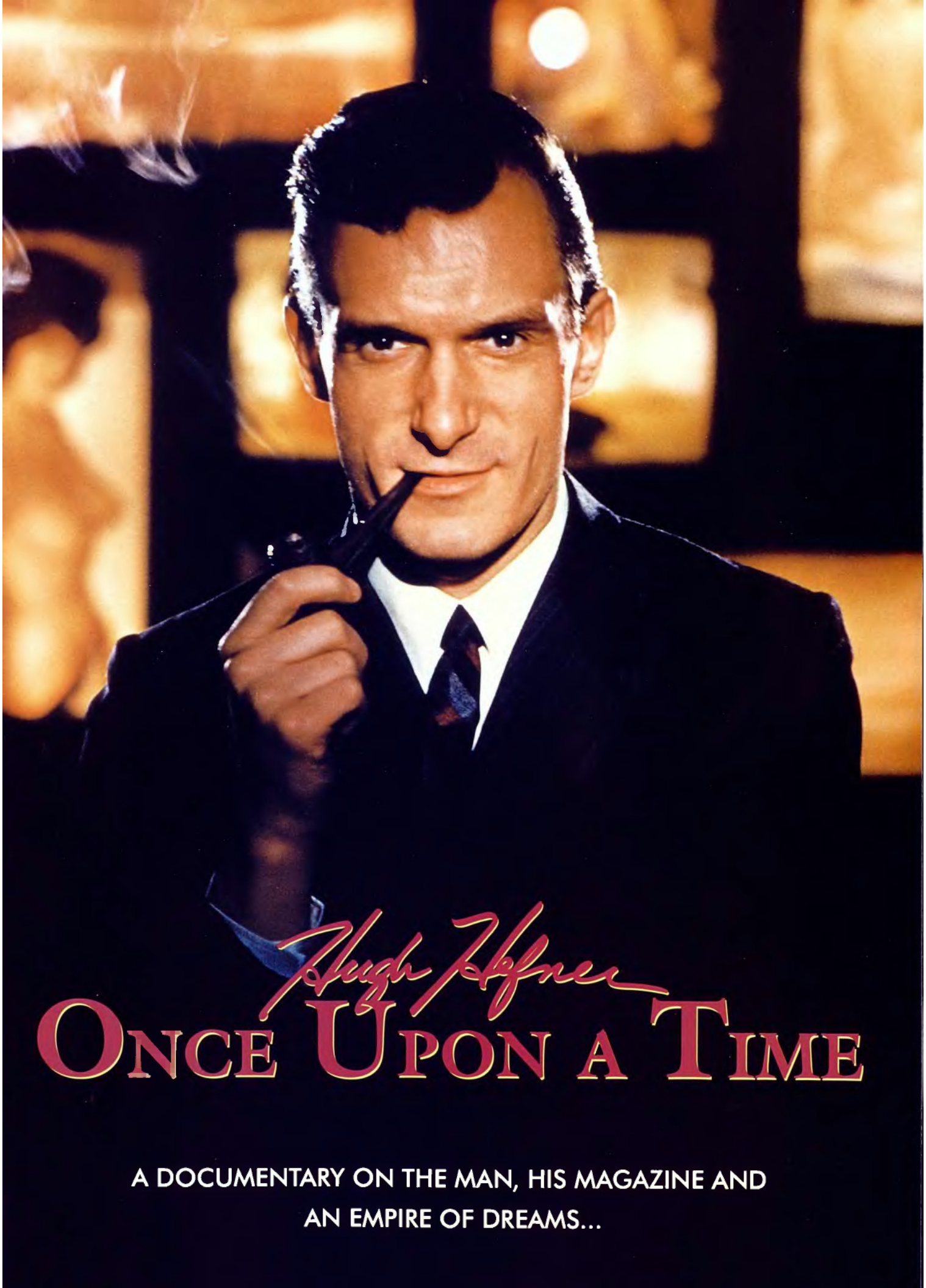
STONE: I so abandoned myself to this character that when I watched the thing, I couldn't believe that it was me. I couldn't remember doing all the things I had done.

PLAYBOY: Specifically?

STONE: Anything. Just the way I would turn around and give a look. Halfway through the movie, it was as if I were impaled. I was just sitting there, mouth open, staring at the screen, listening to my heartbeat and wondering how long it would be before it was over, wondering who I should call first to tell them never to see this movie.

PLAYBOY: Were you embarrassed because of the sex or were you afraid that the movie wasn't good?

STONE: Nothing was formed that much in my mind. It was much more of an organic response. It was basic horror. It's one thing when you take enormous risks and go way out on a limb in life. It's another thing when someone plays it back for you. And it's still another when you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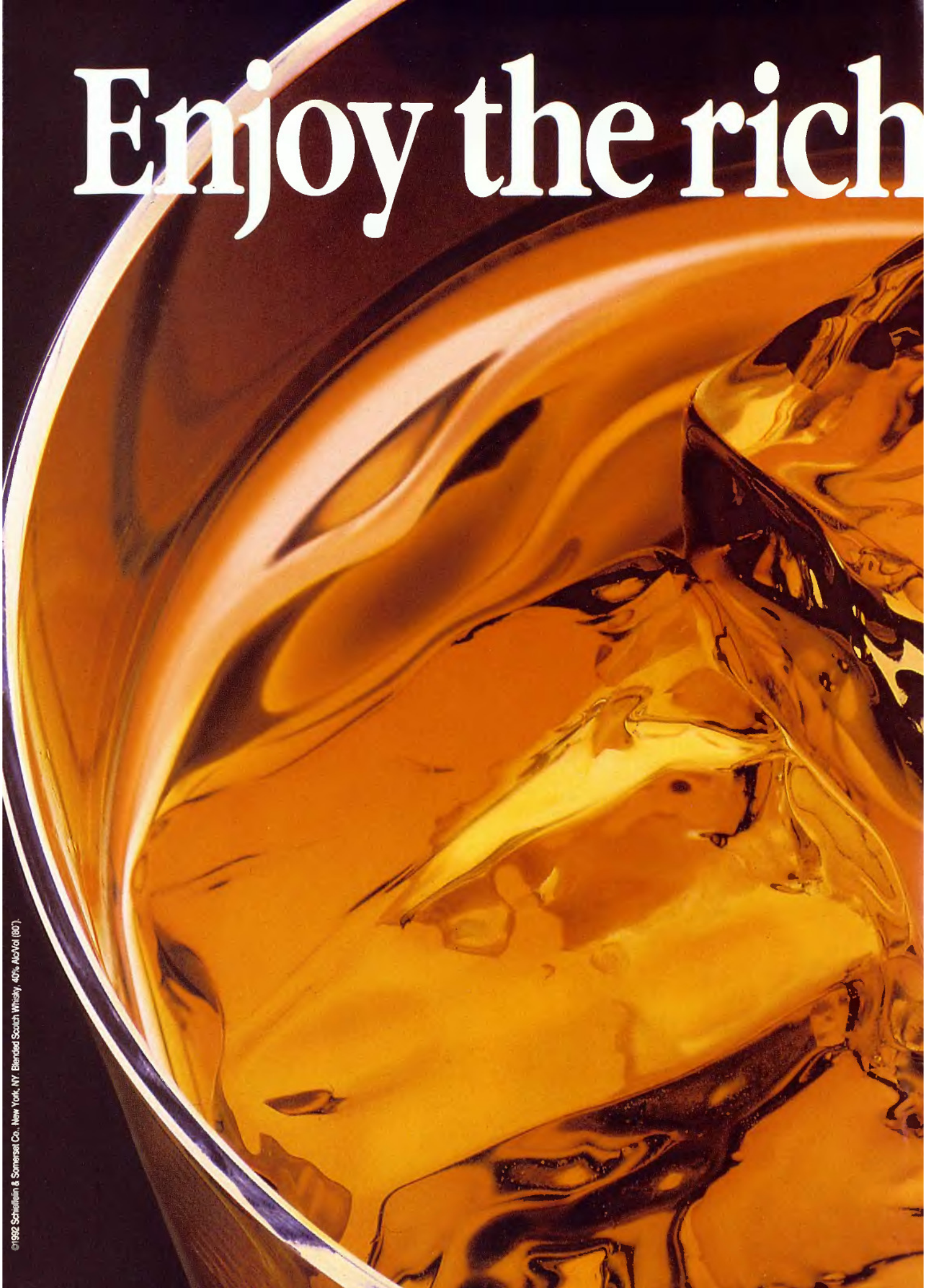

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

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spend the next year of your life having to take responsibility for your actions. It was a good growth experience for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you reveal sides of yourself that you didn't want revealed?

STONE: You have to put your ego aside to be good in any form of art. You can't judge the actions of the person you're playing.

PLAYBOY: But did you at least imagine how people would respond?

STONE: You can't. You just want to do the best work you can. *Basic Instinct* was a tremendous opportunity for me to be good as an artist. I wouldn't watch dailies because I didn't want to be self-conscious. I just wanted a chance to do it—I hadn't had that opportunity before. Remember, this was something like my eighteenth movie. I'd paid a lot of dues, I'd eaten many humble pies. When I got this role, I thought, This is it, the opportunity of a lifetime. I'm either gonna play this part and it's gonna rock things, or I'm gonna be hanging my head in shame at the supermarket. There was no gray area. It was an all-or-nothing roll of the dice.

PLAYBOY: When you began filming, gay rights groups protested *Basic Instinct*, charging it was homophobic. Where did you stand as the controversy unfolded?

STONE: I never had any problems with the gay community. I was a model before I worked as an actress, and the gay community is an active part of the fashion business. Many of my dating experiences included me and my date and a gay couple. It was very much the norm. So I am sensitive to issues that would concern gay people. That's why the flap over *Basic Instinct* was beyond my comprehension. My perspective of my lesbian relationship in the film was that it was a pure, loving relationship. At the same time, Catherine was clearly not a lesbian. She was a party girl.

PLAYBOY: People said they were tired of seeing gays portrayed as psychopaths. And yet here was another homosexual killer.

STONE: This was a unique opportunity for the gay community to use a big media event as a way to be heard. That was good. I'm enormously sympathetic with the issue that was raised. I'm enormously sympathetic with the fact that it's always the blonde people in the movies. Where are the interracial relationships? Where are the Puerto Rican men and women? If there weren't these incredible racial issues, Billy Dee Williams would have been one of our biggest movie stars—a fine, talented, gorgeous, charismatic actor. Why is that? It's not right. It's not fair.

So I'm sympathetic in terms of all minority groups. I believe that even though women are not a minority—we are fifty-one percent of the country's population—we are treated like one. Most films are written so that the female characters are the way men experience women or would like to experience women. But that's not the way women really are. How often do you go to a movie and see a female character who's like a woman you actually know? This is a big issue for me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have any qualms about playing into the stereotype? One critic said that the movie was misogynistic—a male writer's and male director's vision of exactly how evil women are.

STONE: I don't agree. I think the movie showed both men and women in the trenches, pitted against one another. Neither was portrayed too lovingly. The other issue is that Catherine survived. Overall, I don't think films are responsible for political issues unless they're being made specifically about a political issue. Films are there to inspire your fantasy, to let you escape, identify, live vicariously. Journalism is responsible for telling the truth about the world.

When the movie was opening, I snuck into one of the biggest and first press screenings. I wore a hat and sat in a dark back corner. Regardless of what people thought of the politics, I sat there and saw the audience scream, yell, laugh,

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talk to the screen, throw stuff, carry on and have a ball. I don't give a shit what they wrote in their magazines. I watched them have fun.

PLAYBOY: Amid the criticism, it's ironic that you earned a lesbian following.

STONE: Mmm-hmm. That makes me feel good.

PLAYBOY: And a male fan club as well. Perhaps "the fuck of the century" in the film had more than a little to do with it. What went into creating that?

STONE: I didn't have a lot of input into the sex scenes. Paul and Michael, very macho men, created them. When I read them and saw the storyboards, I thought they were ludicrous.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STONE: They just were. [*Laughs*] Certainly in my experience. Do you have sex like that? Do you know women who have orgasms from these anatomically impossible positions? Please. In two minutes? Send them over to my house so I can learn. In the meantime, ludicrous they remain.

Once I realized that was what the guys wanted, I thought, Oh, I get it! No matter how he touches her or where he touches her or what else he does to her, it's the most, it's the best, it's the *sexiest*! [*Stone speaks so loudly that people in the restaurant begin looking.*] *I want to have some more of that!* That's "the fuck of the century," according to the macho man mentality.

PLAYBOY: So what would it be for women, or for you?

STONE: Women want men to see them and experience them and take time with them. I don't think women want to be slammed up against the wall and tied to the sofa. [*Laughs*] But "the fuck of the century" became a fantasy to women, too, in a way. They thought, He can do *that*? I heard he got fourteen million dollars to do that! I'd give you fourteen million dollars if you could do that to me, buddy!

PLAYBOY: Was it physically difficult to do those scenes?

STONE: When Paul showed me the storyboards, I said, "Jesus Christ, I'm going to be sitting on my shins! I not only have to do a complete back bend but I also have to pull myself back up without using my hands. And then make it look as if I'm getting off."

PLAYBOY: But the purpose of the back bend was to give you the chance to use the ice pick, right?

STONE: Yeah. And she does it every time they have sex, so it became this bizarre deal, this athletic feat that took a lot of work. It took some training to get my quadriceps strong enough so that I could manage it. I also had to be flexible enough to be able to do it fifty billion times so we could do all the takes.

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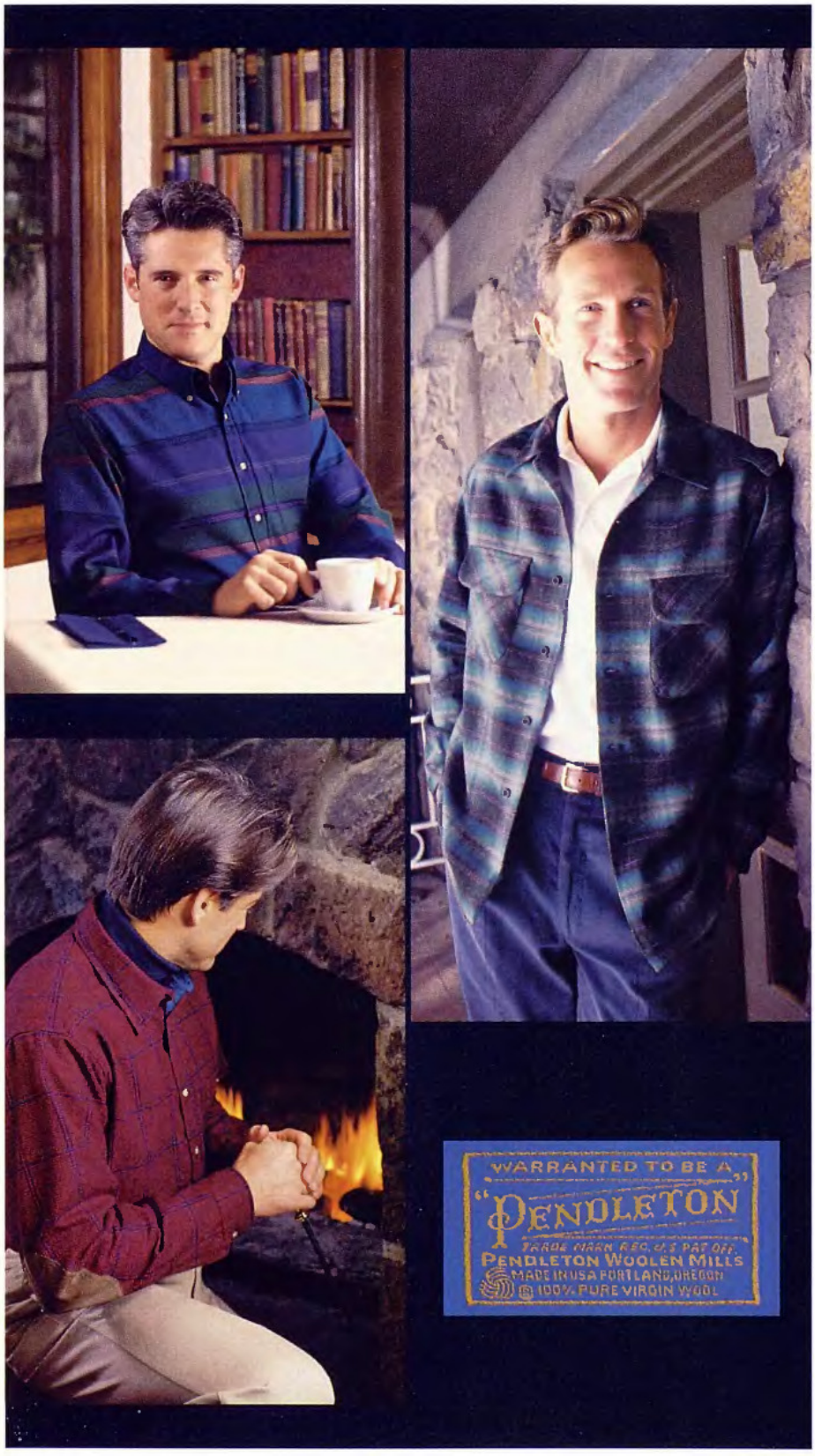

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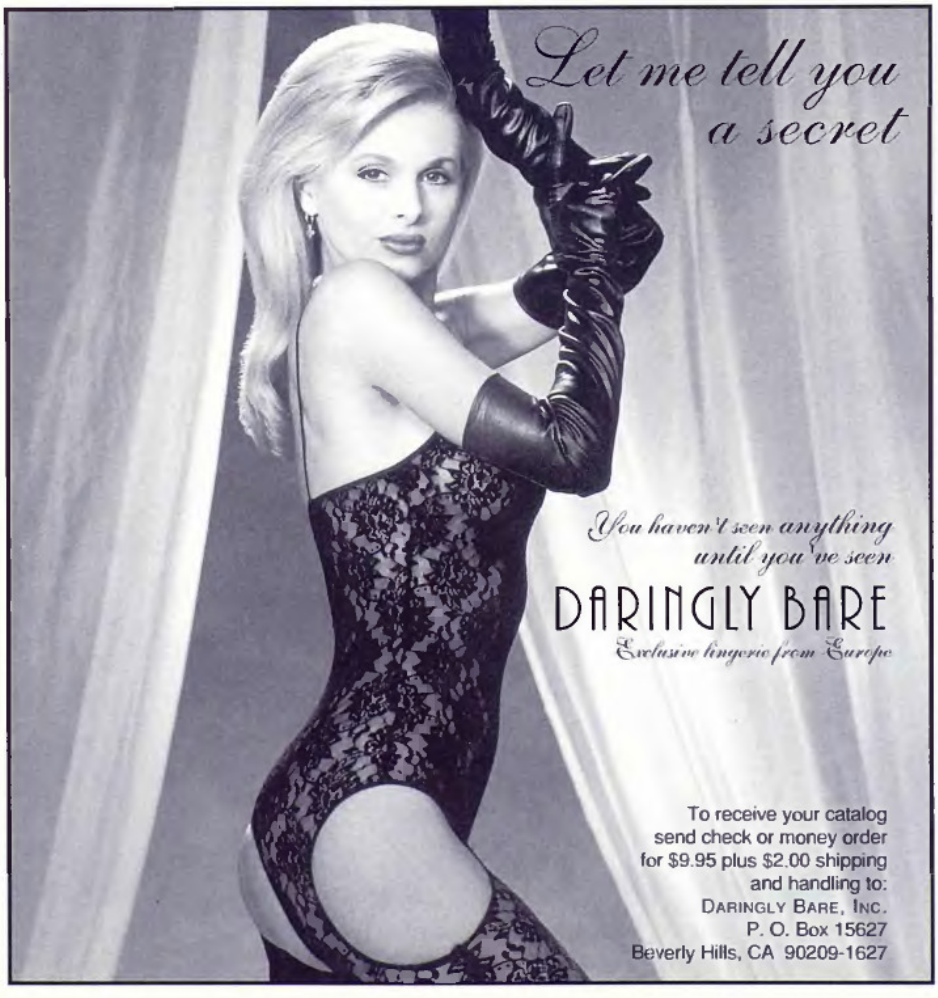
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PLAYBOY: Do weird thoughts go through your head while filming a scene like that?

STONE: Yeah, like: Why is my ass as large as it is?

PLAYBOY: Do you get embarrassed?

STONE: Sure, though not very often, because that's just the kind of roguish gal I am. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: In your first movies, were explicit sex scenes more embarrassing?

STONE: They were scarier. But here's embarrassing: In *Basic Instinct*, we were getting ready to do a take, and Michael put his cappuccino down on the side of the bed—not the camera side. At the last second I took off my robe, tossed it over the side of the bed and heard the cappuccino fall over onto the white carpeting. Forgetting the fact that, at that moment, I was supposed to be behaving like a movie star and not like some middle-class girl from Pennsylvania, I leapt over the side of the bed, screaming, "Oh, my God!" Only then did I realize that everybody in the room now knows me better than my gynecologist does.

PLAYBOY: Did the cast and crew handle that event with dignity?

STONE: Sure, though I was just horrified because I literally dove off the side of the bed. But you know what? We've all got the same stuff. I don't know what the big deal is, really.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever feel that your "stuff" was taken advantage of?

STONE: In life or in the movie?

PLAYBOY: Both.

STONE: In the movie I felt very in control—as compared with real life, where people will just walk up to you and say and do the most horrifying things. Filmmaking is a controlled environment. It's safe. That's one of the reasons that I like it so much.

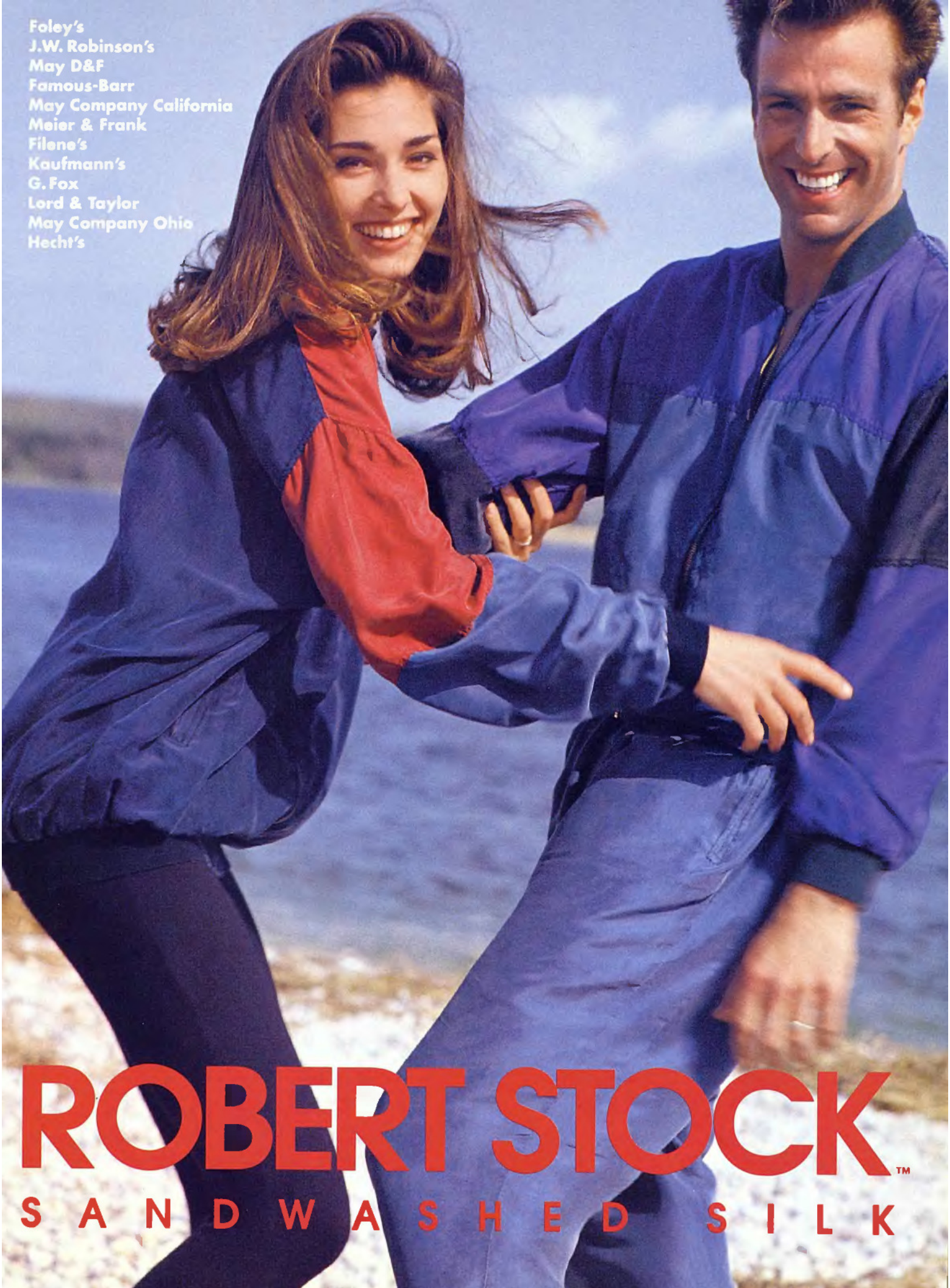
PLAYBOY: What's unsafe in real life?

STONE: I evoke strong responses from people. I always have, ever since I was a little girl. That can be scary and make you guarded. It's a lot more fun, and I can be a lot less guarded, in a protected environment where I don't have to cloak myself. My best friend said to me on the phone last night, "You're the only person I know who has to bring herself down in the movies." I suppose that's because I'm kind of an extroverted, say-what-I-think, do-what-I-feel-is-right person.

PLAYBOY: Are you more vulnerable without your clothes?

STONE: More honest. I use it as a meter of my concentration. If the camera was on and I was nude and I knew the crew was looking at me, then I knew I wasn't doing my work. I wasn't involved in the scene.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that Bernadette Peters won't do nude scenes because,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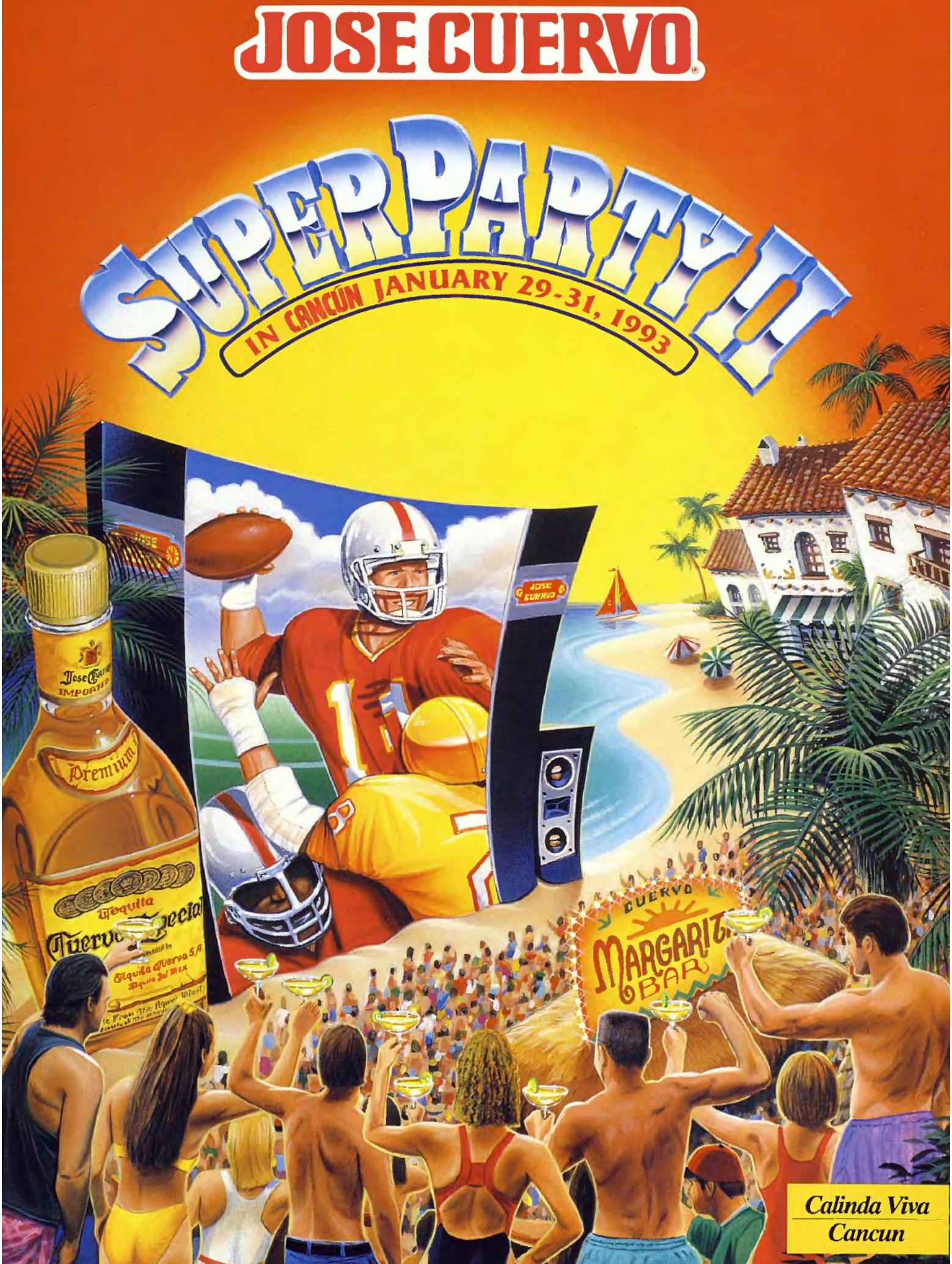
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once you have no clothes on, you stop being your character. The character's clothes make you the character.

STONE: I've never found my character in the closet.

PLAYBOY: The point is, when you're nude on screen, it is Sharon Stone, nude, as opposed to the character.

STONE: I think that's all bullshit. It's all you and it's all the character. People come up with seventy billion reasons why they're not comfortable doing it. You can have intellectual ideas, you can have philosophical ideas, but the bottom line is you're just not comfortable being nude in a room with people you don't know. Whether you are wearing a chair on your head or a suit of armor or a black-velvet evening gown, if you're the character, you're the character.

PLAYBOY: But was it once scary for you?

STONE: Sure. I don't go, like, "Oooh, I can't wait to rip off my clothes and jump around in front of everybody." I wasn't comfortable when I had to rip my heart out and cry all day, either. And I was certainly not comfortable when I had to depict murdering someone—violently killing someone. I am infinitely less comfortable with the fact that the public is more concerned with whether or not I was nude or gay than whether or not I was a fucking serial killer. Excuse me very much, but where are your priorities, people?

PLAYBOY: Was wielding the ice pick unsettling?

STONE: Traumatizing beyond belief. Beyond belief.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

STONE: Besides giving me hellacious nightmares? Oh, shit! I made my best friend lie by the bed while I did the scene—just lie there by the camera telling me jokes. God! They had a paramedic with an oxygen mask there because I'd start to feel like I was going to pass out.

PLAYBOY: Why was it so unsettling?

STONE: Because killing is much further from my personal self than taking off my clothes to have sex. I had such a hard time with the killing scenes that Paul screamed at me the entire time we were doing them. He screamed like a lunatic, to evoke or provoke or, I don't know, he just generally badgered the shit out of me. Eventually, I had to loop the sequence. When I did, it was so disturbing to everyone that they couldn't deal with it. See, by then I had seen the film and recognized that Catherine was like a carnivorous cat on the kill. That's how I understood the energy of it. Once I got that—once I understood the roar of the kill—I told them I didn't want to loop it one bit at a time like they usually do. I wanted to do it all at once. I wanted all the lights in the room turned off. I wanted to just do it. When they turned the lights back on, you could have knocked Paul off his chair with a feather.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when the whole experience was over? Was it cathartic? Upsetting?

STONE: It just made sense. When a lion jumps on the back of an animal, grabs it by the neck, smashes it to the ground, breaks its back and eats it, it's not doing a bad thing. It's doing what is appropriate. That is the nature of the Catherine Tramell animal. Once I looked at her from a distance and understood what she was, it wasn't so disturbing anymore.

PLAYBOY: And it was easier to become that animal?

STONE: To color that animal. It was like finishing the painting.

PLAYBOY: Was the violence particularly disturbing to you when you watched the movie?

STONE: It was particularly hilarious.

PLAYBOY: Hilarious?

STONE: I don't know why. Perverse, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Was it hilarious because it was combined with those gymnastic sex moves?

STONE: That was particularly amusing.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned about the degree of violence in the movie?

STONE: No. I had already done *Total Recall*, which was certainly as violent as *Basic Instinct*. Anybody who's seen any of Paul's films knows that he is obsessed with violence and the struggle between good and evil.

PLAYBOY: Have ice picks taken on new meaning in your life?

STONE: People make a lot of jokes.

PLAYBOY: The movie had to be cut to get an R rating. Was that because of the violence or the sex?

STONE: It was oral sex from both of us. An exchange of oral sex.

PLAYBOY: There are reports that you and writer Joe Eszterhas have been working on a story for *Basic Instinct* 2. True?

STONE: I haven't been working on a sequel, but I had a meeting with everybody who was invited to be involved in one.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea what's going to happen to Catherine?

STONE: [*Grins*] Mmm-hmm.

PLAYBOY: Michael Douglas reportedly won't do a sequel. Is that true?

STONE: That's what I heard—or that he'll play only a small part. He wasn't at the meeting. But I'm interested in working with Paul if there is a sequel.

PLAYBOY: Why has it taken you so long to choose a follow-up project to *Basic Instinct*?

STONE: Before *Basic Instinct*, I couldn't get a great part, because they all wanted a movie star and I wasn't one. At the same time, I couldn't accept parts like

the ones I'd had before because those movies would have come out after *Basic Instinct*, and that would have been a step backward.

PLAYBOY: So you knew and calculated. Was it worth the wait? Are good scripts coming in now?

STONE: Oh, my God. The number of scripts I have read is astonishing. I have new agents who have a wonderful literary department, so I'm starting to get involved in projects from the ground up. I found one that I love. I thought, God, I could do this in my sleep. My agent called the producer and told him I was interested. He said, "No kidding! I saw her in *Irreconcilable Differences* and wrote it from her character." It made me feel as if I've been around long enough that the parts were finally coming in. Similarly, I see reviews in the newspapers that describe someone as "like Sharon Stone," or a performance that is described as "racier than Sharon Stone's."

PLAYBOY: People are watching you closely now. Was it easier to take more risks when you didn't have as much to lose?

STONE: Yeah. I told my boyfriend my next movie will be, like, me nude, tap dancing under a klieg light. I'm aware of that. But I don't think of that as such a bad thing. I think, OK, so with whom do I want to be tap dancing when the lights come up? I know that it's going to be an event, so I plan to make it a party.

PLAYBOY: Does the tedium of moviemaking ever bother you?

STONE: No. I love seeing those trucks open their doors and the camera equipment come rolling out the back. It's thrilling. I feel like I'm home when I'm on a movie set. I feel the most inspired, the most enlivened—both creatively and intellectually—when I'm working on a movie. When you're the leading lady, you work long hours because you have to come in early for hair and makeup. You're working fourteen, fifteen, seventeen hours a day. When they say it's going to be forty-five minutes until the next shot, you don't say, "Oh, shit." You say, "Oh, a nap! How fabulous!" I learned to use that time. I learned to play chess. I read, write and sew.

PLAYBOY: What kind of writing do you do?

STONE: All kinds. I've written all sorts of journals. Very strange things. Female Jim Thompson kinds of things. It's been personal, but I've been thinking about making a book. Photographs, drawings and some of the weird writing. I'm also writing the preface to a new book for some friends right now.

PLAYBOY: What's it about?

STONE: *Bad Movies We Love*. I have my own chapter.

PLAYBOY: What movies are included?

STONE: It's a long and colorful list. I love the fact that I can make movies, good or bad. I never made a bad movie that I didn't learn something important from.

PLAYBOY: What was the worst movie you ever made?

STONE: There have been so many—stupid for a variety of reasons.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of them. Before *Basic Instinct*, you were in *Year of the Gun*, directed by John Frankenheimer. Were you a fan of his *Manchurian Candidate*?

STONE: A big fan. I loved working with him and learned a lot. I really enjoyed the movie.

PLAYBOY: But it bombed. Was that a disappointment?

STONE: I was disappointed that John didn't have everything he needed to make the picture.

PLAYBOY: In that film, you once again had some steamy, gymnastic sex scenes.

STONE: Even more implausible.

PLAYBOY: How so?

STONE: I just can't think of any way to talk about it that isn't horrible, so I think I had just better not.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the part of Arnold Schwarzenegger's wife in *Total Recall*?

"I'd work out until the guys would puke. Kind of a macho thing for me. Before it was over, I was big. I was buff. I could kick some ass."

STONE: I was sent the script and was told, "We're interested in meeting you for this action movie." I said, "I've done every stupid action movie I'm going to do. No, thank you." Then they told me that Paul Verhoeven was directing it and I said, "Oh, OK. I don't need to go to the meeting. If they want me, I'll do it." I had seen his films and thought they were terrific. Then I met him and I was completely enamored of him. I was cast and had a great time making it.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working with Schwarzenegger?

STONE: Wonderful. Arnold is the biggest baby you'll ever meet. He's just a big, big baby. But he wants you to do the best you can do because he wants his team to win. It's not an individual sport for Arnold. Arnold is a movie star. I made fun of him right off the bat. We were doing rehearsals in a hotel room. Arnold was lying on the bed and Paul was on top of him, straddling him, caressing his hair, explaining to me how he thought the scene ought to go. I said, "I think I'll leave you two guys alone. You're so darn cute together!" Arnold is unbelievably focused and available. He tries harder than most people I've worked with.

PLAYBOY: You rivaled Schwarzenegger in the muscle department in that movie. Was it tough getting in such good shape?

STONE: I circuit-trained. I'd do the Lifecycle for half an hour and then the machines, from one to the next. I'd move, move, move for three hours. Then I'd finish with sit-ups and stretching. I'd work my buns off. I took karate. I had already studied tae kwon do, so I was moderately familiar with the martial arts. While we were filming, I'd work out in the hotel gym at the end of the day. I'd work out until the guys would puke, then I would stop. [*Laughs*] Kind of a macho thing for me. Before it was over, I was big. I was buff. I could kick some ass.

PLAYBOY: And you did, at least in the movie. Were the fighting scenes between you and Arnold difficult?

STONE: They were exhausting but they were a blast.

PLAYBOY: Did you keep working out after the movie?

STONE: No. I'm into a different kind of fitness now. I don't want big muscles. At the time, though, it saved my life. Really. I had a car accident the week after I wrapped the film—a head-on crash on Sunset Boulevard. A woman was driving on the wrong side of the street. I had months and months of physical therapy in recovery, a back brace and a cervical collar. The doctor told me I probably wouldn't have walked again if I hadn't been in such good shape. Even though I don't try to keep up that sort of routine, I feel the quality of my life has improved enormously from my fitness level. And I learned it all from Arnold.

PLAYBOY: How did your car accident affect you emotionally?

STONE: I spent months afterward sitting alone in my house. That was when I decided that things had to change or I was never going to work again.

PLAYBOY: Did realizing that you could have been killed make you want to do more?

STONE: I had a lot of time to sit around and think. I was tired of it all. I didn't know what was going to happen next. Coincidentally, I was asked to give the commencement speech at my high school that year, and when I thought things out to write them down, I realized that I had to make changes. One of the things was this: When you're in high school, your success is measured by how much you're like everybody else. But from the second you graduate, and on to the end of your life, it's measured by how much of an individual you are. It helped me realize that it was time to stop accepting things other than what was

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truly me.

PLAYBOY: Did *Total Recall* have a big impact on your career?

STONE: It gave me box office viability. Everybody knew who I was then. Not that I was Sharon Stone, I was "that girl in *Total Recall*."

PLAYBOY: Your other best-known movie was *Irreconcilable Differences*, in which you played an actress who sleeps her way to the top. Is it just a coincidence your screen characters are often beautiful unscrupulous seductresses?

STONE: Well, there aren't very many good parts written for women. You're lucky if they're decent at all. I think it was Elizabeth McGovern who once said in an interview that when she read a script and didn't feel like throwing up, she agreed to do it.

PLAYBOY: Is it really that bad?

STONE: Sometimes it is.

PLAYBOY: Was *Irreconcilable Differences* a good or bad experience?

STONE: It was too fun. I loved doing it. But even though I got a tremendous amount of attention and great reviews from that part, my career was really improperly managed at the time. The mistakes that were made cost me many years of having to make shitty movies.

PLAYBOY: Let's quickly run through the rest of them. What do you remember about *Deadly Blessing*?

STONE: It was *Charlie's Angels Get a Scare* in a bad Wes Craven movie. [*Laughs*] As if there are good Wes Craven movies.

PLAYBOY: *The Bay City Blues*?

STONE: *Hill Street Blues* people trying to make a TV series about baseball. Didn't work.

PLAYBOY: *The Vegas Strip Wars*?

STONE: I met my husband on that movie—he was the producer—and Rock Hudson and James Earl Jones. It was a special time for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you get to know Hudson?

STONE: We became very good friends. I think Rock was an extraordinarily brave and generous man.

PLAYBOY: Did you know he was sick then?

STONE: Yeah. I went to Africa shortly after that. I was in Africa when he died.

PLAYBOY: *War and Remembrance*?

STONE: It was a miniseries from the Herman Wouk novel, his sequel to *Winds of War*. It was a marvelous experience for me, one I was proud to be a part of.

PLAYBOY: *Police Academy 4*?

STONE: I really needed a job and I really needed a break.

PLAYBOY: A break from what?

STONE: My life. And, you know, *Police Academy 4* changed me tremendously—for the good, really for the good. I worked with twelve stand-up comedians every day. Not actors, but stand-up comedians. You've no idea what a joy it is

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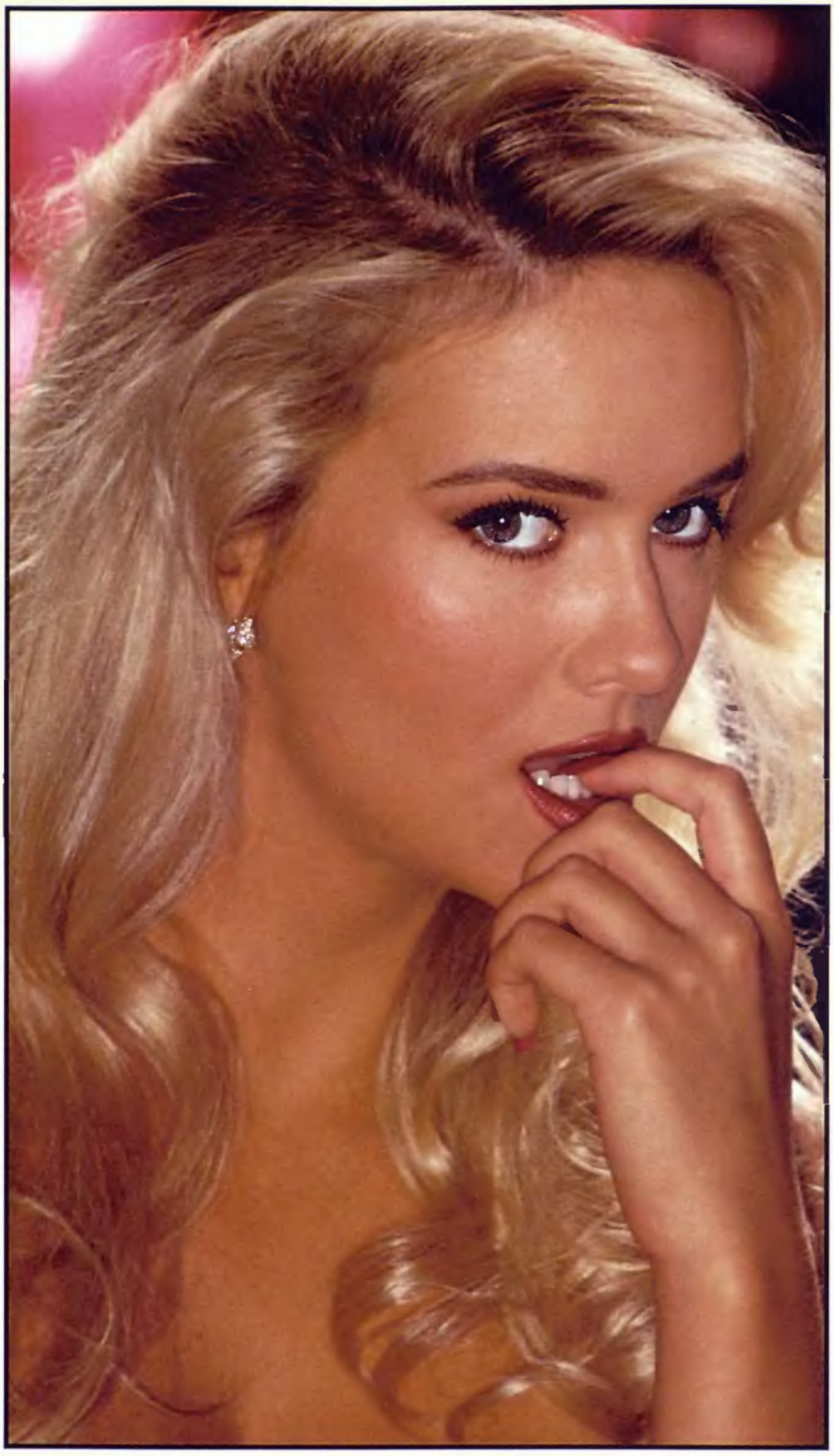

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to go into a room and hang out with those people—the brilliance and the politically astute, fun, intellectual, strange, inspirational conversations you'll have with them.

PLAYBOY: *Action Jackson?*

STONE: When you're making *Action Jackson*, you know what you're making. But it's awfully nice to be making it with someone who's so sweet. Thank God for Craig T. Nelson. He played my husband. He's such a dear, wonderful man.

PLAYBOY: *Above the Law?*

STONE: I will refrain from comment.

PLAYBOY: *Tears in the Rain?*

STONE: [*Laughs*] Fun. Shot in England. Played a horse trainer. I got to ride beautiful, beautiful horses in the English countryside during the making of that picture.

PLAYBOY: *Blood and Sand?*

STONE: Just horrible. Nobody spoke English, everybody started drinking wine at ten o'clock in the morning. Everybody was bombed during the entire making of the picture. It was more like *Drunken Spanish Keystone Cops Make a Bad C Movie*.

PLAYBOY: *He Said, She Said?*

STONE: I had fun working with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth Perkins. They're good actors. The movie as a whole didn't really work, but we had some fun making it.

PLAYBOY: *Stardust Memories?*

STONE: It remains one of the sweetest experiences I've ever had as an actress.

PLAYBOY: You had never acted before that one.

STONE: Right. I stood in line to be an extra. Woody sat with the casting person and watched, and when I walked up, the casting person leaned over and said, "Mr. Allen would like you to stay." I sat there for a while watching hundreds of extras hand in their pictures. Woody never spoke to me. After a while I thought, Fellini should be shooting this! I'm gonna go now. I left and got called: "You're an extra. Come. Wear white." The set was in a high school cafeteria. I was waiting with all the extras, hanging out, reading a book. Woody came up and talked to me for half an hour. We had this weird conversation about infinity, because the book I was reading was a children's book that explained infinity to a child. Woody left, and his assistant came out and said, "Hey, Woody really liked you. Would you like to have a part in the movie?" I'm like, "All right! When do I start?" They took me over to wardrobe.

PLAYBOY: In your moment of glory in the film, you plant a kiss on the window of a passing train. In how many takes did you have to kiss the glass?

STONE: I did one take, and then Woody came over and said, "Do it like you're really kissing me, OK?" So, of course, I really laid one on.

PLAYBOY: Moving on. *King Solomon's Mines?*

STONE: Hmmm. A bad hairdo running through the jungle.

PLAYBOY: And the sequel, *Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold?*

STONE: The same bad hairdo running through the same bad jungle.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you were hated on the set of that movie.

STONE: Yeah. My husband was a producer of the movie. At the time, I was a very uptight girl, a real goody-goody. My marriage was falling apart, and the pressure of that was just tremendous for me. I'm sure I was a bitch. But if you see that I spent a year of my life in Africa and that is what I have to show for it, I have a right to be pissed. So maybe they didn't like me sometimes. Tough shit.

PLAYBOY: But Verhoeven has also said you're difficult to work with. He's said you have a mean streak.

STONE: Don't you?

PLAYBOY: He also said you flirt, seduce and change in a split second.

STONE: That sounds like a man who is completely captivated, doesn't it?

PLAYBOY: Do you use flirting and seducing to get your way?

STONE: Women are emotionally complex. Actresses are much more in touch

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PLAYBOY: Let's back up. What were you like as a kid?

STONE: I was, like, forty at birth. When I wasn't even a year old, I spoke, I was potty trained, I walked and talked. That was it. Then I started school and drove everybody crazy because they realized I had popped out as an adult. I had adult questions and wanted adult answers. I was a very intense, weird kid. I was the kid in *Little Man Tate*. My mother would just look at me, horrified. Recently we had a very deep, revealing conversation in which she told me that she had no idea what to do with me when I was a child. I was so different from the other kids that it was frightening, scary for her. She never knew how she was supposed to treat me.

PLAYBOY: Did your rigidity come from your mother?

STONE: My father was very rigid when we were young. Since I had the ability to do things that other kids didn't, he drove me toward perfection with a whip and a chair. That's very overwhelming. He's not like that now. Now he's the sweetest guy. We've all grown.

PLAYBOY: As a child, were you aware that you were special?

STONE: I didn't think I was special. I thought I was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Wrong because of the things you thought about?

STONE: Just wrong. I never fit in. Everything I did and said made everybody uncomfortable.

PLAYBOY: Because you were intelligent?

STONE: I don't know. All I know is that I was a weird little kid.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents acknowledge that you were different?

STONE: They knew that I was smart. They tested me like I was a guinea pig or a hamster running on the wheel. I took endless IQ tests and put pegs in holes and matched colors with colors. I took Rorschach tests and evaluative tests about what you're predisposed to be and do.

PLAYBOY: What did the tests reveal?

STONE: That I had a high IQ and was predisposed to do technical things: science, engineering, math. I'm sure a career as a chemical engineer would have been appropriate for me, though my personality is more fitting for a lawyer.

PLAYBOY: How did the testing affect you?

STONE: It set me up as being even more peculiar in an environment where peculiarities are avoided at all costs.

PLAYBOY: You've also said that you felt unattractive.

STONE: I *was* pretty unattractive. I was tall, unbearably skinny, wore thick glasses and had no sense of myself as a female. My senior year I started to wake up to the possibilities. I looked at magazines, saw all these make-overs and thought, I can do that. I tried to dress cooler. I dyed my hair black, then brown, then red. It was like a math problem: How do you get it to equal what you want?

PLAYBOY: What was it like growing up in Pennsylvania?

STONE: Well, there were eighty-seven people in my graduating class. It was a small rural community. The people would get up early, do their chores and go to work.

PLAYBOY: Did you see a lot of movies?

STONE: There was only one movie theater in my hometown, so I saw whatever was there a million times. I loved movies and painting and literature—everything artistic and aesthetic. It all inspired me.

But my parents did not put me in a private school, so I didn't have an opportunity to achieve my full potential academically. When I was fifteen, I went to high school half a day and college the other half. Then I went on to a local college, one that was not really very stimulating. The dean let me take course overloads and I didn't have to be in all my classes all the time, so long as I maintained a certain grade point average. The classes were very helpful to me, but it soon became clear that I could take a course overload *and* drugs and still be bored. I needed to be in a different environment in order to be inspired to go on with academics.

"Being a model was a good gig for me. I'm obviously not like your model chick. I'm not size three, ten-foot-tall perfect."

PLAYBOY: Was there anything in college that inspired you?

STONE: Well, I took a course in the history of modern architecture in which I learned about Christo. I ended up minoring in modern architecture because it was so inspiring to me to think of artists as architects and architects as artists. It was a revelation that an artist wasn't defined by his medium.

PLAYBOY: So why did you ultimately select acting as a career?

STONE: Of all the arts, I thought I had the least talent as an actor—so I picked it. [*Laughs*] It was the furthest reach.

In reality, I figure I'll go back to school at some point. I mean, what am I going to do ultimately? Be a producer? Go back to school and be a lawyer? I'm not going to be a leading lady forever, that's clear. So I think I'll sock away the bread now so if I want to go back to school, I can do that. We'll see.

PLAYBOY: After college, you started off as a model, right?

STONE: Yeah. Being a model was a good gig for me. I'm obviously not like your model chick. I don't look like those girls. I can get it up and look good, though I look better on film. But I'm not size three, ten-foot-tall perfect. Being in that world always seemed like such a scam to me. I was always uncomfortable. But at the same time, I was able to do it and make great money so that I didn't have to be a starving artist while I studied acting and lost my Pennsylvania accent.

PLAYBOY: Before long, you were married and acting in B movies. Did you feel trapped at that point?

STONE: I did, but I was trying desperately to be normal. My husband was a real straight guy and we had sort of a squeaky-clean little relationship. I wanted us to be the perfect couple. He had been the captain of the football team and the golf team. I wanted to be the perfect wife. Like everyone else, I wanted to be normal, I wanted life to be easier. But I was very rigid—I wanted to be perfect. Maybe I thought being perfect, being better, was being different from whom I actually was. It has taken me a long time to understand that who I am is enough.

PLAYBOY: What were your feelings toward your husband?

STONE: I loved my husband from the minute I laid eyes on him. I think my behavior was a result of wanting to be different, but my love for him was an instantly magical thing that had nothing to do with any of that.

PLAYBOY: Still, you were constantly discontent.

STONE: Yeah. And when we had trouble in the marriage, I tried to negotiate with him for some kind of middle ground, but he wouldn't negotiate. Because he really was——

PLAYBOY: Normal?

STONE: [*Nods*] Normal.

PLAYBOY: What was middle ground for you?

STONE: I don't know. [*Pauses*] This is getting too private. I don't really want to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Let's not talk about it in terms of your relationship but in terms of yourself. What were you trying to attain?

STONE: I guess this is it: I never, ever thought I was lovable. Ever. I didn't believe that my husband loved me. That was the worst thing I did in my marriage, because I was perpetually freaked out over it. I've had experiences in the past couple years that have let me know

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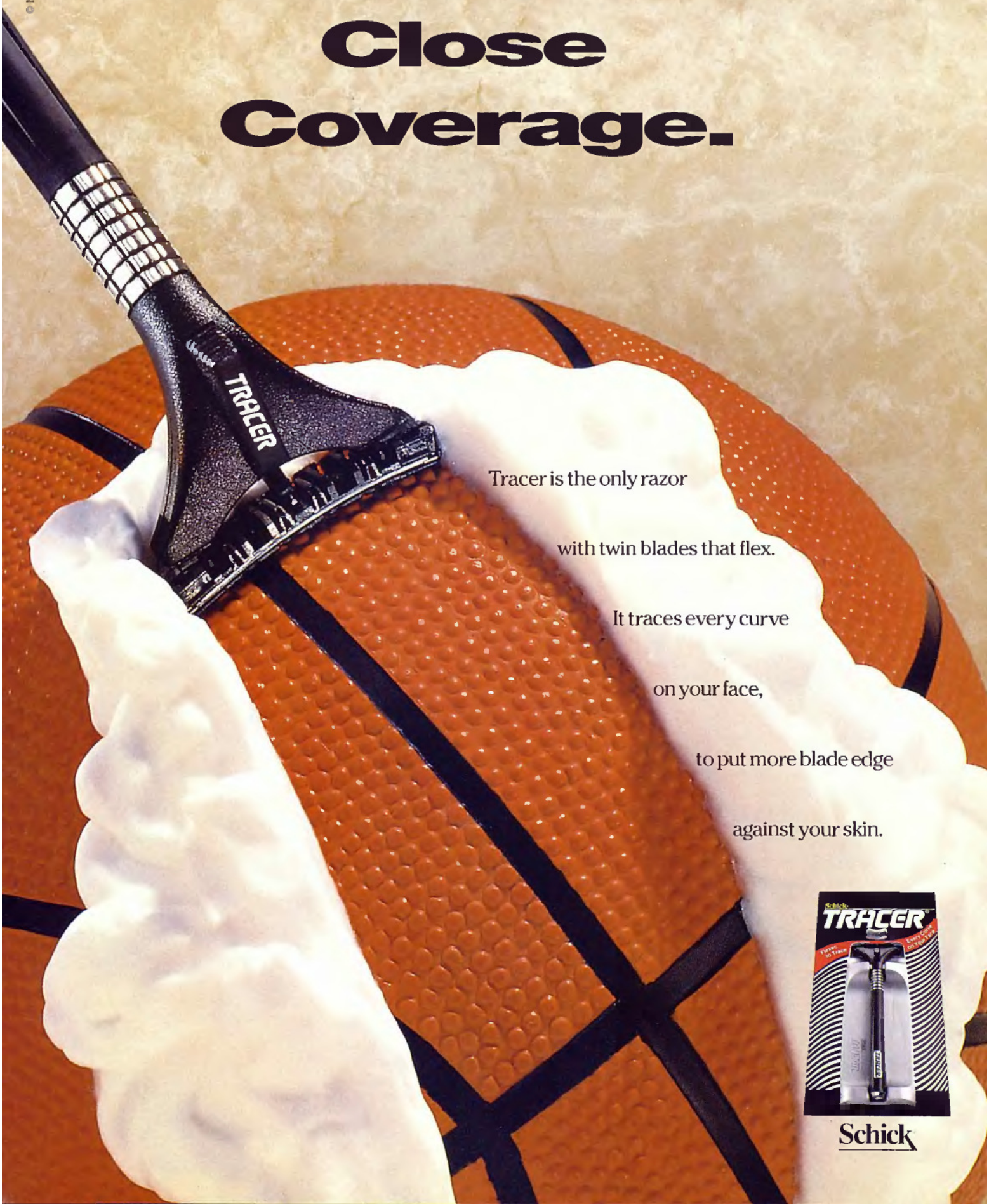
At Last. Close Coverage.



Tracer is the only razor with twin blades that flex. It traces every curve on your face, to put more blade edge against your skin.

Schick

the depth of the love and loyalty that I have with my friends and my family. But I never knew that before.

PLAYBOY: How did you figure it out?

STONE: After my marriage, I was alone. It was difficult for me for a long time. There's a song I heard on the radio the other day that sums it up. It went something like: "If it wasn't for you, I'd be here right now."

PLAYBOY: You were devastated.

STONE: I loved him completely. It was very difficult to move on. I wasn't aware emotionally that it was over even after I was divorced.

PLAYBOY: How did that affect you?

STONE: I went around not having relationships because I thought they would impinge on the possibility of getting back together with my husband.

PLAYBOY: Until when?

STONE: Now. [*Laughs*] No, about a year and a half ago. I started having relationships again. One ended right after I finished *Basic Instinct*. I was heartbroken.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved with someone on the movie?

STONE: I am not prepared to reveal that. [*Grins*] But the person will know. [*Laughs*] Actually, probably not. There'll be all these people going, "It was me, it was me!"

PLAYBOY: So you were heartbroken?

STONE: Yes. And that's when I saw it. My friends were so loving and supportive when I was in so much pain. One day I was just lying on the sofa, crying, and it occurred to me out of nowhere that I was loved. I realized that meant I was lovable. And my life changed.

PLAYBOY: How?

STONE: Until then I could never figure out what I did wrong in my marriage. I never believed that he loved me. Now I recognize that he really did.

PLAYBOY: Was Dwight Yoakam your next serious romance?

STONE: I occasionally went out with Dwight for a six-week period, during which time we were photographed far too much and quite by accident. I am incredibly disappointed that I still have to see photos of such an unimportant relationship.

PLAYBOY: Who is your boyfriend now?

STONE: I don't want to put that in the press. Let's just say I'm very happy in my current relationship.

PLAYBOY: Do you want children?

STONE: I do. I will have children someday.

PLAYBOY: Has your relationship with your parents changed, too?

STONE: Oh yeah. I realize now how peculiar *they* are. [*Laughs*] It's not just me.

PLAYBOY: And what about the future? Do you see yourself staying the "sex babe" of the Nineties?

STONE: Some days you'd like to be able to just shut it all off: "We won't do that today." But you don't get to pick a day like that. It's very weird.

PLAYBOY: How are men, in particular, affected by you now?

STONE: They know that I know—like, they can't pull one over on me. They talk to me in a certain way. I was in a room at a press junket when the movie came out. Reporters came in, one after the other, for their seven minutes. They'd seen the movie that morning, so they were still very impacted by it. From the moment they sat down, you could tell exactly where they were at. Men would sit down and start to sweat and shake.

PLAYBOY: In one skit on your *Saturday Night Live* appearance, men approached you in a bar and suddenly became tongue-tied. How much of an exaggeration is that?

STONE: Not too much, but that happens to any attractive woman. Men make up an idea of who you are. They don't take the time to find out. It's a version of, "I love you, you're beautiful" or "I hate you, you're beautiful." Whatever it is, they think they know what you're all about.

"From the moment they sat down, you could tell exactly where they were at. Men would sit down and start to sweat and shake."

PLAYBOY: In the sketch, you didn't even have a chance to respond to one guy before he retreated to his friend and said, "She's a bitch."

STONE: It's sad. An attractive woman can find herself in a relationship for three or four months before she realizes that the person not only doesn't know her but, even more frightening, doesn't want to know her. They just want her to be the thing.

PLAYBOY: And what is "the thing"?

STONE: It's different for everybody. For me, I was the diet Coke girl, the Clairol girl, the Charlie girl in Europe. In each, you represent a certain archetypal thing. Men want you to be that. It has nothing to do with who you really are.

PLAYBOY: Are men more intimidated by the *Basic Instinct* girl than by any of the other beautiful girls you've been?

STONE: Well, after the movie came out, I did so much publicity in which I was such a wiseass that people realized that I was and wasn't Catherine Tramell. After a while it's hard to be thoughtful and deep when you're asked the same question endlessly. So, yes, people get in my space in a different way now. They feel like they have to knock before they come in. Carefully.

PLAYBOY: Is that good or bad?

STONE: I kind of like it because it's less scary than having people charge at you.

PLAYBOY: What about the power that comes from all the attention? Is any of that fun?

STONE: Everybody enjoys the power of sexuality. Actresses are asked to inspire people sexually by the nature of their job. The fun part is that I get to do a lot of good for people. I can step out and say something and have a real effect.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

STONE: If I do a press conference and people ask me my point of view, I know it will be printed in *USA Today*. It'll affect somebody.

PLAYBOY: Do new responsibilities come with that?

STONE: Yes. I've shaped up. I'm still pretty flip about a lot of things, but I try not to be flip about real things. That's why I didn't openly support a presidential candidate. Instead, I decided to campaign for people to get out and vote—to make a choice—rather than use my position to try to influence people to vote for a particular candidate. I've also been asked by the United Nations to go to Cambodia with medical supplies. I'm probably going to do that. But it's scary. I mean, I can understand the distorted feelings of importance that fame brings. But I'm learning. It's new.

PLAYBOY: Lots of actors achieve stardom in their teens and twenties. You're in your thirties. How is that different?

STONE: All I know is that I'm really glad to be my age. I always knew older was going to be better. I knew I was growing into my personality. Now I'm old enough that it all makes sense, it's all fine now. When I had this voice, this attitude, this intensity and these opinions at seventeen, well, people thought I was this fucking vampire.

It's like my boyfriend once told me: "Looking at you," he said, "is like looking at a hummingbird. If you stand real close, the wings are going so fast you can't see them. It's overwhelming and you don't know what's going on. How is this creature staying in the air? But if you step back just a little bit, you can see the wings move, barely. You can see this beautiful thing moving around from flower to flower. And it's not scary anymore."

PLAYBOY: Some say that hummingbirds are not supposed to be able to fly—that their wings are too small for their bodies.

STONE: Then I really am like a hummingbird, I guess, because my mind is far too heavy to do what I do. [*Shrugs, smiles*] Yet here I am.

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Fortunately, every day comes with an evening.

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY PART OF YOUR ENJOYMENT.

the PREMONITION

uncle whitney had a feeling that the girls had wrapped up something special for his christmas surprise

fiction

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

Christmas was on a Wednesday this year. On the preceding Thursday, at dusk, Whitney drove across the city to his brother Quinn's house. He had a premonition.

Not that Whitney was a superstitious man. He wasn't. Nor was he one to interfere in others' domestic affairs, especially his elder brother's. It could be dangerous even offering unsolicited advice to Quinn.

But Whitney had had a call from their youngest sister, who'd had a call from another sister who'd had a call from an aunt who'd been visiting with their mother. Quinn had started drinking again, he'd threatened his wife, Ellen, and perhaps his daughters, too. It was a familiar story, and depressing. For the past 11 months Quinn had been attending AA meetings, not regularly, and with an attitude of embarrassed disdain, but yes, he'd attended meetings and had quit drinking, or, at any rate—and here opinion differed depending upon which family member you spoke with—he'd cut down substantially on his drinking. For a man of Quinn's wealth and local prominence, the eldest of the Paxton sons, it was far more difficult, everyone agreed, than it would be for an ordinary man, to join AA, to admit he had a drinking problem, to admit he had a problem with his temper.

Whitney had had a premonition the night before, and a feeling of unease through the day, that Quinn might lose control, might this time seriously injure Ellen, even his daughters. Quinn was a big man, in his late 30s, trained at the Wharton School, with an amateur expert's knowledge of corporate law,

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

socially gregarious, good-natured. Yet he used his hands to express himself, and sometimes those hands hurt.

Several times that day Whitney had called his brother's house, but no one answered the telephone. A click, and the familiar husky tone of the answering tape: *Hello! This is the Paxton residence. We regret that we cannot come to the phone right now. But——* The voice was Quinn's, hearty and exuberant, yet with an undercurrent of threat.

When Whitney called Quinn's office, Quinn's secretary said only that he wasn't available. Although Whitney identified himself each time as Quinn's brother, and though the secretary surely knew who he was, she refused to give out any more information. "Is Quinn at home? Is he out of town? Where *is* he?" Whitney had asked, trying not to sound upset. But Quinn's secretary, one of his faithful allies, said only, quietly, "I'm sure Mr. Paxton will be in touch with you over the holidays."

Christmas Day at the elder Paxton's enormous house on Grandview Avenue, amid all the relatives! In such a frenetic atmosphere, how could Whitney take Quinn aside to speak with him? By then, too, it might be too late.

So, although he wasn't the type to interfere in others' marriages, still less in his brother's private life, Whitney got into his car and drove across the city, out of the modestly affluent neighborhood of condominiums and single-family homes where he'd lived for years, his unambitious bachelor's life, and into the semirural neighborhood of million-dollar homes where Quinn had moved his family a few years ago. The area was known as Whitewater Heights—all the houses were large, luxurious and screened from the roads by trees and hedges; none of the lots was smaller than three acres. Quinn's house was his own design, an eclectic mixture of neo-Georgian and contemporary, with an indoor pool, sauna, an enormous redwood deck at the rear. Whitney never drove his Volvo up the curving gravel drive, parked it in front of the three-car garage, approached the front door to ring the doorbell without feeling that he was trespassing and he'd be made to pay, even when invited.

So he felt, now, distinctly uneasy. He rang the doorbell, he waited. The foyer was darkened and so was the living room. He'd noticed that the garage doors were shut and neither Quinn's car nor Ellen's car was in the driveway. Was no one home? But did he hear a radio? He was thinking that the girls had school the next day; the holiday recess wouldn't begin until Monday. It was a school night, then. Shouldn't they be home? And Ellen, too?

Waiting, he drew a deep breath of the cold night air. It was below freezing, yet no snow had fallen. Apart from the Christmas lights of a few houses he'd passed entering Whitewater Heights, he had no sense of an imminent holiday; he could see no Christmas decorations inside Quinn and Ellen's house. Not even an evergreen wreath on the front door . . . no Christmas tree? At the elder Paxton's house on Grandview Avenue, an enormous fir tree would be erected in the foyer, and there was always quite a ceremony trimming it. The annual ritual was still celebrated, though Whitney no longer attended. One of the privileges of adulthood, he thought, was keeping your distance from the font of discomfort and pain. He *was* 34 years old now.

Of course, he would spend Christmas Day with the family. Or part of the day. Impossible to avoid, so long as he continued to live in the city of his birth. Yes, and he'd deliver his share of expensively wrapped presents, and receive his share; he'd be gracious as always with his mother and courteous with his father; he understood that he'd disappointed them by failing to grow into the kind of son Quinn had grown into, but, amid holiday festivities, so many people and so much cheerful noise, the hurt would be assuaged. Whitney had lived with it so long, perhaps it was no longer actual hurt but merely its memory.

He rang the doorbell again. He called out, cautiously, "Hello? Isn't anybody home?" He could see, through the foyer window, a light or lights burning toward the rear of the house; the music seemed to have stopped. In the shadowy foyer at the foot of the stairs were boxes—or suitcases? Small trunks?

Was the family going on a trip? At such a time, before Christmas?

Whitney recalled a rumor he'd heard a few weeks ago, that Quinn had spoken of traveling to some exorbitantly costly exotic place, the Seychelles, with one of his woman friends. He'd discounted the rumor, believing that Quinn, for all his arrogance and his indifference to his wife's feelings, would never behave so defiantly; their father would be furious with him, for one thing. And Quinn was sensitive, too, of his local reputation, for he'd toyed with the idea over the years of one day running for public office. Their great-grandfather Lloyd Paxton had been a popular Republican congressman and the name Paxton was still a revered one in the state. The bastard wouldn't dare, Whitney thought.

Still, he felt a tinge of fear. A further premonition. What if Quinn had done something to Ellen and the girls, in a fit of rage? An image flashed to Whitney's mind of Quinn in his blood-smeared chef's apron, barbecuing steaks on the sumptuous redwood deck at the rear of the house. Quinn, last Fourth of July. A double-pronged fork in one hand, his electric carving knife in the other. The whirring of the electric gadget, the deadly flash of the blades. Quinn, flush-faced, annoyed at his younger brother for having come late, had waved him up onto the deck with the strained ebullience of a man who is on the verge of drunkenness but determined not to lose control. How masterful Quinn had seemed, six feet three inches tall, 200 pounds, his pale blue eyes prominent in his face, his voice ringing! Whitney had obeyed him at once. Quinn in his comical apron tied tight around his spreading waist, the wicked-looking carving knife extended toward Whitney in a playful gesture: a mock handshake.

Whitney shuddered, remembering. The other guests had laughed. Whitney himself had laughed. Only a joke, and it *was* funny. . . . If Ellen had seen, and shuddered, too, Whitney had not noticed.

This image, Whitney tried to push it out of his mind. Thinking, though, that it isn't just desperate, impoverished men who kill their families; not just men with histories of mental illness. The other day Whitney had read an appalling news item about a middle-aged insurance executive who had shotgunned his estranged wife and their children. . . . But, no, better not think of that now.

•

Whitney tried the doorbell another time. It *was* working: He could hear it. "Hello? Quinn? Ellen? It's me, Whitney——" How weak, how tremulous, his voice. He was convinced that something was wrong in his brother's household; yet, at the same time, how Quinn would scorn him, if Quinn were home, for interfering; how furious Quinn would be in any case. The Paxtons were a large, gregarious but close-knit clan, and little sympathy was felt for those who stirred up trouble, poked their noses where they weren't wanted. Whitney's relations with Quinn were cordial at the present time, but two years ago, when Ellen had moved out of this house and begun short-lived divorce proceedings, Quinn had accused Whitney of conspiring behind his back. He'd even accused Whitney of being one of the men with whom Ellen had been unfaithful. "Tell the truth, Whit! I

(continued on page 108)

"Holy gee, Spidey! You've sideswiped Santa!"

"MY FIFTEEN MINUTES OF FAME ARE UP. NOT!"

in her third, and best, pictorial performance, jessica hahn celebrates her new life, great looks and burgeoning tv career

JESSICA HAHN is the very model of modern celebrity. She is famous for being famous. And the best thing is, she knows it. "People come up to me and say, 'I know you. Who are you? What are you famous for?' I say, 'I'm Jessica. I was created by the media.'" While the press, and PLAYBOY, were indeed present at the creation, there are signs that Hahn is now managing her own evolution quite nicely. She first recaptured our attention with a knockout performance on *Married . . . with Children*. Ironically, the show's execs had worried about approaching her. Would Hahn find the role of Ricki, a "shoe groupie" who turns up in salesman Al Bundy's bed, beneath her? No way, she told them, "I'll pretend he's a preacher." On the heels of that success came a recent HBO gig and other acting offers, along with her third PLAYBOY pictorial—her most bounteous and beautiful so far. And that's no surprise: Jessica now exercises religiously to perfect her body. And, to keep her career in shape, she reads the trade papers and studies the TV to hone her celeb savvy. "Scandal fame is short-term," she says sagely, and she wants to earn the more lasting kind. She tapes messages for a 900 line, Love Phone, and does personal appearances to pay the bills. She would be the poster girl for the puritan work ethic if puritans didn't hate sex. As a veteran of the scandal wars, she even gets asked for advice by fellow shock troopers. Gennifer Flowers (Bill Clinton's professed amour) requested Jessica's opinion of her business cards, which featured a brightly lipsticked mouth. "I wanted to say, 'Lose the kiss lips, Gennifer.'"

Jessica has plenty of hard experience on which to base her advice. Five years ago she helped bring down preacher Jim Bakker's empire by relating how the televangelist mistreated her in an extramarital affair. Along the way, Jessica talked with Koppel, Donahue, Larry King, Geraldo, Howard Stern and anyone else who had a live mike, including Joan Rivers, who sent her roses. Jessica posed for PLAYBOY, had Michael Jackson's cosmetic surgeon boost her bust, posed for PLAYBOY again, spent almost a million bucks and decided she needed a job. Famous is fine, but you can't pay rent with an autograph unless it's on a valid check. In 1988 she became the sultry radio voice of KOY-FM in Phoenix for $350 a week, plus a car and a hotel room. Ratings zoomed, then fell. Dumped by KOY, she guested on airwaves coast to coast, earning $5000 to $7000 for a few days' chat. She was a cartoon celeb who made radio call letters ripple wildly on her T-shirt. "I was everyone's publicity

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND STEPHEN WAYDA

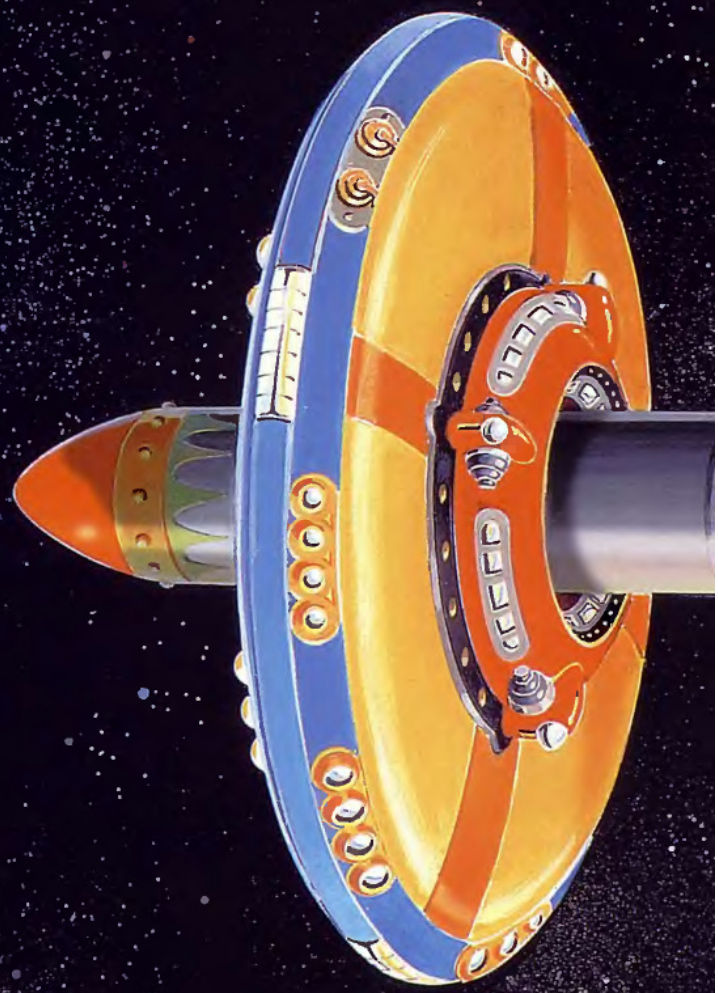
stunt." But those gigs dried up. When she heard that Joan Rivers had told Stern, Hahn's radio guru, not to bring her to a party, allegedly saying, "I don't want any blow jobs at my Christmas party," Jessica was hurt—and offended. The still-religious Hahn says only half in jest, "You don't use the words blow job and Christmas in the same sentence." Soon Jessica went into the Arizona desert to shout at the sky. "I was stripped, physically and emotionally, pleading and praying and cursing God." That was the low point. Solace came from an uncannily appropriate source: A new preacher came into her life. Instead of the abusive Bakker, she took up with former minister turned gonzo comic Sam Kinison, with whom she had a stormy affair. Rising from despair, Jessica went to L.A. and made a hit video, *Wild Thing*, with Kinison and a Who's Who of

rockers. It made her a name with the MTV generation. Sam and Jessica were soon trysting on Sunset Strip. One night they checked into a hotel. Jessica hoped to avoid attention, but Kinison stopped at the elevator and yelled to a gathering crowd, "Hey! I'm with Jessica! We're going upstairs, *and guess what we're gonna do!*" Kinison, famously hard living, died a hard death as well, perishing in a car crash earlier this year. Jessica eulogized him on *Entertainment Tonight*. For that, her critics call her shameless. Jessica does not disagree. "Hey, I lost my reputation a long time ago. Now I just try to do what's right. If I have to, I'll apologize later."

Taking the role of Ricki, who woos Al Bundy (Ed O'Neill) on *Married . . . with Children* (below), was Hahn's choice. As a solo act with no agent and no entourage, she says: "I have no one but me to blame, to depend on or to be proud of."

the dean of science fiction writers imagines the weightless wonders of lust in space

article
By ARTHUR C. CLARKE



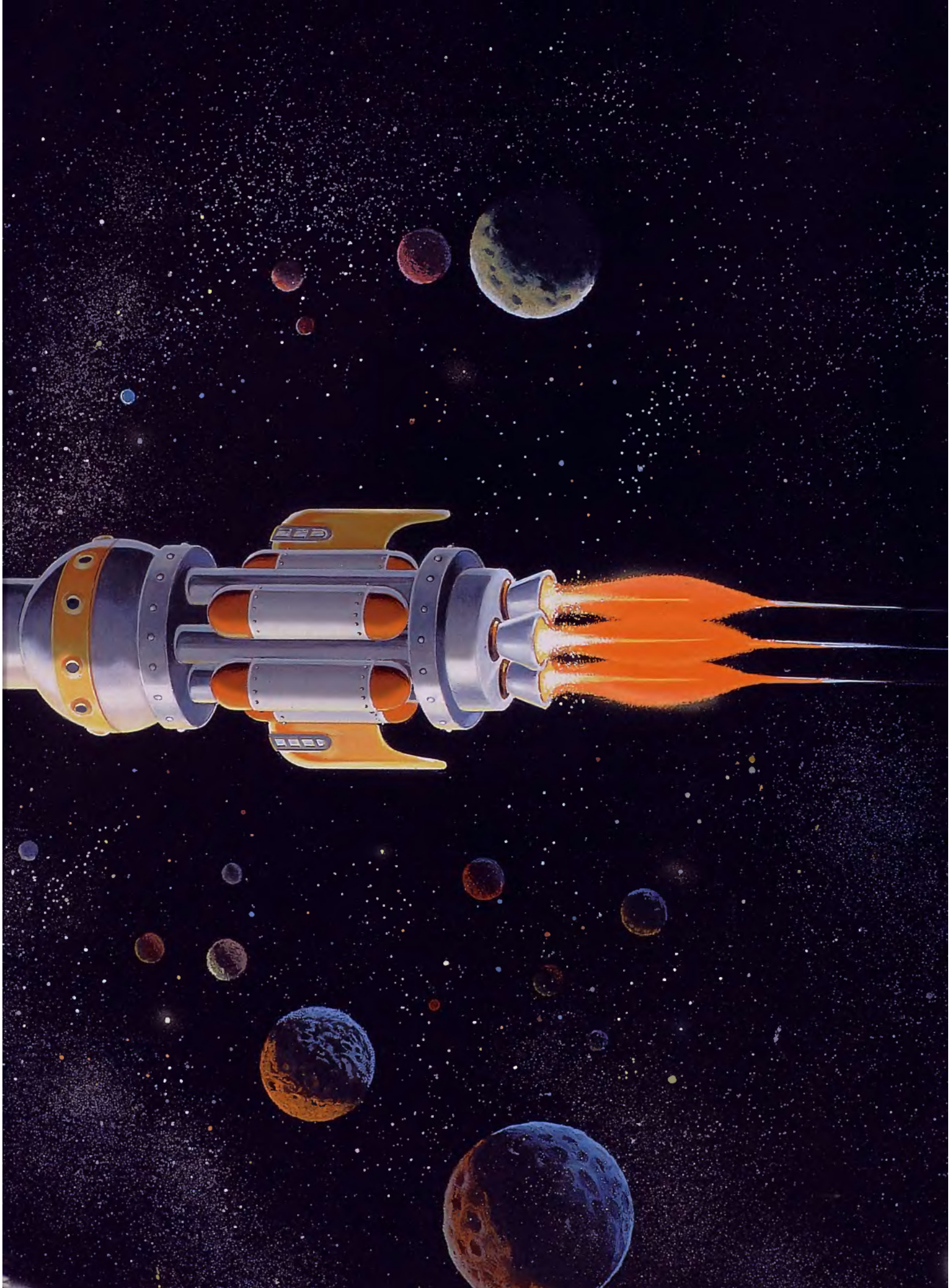
EROS IN ORBIT

Some women, Commander Norton had decided long ago, should not be allowed aboard ship; weightlessness did things to their breasts that were too damn distracting. It was bad enough when they were motionless, but when they started to move, and sympathetic vibrations set in, it was more than any warm-blooded male should be asked to take. He was quite sure that at least one serious space accident had been caused by acute crew distraction, after the transit of an unholstered lady officer through the control cabin. . . . Whenever the well-built surgeon oscillated into the commander's cabin, he felt a fleeting echo of the old passion. She knew that he felt it, and both were happy.

—ARTHUR C. CLARKE, *Rendezvous with Rama*

THE GOOD, GRAY *New York Times* has finally discovered the topic of sex in space, 92 years too late. William Broad's recent article ("Recipe for Love: A Boy, a Girl, a Spacecraft") should have paid respectful tribute to George Griffith's 1901 classic, *A Honeymoon in Space*. I must confess that I've never seen a copy, but as Queen Victoria was still on the throne when it appeared, it's safe to assume that Griffith left everything to the reader's imagination. Certainly, he would not have pointed out the possibilities opened up by weightlessness. (Don't be so impatient, we'll

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI



come to those later.)

My own effort along those lines, excerpted above, caused sufficient stir that at least one Oregon school board was thrown into turmoil:

> Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama* has caused a battle within the Springfield, Oregon, school board over its alleged sexual suggestiveness. After a heated discussion, the board approved the book by a three-to-two vote. District administrators said high school English and literature teachers could request use of the book in their classes, but it would not be required reading in all classes.

Tempted though I am to start a rush to the nearest bookstore, honesty compels me to admit that the rest of my *Rendezvous* is, by the standards of the Nineties, about as sexually suggestive as *Little Women*.

What has belatedly excited the interest of the *Times*, and a good many other people, is NASA's first husband-and-wife shuttle team. However, it is unlikely that embarrassing situations will arise in the shuttle because (a) flights are currently limited to about two weeks in orbit, (b) privacy is virtually impossible and (c) everyone is very, very busy.

But matters will be quite different on long-duration missions and, of course, when permanent bases are established on the moon, Mars and other celestial bodies. As long ago as 1955, years before the general public took space travel seriously, the distinguished astronomer Robert S. Richardson told the readers of *The Saturday Review*:

> If space travel and colonization of the planets eventually become possible on a fairly large scale, it seems probable that we may be forced into first tolerating and finally accepting openly an attitude toward sex that is taboo in our present social framework. . . . To put it bluntly, may it not be necessary for the success of the project to send some nice girls to Mars at regular intervals to relieve tensions and promote morale?

One unexpected response to Richardson's tongue-in-cheek proposal was a short story by C. S. Lewis, *Ministering Angels*, in which he asked what kind of girl would accept such an assignment. The two visitors he envisions arrive at the small Mars Base but are not exactly what the doctor ordered:

> Some of those present had doubted the sex of this creature. Its hair was very short, its nose very long, its mouth very prim, its chin sharp, and its manner authoritative. The voice revealed it as, scientifically speaking, a woman. But no one had any doubt about the sex of her nearest neighbor, the fat person. . . . [She] was infinitely female and perhaps in her 70s. Her hair had been not very successfully dyed to a color not unlike that of mustard. . . . Powder (scented strongly enough to throw a train off the rails) lay like snowdrifts in the complex valleys of her creased, many-chinned face.

You will not be surprised to know that the intended but appalled benefactories hijack the mercy ship and escape back to earth, leaving the ministering angels stranded on Mars.

Ministering Angels was, of course, a joke, though it raised some serious issues. Lewis himself disapproved of space flight as an attempt to evade what he called "God's quarantine regulations." "I'm sure," he once told me, "that you interplanetarians are very wicked people." Then he added with a grin, "But wouldn't life be dull if everyone were good?"

Two of the people most involved in the first moon landing have recently expressed their views on extraterrestrial wickedness. Dr. Tom Paine, NASA administrator during the first seven Apollo missions, ends an essay, "The Next 25 Years in Space," with this challenge to his successors: "NASA needs to organize a small high-level systems group . . . to lay out the programs, budgets and milestones that will support the first Martian baby in 2015."

That is indeed optimistic. The general view is that we'll be lucky to make the first Mars landing by 2015, let alone establish prenatal facilities there. And a conception en route would be a thoroughly irresponsible act.

But what about other sexual activity on the months-long voyage? Mike Collins, command module pilot of the Apollo 11 mission, considers the problem in his skillful melding of fact and fiction, *Mission to Mars*. "Husband-and-wife teams seem a good solution . . . but it may be extraordinarily difficult to cover all disciplines and skills with married couples. Maybe a marriage certificate is an unnecessary frill."

He then opens a can of worms: "Those picking a Mars crew will be faced with some highly qualified homosexual candidates. I would not pick them. I think enough interpersonal problems will develop among a totally heterosexual crew, and introducing an element of homosexuality could only serve to make matters worse."

Some of my gay friends have expressed indignation at this, even calling Collins a bigot. This is unfair, and I hasten to come to his defense. Although one hopes that by the time there really is a Mars mission such barbaric prejudices will have vanished, Collins' statement merely acknowledges things as they are today. Space travel involves so many unavoidable hazards that any factor that reduces the risk of failure must be carefully considered. Many of them are subtle and psychological: I would hate to spend six months cooped up in a small cabin with a rabid baseball (or cricket!) fan, a born-again anything, a knuckle-cracker or terminal crossword addict, even though I might enjoy their company in small doses. And is it really pure coincidence that the only near-disastrous Apollo mission was number 13? You can't be too careful.

The science fiction writers, of course, have explored all possible varieties of sex in space and on alien planets. During the pulp era (from, say, 1930 to 1955), such magazines as *Startling Stories* lured their almost exclusively male readers with garish covers, usually featuring young ladies in brass bras being menaced by horrid things. What said things intended to do with them was left to the imagination, because the illustrations had no connection with the contents of the magazine.

Today's writers have no need to worry about the taboos of the past. Many of them have taken full advantage of their new freedom by serious and thoughtful treatment of sexuality in space and, specifically, along the orbit to Mars. Science fiction grand master Jack Williamson recently published *Beachhead* (at the age of 83!), which has some very steamy passages; ditto Kim Stanley Robinson's *Red Mars*.

In fact, everyone seems to be going to Mars, including NASA. If all goes well (where have I heard that phrase before?), the Mars Observer space probe will carry out a long-duration survey of the planet. The results it obtains may well set the time scale for establishing mankind's first home beyond earth.

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Many years ago a popular English comedian, George Formby, well-known for his risqué material, had a favorite song that culminated in the line: "I went to France, to see what it's like there, but it's no different anywhere."

That may no longer be true: By general consent, if not yet by actual experimentation, "it" will be different in space. The *Times* quotes a former NASA

(concluded on page 238)

"To you, I'm just another plaything!"

PREMONITION

(continued from page 92)

"Might not Quinn be dangerous? The man owned several rifles and a shotgun, even a revolver."

can take it! I won't hurt her, or you! Just tell the truth, you cowardly son of a bitch!"—so Quinn had raged. Yet even in his rage, there had seemed an air of pretense, for of course Quinn's suspicions were unfounded. Ellen had never loved anyone but Quinn, the man was her life.

Not long afterward, Ellen had returned to Quinn, bringing their daughters with her. She had dropped the divorce proceedings. Whitney had been both disappointed and relieved—disappointed because Ellen's bid for freedom had seemed so necessary, and so right; relieved because Quinn, his family restored to him, his authority confirmed, would be placated. He'd have no further reason to be angry with his younger brother, only, as always, he was mildly contemptuous.

"Of course I wasn't serious, suspecting *her* with *you*," Quinn had said, "I must have been drunk out of my mind."

And he'd laughed, as if even that prospect had been unlikely.

Since then, Whitney had kept a discreet distance from Quinn and Ellen. Except when they were thrown together unavoidably, at Paxton family occasions, like Christmas Day.

Now Whitney was shivering, wondering if he should go around to the back of the house and try the door there; peer inside. But if Quinn was home and something *was* wrong, might not Quinn be dangerous? The man owned several hunting rifles, a shotgun, even a revolver for which he had a permit. And if he'd been drinking. . . . Whitney recalled that policemen are most frequently shot when investigating domestic quarrels.

Then, vastly relieved, he saw Ellen approaching the door—*was* it Ellen? There appeared to be something wrong with her—this was Whitney's initial though confused impression, which he would recall long afterward—for she was walking hesitantly, almost swaying, as if the floor were tilting beneath her. She was vigorously wringing her hands, or was she wiping them on an apron? Clearly she was anxious about the doorbell, whoever was waiting on the stoop. Whitney called out, "Ellen, it's just me, Whitney!" and saw her look of profound, childlike relief.

Was she expecting Quinn? Whitney wondered.

It was flattering to Whitney, how quickly Ellen switched on the foyer lights, and how readily she opened the door to him.

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Ellen exclaimed, softly, "Whitney!"

Her eyes were wide and moist and the pupils appeared dilated. There was a look of fatigue in her face, yet something feverish, virtually festive, as well. She seemed astonished to see her brother-in-law, gripping his hand hard, swaying slightly. Whitney wondered if she'd been drinking. He had watched her now and then at parties, sipping slowly, even methodically, at glasses of wine, as if willing herself to become anesthetized. Never had he seen her intoxicated, nor even in such a peculiar state as she appeared to be in now.

Whitney said apologetically, "Ellen, I'm sorry to disturb you, but you haven't been answering your phone, and I was worrying about you."

"Worried? About me?" Ellen blinked at him, smiling. The smile began as a quizzical smile, then widened, broadened. Her eyes were shining. "About *me*?"

"And the girls."

"The *girls*?"

Ellen laughed. It was a high-pitched, gay, melodic laugh of a kind Whitney had never heard from her before.

Swiftly, even zestfully, Ellen shut the door behind Whitney and bolted it. Leading him into the hall by the hand—her hand was cool, damp, strong-boned, urgent—she switched off the foyer lights. She called out, "It's Uncle Whitney, girls! It's Uncle Whitney!" Her tone suggested vast relief, and a curious hilarity beneath the relief.

Whitney gazed down upon his sister-in-law, perplexed. Ellen was wearing stained slacks, a smock, an apron. Her fair brown hair was brushed back indifferently from her forehead, exposing her delicate ears; she wore no makeup, not even lipstick, and thus looked younger, more vulnerable than Whitney had ever seen her. In public, as Quinn Paxton's wife, Ellen was unfailingly glamourous—a quiet, reserved, beautiful woman who took obsessive care with grooming and clothes, and whose very speech patterns seemed premeditated. Quinn liked women in high heels—good-looking women, at least—so Ellen rarely appeared in anything other than high heels, even at casual gatherings.

In flat-heeled shoes of the kind she was wearing this evening, she seemed smaller, more petite than Whitney would have guessed. Hardly taller than her elder daughter, Molly.

As Ellen led Whitney through the house to the kitchen at the rear, all the rooms were darkened, and in the dining room, as in the foyer, there were boxes and cartons on the floor. She spoke to him in that bright, high-pitched voice, as if she were giving a speech, and drawing him out, for others to hear. "You say you were worried, Whitney? About me, and the girls? But why?"

"Well, because of Quinn."

"Because of Quinn? Really!" Ellen squeezed Whitney's hand and laughed. "But why because of Quinn, and why now? Tonight?"

"I'd been speaking to Laura, and she told me he'd started drinking again. He'd been threatening you again. And so I thought——"

"It's kind of you, and of Laura, to care about me and the girls," Ellen said. "It's so unlike the Paxtons. But then, you and Laura aren't really Paxtons yourselves, are you? You're"—she hesitated, as if the first word that came to mind had to be rejected—"on the periphery. You're. . . ." And here her voice trailed off into silence.

Whitney asked the question most urgent to him, hoping he didn't betray the apprehension he felt, "Is Quinn here?"

"Here? No."

"Is he in town?"

"He's gone."

"Gone?"

"On a business trip."

"Oh, I see." Whitney breathed more deeply. "And when is he coming back?"

"He's going to send for us, in Paris. Or maybe Rome. Wherever *we* are, when he finishes up his business, when he has time for us."

"Are you going away, too?"

"Yes. It's all very recent. I was running around all morning, getting the girls' passports validated. It will be their first time out of the country, except for Mexico. We're all very excited. Quinn wasn't enthusiastic at first, he had complicated business dealings in Tokyo, you know Quinn, always negotiating, always calculating, his brain never *stops*——" But here Ellen paused, laughing, as if startled. "Well, you know Quinn. You are his brother, you've lived in his shadow, how could you not know Quinn? No need to anatomize Quinn!"

Ellen laughed again, squeezing

(continued on page 227)

GeNeRaTioN X

The biggest party in America right now is happening in basements, lofts and warehouses across the country. Over the din of industrial music, Gap-clad, unemployed 25-year-olds drink frosty brewdogs and argue about which cast member of the *Brady Bunch* they most have the hots for. (Ma Brady usually beats out eldest daughter Marcia by a curve.) It's a nation of wild-eyed ravers who dance all night long.

forty million americans were born in the shadow of the baby boom. for decades, their older brothers and sisters took all the good stuff and told them to shut up. now the xers are old enough to talk back, party down and kick boomer butt

The guest list is limited to spiritual cousins of the cynical, apathetic, margarita-downing characters who people Vancouver novelist Douglas Coupland's cult hit, *Generation X*. It's typical of this birth cohort that it took a guy from Canada to give it a name. Tom Wolfe coined labels for such vast gaudy social movements as the Me Generation. The Xers—born in the downbeat after the baby boom—have always been over the curve of the earth, off the sight lines, invisible.

It's X as in variable, generic and shadowy. Whether you call them Xers, baby-busters, twenty-nothings or slackers, the labels fit those who were unfortunate enough tc enter the world at the ass-end of the boom and who are privileged enough to obsess and whine about it.

Yeah, Xers are cynical and apathetic (after 12 years of Reagan–Bush, who isn't?), but too much has been made of this. Xers like to have fun. It's the only thing they take seriously. Look at their toys: portable CD players, camcorders with image processors for experimental moviemaking, neon-colored Rollerblades with spandex shorts to match, flat-screen TVs that display a hundred cable channels, megavitamin smart-drug shakes, dual-suspension mountain bikes, and—topping off a heap of Sixties-era relics—the lava lamp. With all that to play with, who has time for a job?

Xers like their infotainment: The average Xer logs 23,000 hours in front of the TV before reaching the age of 20. They learned all they needed to know about politics from Oliver Stone's *JFK*. Taking part in a cultural movement means flipping the remote from *Nick at Nite* to MTV. And their primary career goal is to avoid working for the next 40 years as assistant to a graying ponytail.

Antiboomer rage aside, they believe in individualism and the ideals of the old counterculture, so they shun success. Xers have great hair and skin, well-stamped passports, screwed-up parents and fabulous knickknacks. As heirs apparent to the boomers, they have insinuated themselves into the mainstream and diverted the currents. They may not be easy to label, but they throw most excellent parties.

R U AN XER?

You are an Xer if you're under 34 and . . .

- Your childhood baby-sitter used drugs in front of you.
- You feel you can't truly understand the character of any object, idea or person until you're able to give it a decade label (Sixties, Seventies or Eighties), even though you know such labels are false and misleading.
- Every day at one P.M. you read the job listings in the newspaper, find nothing remotely interesting and say to your housemates, "Why don't we start an alternative photocopy 'zine that deals *intelligently* and *fashionably* with the boomer advertising conspiracy, alternative sexualities and smart drugs?" Or, "Why don't we open a combination guerrilla video–coffee house in the front room?" To which the others invariably reply, "That's a great idea, man. We gotta do that someday." Nothing ever happens.
- You can do two or more of the following: hum the theme from *S.W.A.T.*, sing all the words to *Run Joey Run*, the Slinky commercial and *Billy Don't Be a Hero*, name all the Banana Splits, at least one of the Kongs from *Captain Kool and the Kongs* and all six of Charlie's Angels, remember the character names of both *The Six Million Dollar Man* and the *Bionic Woman*, know the real names of the Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew, recall at least one character (and the theme song) from *Love, American Style*, name at least one member of the DeFranco Family, comprehend the significance of Hanna-Barbera, remember at least six of the guests from the *Scooby-Doo* cartoon, know the regular panelists from *Match Game* '77 or name at least three of the Sweathogs.
- You believe that Hondas are somehow primarily responsible for the ozone hole.
- You feel the urge to make a contraction for every band name you have to repeat more than once: Led Zeppelin to "Led Zep," for instance, or Iggy Pop to "the Ig." You even do it for bands such as Yes or X.
- You were so freaked out about nuclear war that you told everybody you'd rather sterilize yourself than bring kids into the world.
- You once knew, but have forgotten, that the real Generation X was a punk band from London, fronted by none other than the mighty brat himself, Billy Idol.
- You are so dismayed at the shitty condition of the environment today—along with the comparably desperate condition of the economy—that you are still telling everybody the same thing.
- You find yourself perpetually wondering what it would be like if someone other than Ronald Reagan was president.

—DEAN KUIPERS

X WORDS

The Xers are a terribly verbal tribe who worship precision in vocabulary. Douglas Coupland laced *Generation X* with great coinages, the best of which have already turned up as staples in conversation:

McJob: A low-pay, low-prestige, low-dignity, low-benefit, no-future job in the service sector. Frequently considered a satisfying career choice by people who have never held one.

Boomer envy: Envy of material wealth and long-range material security accrued by older members of the baby boom generation by virtue of fortunate births.

Legislated nostalgia: To force a body of people to have memories that they do not actually possess. "How can I be a part of the Sixties generation when I don't even remember any of it?"

Lessness: The philosophy of reconciliation with one's diminished expectations of material wealth: "I've given up wanting to make a killing or be a big shot. I just want to find happiness and maybe open up a little roadside café in Idaho."

Cult of aloneness: The need for autonomy at all costs, usually at the expense of long-term relationships. Brought about by the overly high expectations of others.

Architectural indigestion: The almost obsessive need to live in a cool architectural environment. Frequent objects of fetish include framed black-and-white art photography (Diane Arbus a favorite); simple pine furniture; matte black high-tech toys such as TVs, stereos and telephones; low-wattage ambient lighting; a lamp, chair or table that alludes to the Fifties; cut flowers with complex names.

Poorochondria: Hypochondria derived from not having medical insurance.

Voter's block: The attempt, however futile, to register dissent with the current political system by simply not voting.

QFD: *Quelle* fucking drag. "Jamie got stuck at Rome airport for thirty-six hours and it was, like, totally QFD."

Air family: The false sense of community experienced among co-workers in an office environment.

QFM: *Quelle* fashion mistake. "It was really QFM. I mean, painter pants? That's 1979 beyond belief."

Of course, we won't let Coupland have the last word. How about:

Procrastitution: Putting off selling out until no other option remains.

Madison Avenue triangle: A cultural space wherein all forms of expression other than those used by baby boomers are eliminated from stores, airwaves and advertising.

Cindy Crawford disease: The inability to admit you crave a serious relationship with someone you could actually meet in your own town, unlike Mrs. Richard Gere, the most common obsession object.

Nuclear dread: Fearing that one or both of your parents may remarry and cause their vulnerabilities to disappear, which would probably mean less intimacy for you, a heightened generation gap and more frequent talk about "responsibilities."

Star death: Farrah leaves *Charlie's Angels*, is replaced by Cheryl Ladd as Kris. Kate Jackson leaves as Sabrina and Shelley Hack comes in as Tiffany. Tanya Roberts replaces Tiffany as Julie.

Anonymous sex: Two people exchange "meet me later" looks after dredging up their absolute-worst-episode stories at an AA meeting.

Post–grad school stress disorder: Staging medical traumas and entertaining tragic-early-death scenarios to explain failure to take one's rightful place among the power elite. —D.K.

XER LIFE-SKILLS QUIZ

everything xers need to know in life, they learn from reruns

1. You invite your wittiest friends and their dates to a party, but one of the dates invites his 27 co-workers at the pizza shop and they start beer-bonging and clunking heads. This is most like:

(a) The *Gilligan's Island* episode in which Gilligan runs through a hurricane in a lead suit in order to blow up the radioactive meteor.

(b) The *Star Trek* episode "The Trouble with Tribbles."

(c) The *Starsky and Hutch* episode in which Starsky goes undercover and almost sleeps with Huggy Bear by mistake.

The answer, of course, is (b).

2. You are a groomsman in the wedding of a college acquaintance—your ninth such appearance. Your own relationships are at a standstill. You are still writing letters to the 25-year-old Moroccan princess you met on foreign study, who was betrothed at birth. You begin giggling uncontrollably as you:

(a) See everyone stand up for the bridal procession and imagine they all yell Salute! like the hicks on *Hee Haw*.

(b) Suddenly hear Richard Dawson screaming: "And the survey *says*."

(c) Hallucinate the bride and groom pulling a giant lever and the Rev shouting: "Joker! Joker! Two hundred dollars."

(d) Realize that the organist is playing *Nadia's Theme*, or, *The Young and the Restless*.

Answer: All of the above.

3. You give up your bartending job in San Francisco and move to Salt Lake City on a dare. It's scalding hot there on your first night, and you stir up a pitcher of gin and tonics and sit in the kitchen, realizing you don't know a soul in town. This is most like:

(a) When Greg Brady remodels the attic and gets his own room.

(b) The irony of Danny Partridge trying to become a Wall Street broker.

(c) The episode of *Mod Squad* in which Linc is drawn away from the others by appeals to his black brotherhood.

(d) The time you were in the rec room at home and first saw the Statue of Liberty half-buried in the sand on *Planet of the Apes*.

Answer: (d).

4. Mom calls from Santa Fe to tell you that her second marriage, to the fiber artist, has unraveled. She needs you to wire her $500, and in the background you hear the sound of diesel trucks. As you hang up, you subconsciously flip to:

(a) The theme music to *Virgil Ward's Championship Fishing*: "From the lakes of northern Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, wherever fish are bitin', that's where we're gonna go."

(b) That Yugoslavian ski jumper windmilling to a crash-and-burn on *ABC's Wide World of Sports*.

(c) The cheap sense of loss you felt when Valerie Bertinelli married Eddie Van Halen.

(d) The way the parent figures always kept changing race and color on *Sesame Street*.

Answer: You're older now, so probably (b). —D.K.

X STUFF

There is a definite pattern to Xer materialism. Xers collect items that are essentially absurd or representative of the fullest flowering of a cultural period that is now universally mocked, such as the trousers of the Seventies or the furniture of the Fifties. The attitude is not simplistically antimodern but is, rather, an adoration and reification of these items' once-and-always hipness. Xers tend toward expertise in the extreme, with a designer's eye for detail in clothing, furniture, appliances, cars, commercial or "folk" painting or sculpture, music, dance, performance art (or happenings), TV and radio programming and, especially, advertisements.

Taxonomy is like a religion to the Xer, or even a psychotherapy. The true expert will indulge in his or her own hip nomenclature. (For example: "Those late Christie Love bell-bottom hip-hugger–Harry Belafonte *Carnaval* knotted-blouse ensembles.")

Xers buy no houses, invest nothing in their apartments and spend less than $500 on their cars. They put all of their resources into smart, and portable, accessories. They want to have a life, not a ball and chain. The good thing about X stuff is that you can sell it back to the same shops you bought it from, perhaps at a profit. —D.K.

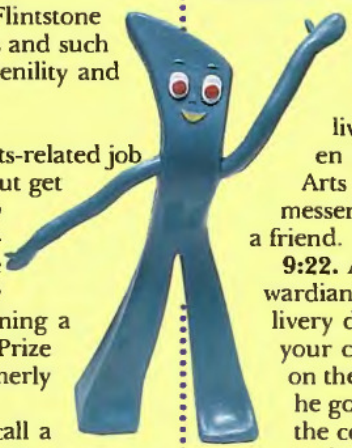
A DAY IN THE X-LIFE

12:30 P.M. Snap out of recurring "institution" dream to the seventh snooze-delay on the alarm. On hold with unemployment agency. Opportunity to blend up morning brace of mimosas. Or if there is even a slight chance of working for money today, grind up a handful of Sumatran/Kenyan/Italian dark-roast espresso coffee beans and run it through the $350 mini–espresso bar your mom gave you for graduation.

12:43. Rifle through bottles of chewable Flintstone Kids vitamins, bulk orange vitamin C tablets and such smart drugs as pyroglutamate to stave off senility and costly illness.

1:05. Coffee ready.

1:10. Begin to read the want ads for an arts-related job that pays a lot and has very flexible hours, but get sidetracked into J. G. Ballard's *The Atrocity Exhibition* instead and blow two hours. Realize too late you just missed the only available time window this month to phone the only woman you ever really loved, now maintaining a vigil for jailed dissident and Nobel Peace Prize winner Aung San Suu Kyi in Myanmar (formerly Burma).



3:00. In a snit of sublimated loneliness, call a girl named Ingfei and see if she wants to hang out. She says, "That'd be cool." The two of you once had casual sex, but it was pretty confusing afterward and now you mostly indulge each other's ideas for feature-length pixel-vision films you'll never make.

3:01. Field phone calls from two credit card companies with whom your accounts have gone to collection. When the women say they are forced to seize your bank account, respond with a polite, "That'd be cool. I empathize with your need to dominate me, because your bosses are probably all white men with halitosis who go mountain biking every weekend, but only in Aspen. Break me. I love it." Then hang up, knowing the account was closed as of yesterday.

3:07. Throw on some paratrooper boots and walk down to the P.O. box. You really can't afford the box, but it appeals to your sense of anonymity. Reach into box to find a new Archie McPhee catalog. Whoa, shit—the world's largest mail-order dealer of inflatable dinosaurs, X-ray specs and plastic dog doo. Stand against the wall in the post office for 17 minutes to read it.

3:33. Stop at the comic book store for the new issue of *Deadline*, looking for a new episode featuring Tank Girl. Buy the latest issue of *Hate* comics on credit.

4:15. See two friends on the street. In response to usual lame greeting, all three of you say, "Oh, nothing."

4:36. Already six minutes late for work as delivery spud at Pizza Cram. You quit this job seven months ago, after graduating from Liberal Arts College, but it's your day off from the bike messenger agency and you are just filling in for a friend.

9:22. Arrive at an immaculately color-schemed Edwardian house just two minutes past the 30-minute delivery deadline, so the pizza is free. It comes out of your check. The 42-year-old guy has a gold record on the back wall and is grinning over the freebie. As he goes to get a dollar tip, you let the oil run out of the corner of the pizza box and down between the cushions on the leather sofa.

12:07 A.M. Gather at Ingfei's parents' house for weekly videotaped installment of *Beverly Hills, 90210*. The goal is to drink whenever teenage alcoholic character Dylan talks about drinking. Fall into raging empathetic drunk.

3:12. Pedal your bike through a dead town and get a great idea for a movie similar to *Taxi Driver* but starring a gay protagonist. Then forget it by the time you get home. Watch televangelist Robert Tilton.

4:00. Begin rereading *On the Road*. Think about how you have to start working out. Brush your teeth and then fall asleep in the kitchen. —D.K.

XCITEMENT

Whose place is this? It's four A.M. and the subsonic bass cabinets just got louder. The warehouse floor literally jumps an inch with every beat, pushing some 500 sweating, trancing, grinding club kids into the air and into outlaw space. Kids slaver through a peak wave of crushing hard house mix, under the smell of fog machines and the pheromones that sweat off young skin laced with hallucinogens and designer psychoactives such as ecstasy. A rave party is roaring.

At least until the cops come. Weird how the only time you ever see the neighbors is when the mix goes over 110 decibels, where it plateaus for 12 to 72 straight hours. That's why the true raves have secret locations revealed only hours before the first 12-inch hits the turntable.

Rave began as outlaw parties in barns and fields outlying Manchester, England. In their American translation, they're about sensory overload and the hackers' egalitarian dream of unlimited access to technology. The walls are full of hyperdelic live video manipulation, the air busy with laser bombardment. Young party MCs top one another for outrageousness of location and gimmick to shock the clubbers out of their routine club mode. A recent indoor San Francisco rave featured carnival rides.

Pure rave is about tribal community. It's the X quality that no club promoter can manufacture. The dance-floor climate is tropical respect, sweat is the universal solvent and lyrics boom out unity, happiness, peace, truth and the groove. At least until the cops come. —D.K.

TALKIN' 'BOUT MY GENERATION X

A MEMBER OF THE TRIBE SURVEYS THE X HYPE AND PRONOUNCES IT BOGUS

by Dean Kuipers

Generation X was the name of one of the greatest punk rock bands of my era, a snarling bomb fronted by that mighty brat Billy Idol. That was in the late Seventies and early Eighties, when punk rock and the CIA's Vietnamization of Central America and the anti-apartheid struggle were the movements that had meaning for us, the Seventies teens, the post–baby boomers.

Now a gang of critics and reporters are heralding Douglas Coupland's novel *Generation X* as the first clear voice of our lost generation. Bogus. I don't know which is worse: to continue being ignored as we were in the Eighties, or to have the most brilliant events of our lives revised into a pouty juvenile-delinquent novel by a nation of marketers.

Granted, Xers are a great idea for a book. I know those kids Andy, Dag and Claire. Like them, my friends worship crap like Cheez Whiz for its irony. They never got a chance to snag a coke habit in a brokerage house pulling down 100 g's on puffed-air portfolios, and if they did, they quit because they came to realize how cheap and mean the yuppies were at heart.

I'm relieved now that the book is written. But buying into this cartoonish vision means validating the media buzz. The major TV networks and ad agencies are falling all over themselves to match the draw of Fox's *90210* and to tap these "angst-ridden" twenty-somethings. I resent their manufacturing a unity of despair among us. Not only are my peers violently opposed to being lumped into some sort of target market, but we already share a strong heritage of intimate subcultures—punk rock is just one of them—that the boomers have drowned under a foul wave of Sixties nostalgia.

(concluded on page 200)

LOVE AMONG THE XERS

by Anita Sarko

Are the Generation Xers getting any? Sure, they started doing the nasty earlier and more frequently in their teens than previous waves of libidinous high schoolers. But what about now? Is a middle-class college grad between the ages of 25 and 34 who's romantically involved, by definition, an oxy—excuse me—X-ymoron?

To those who answer yes, I say: Forget your tears, you ignorant pussies. Believe me, just because they're screwed for work doesn't mean they aren't screwing. I've bounced around Manhattan as a club DJ for years and I've played den mother and love expert to every species of nightcrawler, from purple-haired punks during the Mudd Club days to today's bug-eyed ravers. Romance is still available, if desired, and is available in many more flavors than before. These days, the rules of the game have less to do with notches on bedposts and more to do with being true to your wavelengths.

When it comes to Xers' mating habits, compromise is the filthiest word in the language. It implies dishonesty, insecurity, weakness and just about every other bad character trait you can think of. No one is willing to compromise. One recent University of Wyoming grad, Michael E., so valued his wanderlust that he told me: "I was supposed to get married in two weeks and I backed out. She wanted to stick in one place." And what was her job? "She was a travel agent."

Everything is not only tolerated but respected, as long as one's motives are pure. It's little wonder that the drug of choice, ecstasy, was originally used in marriage counseling because it cuts through the shit of emotional defenses. At a typical party, a glowing, beaming, hugging, sweating rave rat will approach me (and everyone else), tell me (and them) he's on ex and ask, "Have I told you how much I really like you?" Ex is a truth drug for a generation that is obsessed with the candor they feel everyone else lacks.

Despite the bacchanalian atmosphere at ecstasy-driven raves, the drug keeps the ravers too bent on soul-mating to consider mindless coupling with anonymous partners. Ravers do have sex when they're high—and many swear by it—but nobody gives a fuck about their lover's respect in the morning. It's the truth of the moment that counts.

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The coupling combinations among Xers offer more possibilities than ever before. Going from hetero to homo has become so five-minutes-ago, I'm now seeing some people go back to hetero again. The most extreme example of this that I know of is a young socialite who is pregnant with the child of her fiancé, a drag queen. That should result in quite the battle of the wedding frocks, no?

The combination of young man and older woman is increasingly popular. Trust me, it's not just crazy old Cher. The older woman has the sophistication. She also looks great nowadays and she has boomer money. Any woman knows: You can teach a man finesse, but you can't teach him energy. Physically, it's an ideal match.

If anything, romance has definitely made a comeback, but with a twist. Permanence just doesn't carry the weight it used to. When a couple reaches an impasse, the only praiseworthy option is to let go. The majority of the Xers grew up with a single parent or in homes where the only reasons parents stayed together were religion, fear of admitting failure, or—worst of all—for the children's sake. Accordingly, splitting up is considered nobler than doing something you don't want to do

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party animal

a man on the run could do worse than to make like an elf with the christmas canapés

fiction

BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

THERE WAS no use going any farther down the fire escape. More cops were in the yard: A pair of flashlights white-lined the dark down there. From above, the *clonk-clonk* of sensible black shoes continued to descend on rusted metal stairs. A realist, Dortmunder stopped where he was on the landing and composed his soul for 10 to 25 as a guest of the state. American plan.

What a Christmas present.

A window, left of his left elbow. Through it, a dimly lighted bedroom, empty, with brighter light through the door ajar opposite. A pile of coats on the double bed. Faint party chatter wafting out through the top part of the window, open two inches.

An open window is not locked. It was a cold December out here. Dortmunder was bundled in a peacoat over his usual working uniform of black shoes, slacks and shirt—but with the party going on in there, the window had been opened at the top to let out excess heat.

Sliiide. Now open at the bottom. *Sliiide*. Now closed. Dortmunder started across the room toward that half-open door.

"Larry," said the pile of coats in a querulous female voice. "There's somebody in here."

The pile of coats could do a snotty male voice, too: "They're just going to the john. Pay no attention."

"And putting down my coat," *(continued on page 140)*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BURNS

HELMUT NEWTON

the father of newtonian physiques focuses in on some of his favorite things—half-naked amazons, great-looking legs—and remembers the night he danced in high heels

Helmut Newton has been called the king of kink and described as the "dubious master of stylishly sleazy international erotica." Over the past 50 years, he has made a career of capturing disturbing and arresting images—a jodhpured model wearing a saddle, an undie-clad model dunking another model's head into a white porcelain toilet bowl. In fact, his meticulous compositions have been elevated to trademark status. Acknowledged for introducing rough sex into fashion photography, Newton grasped the ineffably strange fascination for sadomasochistic accessories—chains, whips and the spikiest of high heels—that would become commonplace on MTV decades later. He's always managed to transform his assignments into peep shows of a cool aristocratic otherworld, one inhabited by dauntingly self-possessed, oversized women caught in unforgettably curious situations. (Witness, for example, the series he shot for the September 1987 issue of PLAYBOY*—never before have milk-fed Playmates appeared so edgily pensive.) Moreover, his photographs are familiar because nothing is squandered by this shrewd product ecologist: Every shot begets an exhibition that begets a catalog, then a published collection. "Pola Women," the 12th of his books, is a 20-year compilation of preliminary Polaroids of nudes and other models. His biography will be published in 1993; until then, when talk gets personal, Newton turns sketchy. Here's what we know: He was born in Berlin in 1920. Emigrated to Melbourne, Australia, during the war. He has been happily married to actress-turned-photographer June Newton since 1948. Time to change the subject.*

Recently, we sent writer Margy Rochlin to do a little investigating. Says Rochlin, "We met at his winter home, a bright corner suite at the Chateau Marmont hotel in Los Angeles. Given the nature of his photographs, most people imagine Newton to be a shifty, nocturnal predator. But the 72-year-old who greeted me was witty, charming and, with the exception of an occasional glint in his brown eyes, positively wholesome. The evening before, his latest exhibition, 'Naked and Dressed in Hollywood,' had opened, which would account for the spectacular hedge-sized purple floral arrangement sent by Liz Taylor. Newton gets a lot of telephone calls. Throughout our chat, he'd break to gossip merrily with his friends, while I not-very-discreetly hung on every word. Audrey Wilder, wife of film director Billy Wilder, called. So did sculptor Robert Graham, whom Newton urged in paternal tones to use Angelica Huston, Graham's wife, as his next study in bronze. But the most educational eavesdropping highlight had to be listening to Newton cajoling the wife of a well-known California fine artist into posing nude for him. Other photographers might be interested to learn that Newton, who is known to be a smooth talker, takes the laissez-faire approach. 'No, no, no. You didn't misunderstand me,' he soft-pedaled. 'Just think about it and let me know. . . .'"

1.

PLAYBOY: Who would you let put a saddle on you?

NEWTON: [*Without pause*] Faye Dunaway. I find her very, very, very sexy. She's a big woman, which I love. The most sensual scene ever was in *Barfly*. Dunaway is sitting there in a dreadful old housecoat, a kimono, on the couch. And the director, Barbet Schroeder, had the camera on her legs for I don't know how long as she was talking to Mickey Rourke. I can describe her legs in detail. I've never seen Faye Dunaway in the nude, unfortunately, but she's got a fairly big behind, which I love. Her thighs are beautiful, they're strong, and they taper to extremely fine ankles, and you can see the indentation, the tendon, in the back of the heel, which drives me crazy. So I guess it would be Faye Dunaway I would let put a saddle on my back. I just hope the saddle would be very light because my back isn't all that strong.

2.

PLAYBOY: There is a famous portrait of you taken by your wife. In it, you're wearing shorts, a straw hat and a fetching pair of ladies' high heels. What event inspired the purchase of that footwear? And what does a man look for when it comes to buying women's shoes?

NEWTON: A friend of ours was giving a ball for her birthday and the theme was romance. And so I decided to wear my tux, a long Lorelei wig and to buy some high-heeled shoes.

So I went into a funny little old shoe store run by two elderly ladies in downtown Monte Carlo. I said to one of the owners, "I want to get a pair of high-heeled shoes. Size eight and a half." She didn't even bat an eyelash. She brought out a pair and I tried them on and said, "No, I'd like a higher heel and a sling back." Then she trotted out a pair of shoes that were very nice, with peekaboo toes. They were very comfortable. I could dance in them. High heels are very good for one's posture—you hold yourself more erect in high heels. My legs are great, aren't they? My mother had beautiful legs.

3.

PLAYBOY: Nastassja Kinski cradling a Marlene Dietrich doll. Claus von Bülow in black leather doing his impression of Queen Victoria. Film director Tony Scott with his former girlfriend Tanja Coleridge, who is wearing only thigh-high boots and the result of what looks like one hell of a bikini wax. Do you know beforehand that your subjects will be receptive to your ideas?

NEWTON: First of all, before I present any wild ideas, I try to find out whether or not they would be receptive to them. I don't generally have wild ideas unless I'm told that they're game. I'm quite timid myself—I can't force anybody into doing anything. I don't even persuade them.

4.

PLAYBOY: Come on. Your reputation for persuading people to strike startling poses is legendary. When sweet-talking fails, do you have a standard surefire idea?

NEWTON: You can do it only with very special and interesting people. I go in very, very close. As I did with the picture of Robert Graham smoking the cigar. The same goes for that picture of Debra Winger and the cigarette. You get a close-up like that and you don't have to see anything else. I'm not interested in the photographic grain; I'm interested in the pores, in the skin texture of the *(continued on page 223)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALICE SPRINGS

POP
corn

HOW TO PLAY

our favorite rip-off artistes show you

WITH YOUR FOOD

five tricks to perk up the holidays

THIS is the perfect trick. The more you do it, the better you'll get. But even the first time out, you'll kill. The only thing wrong with this trick is that we didn't think of it ourselves:

STABBING A FORK INTO YOUR EYE

For years we have stared at those "creamers," the little plastic containers that are sometimes cream, sometimes milk, sometimes half-and-half and sometimes, for all we know, white paint. Teller likes to call them coffee whiteners. We knew there had to be a trick hidden in those tiny buckets of lightness, we just couldn't get ahold of it. A magician from Kentucky, Mac King, came up with it. Mac is a genius, the Louis Pasteur of diner creeps.

Here's all you do:

Grab a creamer off the table when no one is paying attention. Hold it in one hand. You don't have to palm it. You don't have to grip it in any particular way, just hold it upside down in your hand with the tear-away paper top facing the table and away from your thumb.

Get everyone's attention. You can even be as direct as, "Wanna see a neat trick?"

Pick up your fork with the hand that doesn't have the creamer. Bring the fork up near your eye. Tell the people at the table that you've learned this neat trick with your eye. Once you have a fork up near your eye, you'll have everyone's attention. No one wants to miss a nut screwing around with four sharp tines and his or her eye. A fork near the eye, in and of itself, is good entertainment. If you pull down the skin below the eye with the tines of the fork, people really go nuts. After you've dicked around a little

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN

with the fork and your eye, bring up the hand with the creamer as though you were going to look through your fist. Your hand makes a tube around your eye with the plastic bottom of the creamer against your eye. Keep your fingers fairly closed, making sure no one else sees the creamer.

Slowly and carefully slide the fork in the outer end of the hand holding the creamer up to your eye.

When the time is right, do these three things simultaneously:

(1) Puncture the paper top of the creamer with the fork, but be careful. *Don't really stick a fork into your eye!*

(2) Squeeze the creamer really hard with the other hand.

(3) Scream at the top of your lungs.

Get it? White glop will shoot out of your "eye" all over the table, grossing out and scaring everyone watching.

Remember, though, to keep your wits about you. You do have a real honest-to-goodness fork near your real honest-to-goodness eye. Don't get excited and stick the fork through the creamer into your eye. If you have any doubt about how far to stick the fork in to puncture the creamer but not hurt your eye, don't even try the goddamn trick. If you think there's a chance you'll really stick a fork into your eye, forget we even mentioned it.

To do this trick, you need to take enough responsibility for your own welfare that you won't stick a goddamn fork into your eye because you misunderstood and thought we told you to.

If we get sued because we told some idiot to stick a fork near his or her eye and that cretin sticks a fork into his or her eye, well, it doesn't matter whether or not it would stand up in court. Our faith in humanity, with its present litigation-happy, it-can't-be-my-fault society, will be so shattered that we'll both probably stick forks into each other's eyes just to make the trial more interesting to watch on Court TV.

Believe us, we won't be like Jeffrey Dahmer and just sit there quietly to prove we're crazy.

Be careful.

THE DRIBBLE CAN

Setting: Informal party where drinks are served in cans.

Target: A rival.

Objective: The rival has just horned in on a private conversation between you and your date. Your date finds the newcomer too attractive. Attention is turning away from you. You must exterminate the vermin without compromising your *suavité*.

Attack: Finish your drink. Wait until your rival's beverage can is almost empty then say, "I need another one. May I get you something from the ice chest?"

Relishing the chance to talk behind your back, the conniving charmer will smile and accept: "How thoughtful. I *will* have another."

Go to the bar. Find a church key—an ancient pre-pop-top device that punches a triangular hole in the top of a can. (It's easier to find on a Swiss Army Knife. Next, maybe Penn and I can find a good use for the fish scaler and magnifying glass.) Open your drinks, then hook the church key on the top of the rim of your rival's beverage can and punch a tiny hole in the side, three fourths of an inch under the opening that he or she will be drinking from.

Return, beaming good-naturedly. Hand the sabotaged can to your rival. As he or she starts to drink, liquid will trickle from fingers and chin, creating the illusion of slobbering, and effectively negate any earlier sex appeal.

The hole is well camouflaged by the printing on the side of a can, but even if the victim thinks of a leak, chances are she or he will hold the can upright while checking—and the dripping will stop. So the cad will be convinced he or she is having a fit of clumsiness.

Distracted, demoralized and disgusting to behold, the soggy seducer shamefully slithers away and the course of true love again runs smoothly.

Other targets and uses:

(1) In business negotiations, offer your opponent a beverage, then watch him or her try to close a deal while drooling.

(2) At home: Your spouse is lying on the couch watching TV. He or she waits till you walk by and croons, "Honey, since you're already up, would you get me something cold to drink?" Trudge to the fridge, doctor the can and set it on the coffee table. Then return to the kitchen and listen. The delay is the best part. Engrossed in a show, the indolent slob will be subliminally saturated, then suddenly start flapping and swearing. It will make your weekend.

TYING A CHERRY STEM WITH YOUR MOUTH

Tying a maraschino cherry stem in a knot with your mouth is a sexy thing to do. The manipulation required doesn't really overlap any actual sexual skills, but it certainly demonstrates tongue strength and dexterity and sends the signal to your intended partner that you would like to do with your mouth what she or he does easily with her or his hand. This may be exactly the message you want to send.

When you grab your date's cherry stem saying, "Hey, want to see a neat trick?" you're going out on a limb. Tying a cherry stem with your mouth is a difficult trick. You may fail. Even if you can do it well, you have to think about it too much. You're thinking about the stem when you should be acting the *entendre*. While tying a cherry stem with your mouth, the last thing you want to be thinking about is tying a cherry stem with your mouth. We'll bet you dollars to hot coffee and donuts that when Sherilyn Fenn tied the stem on *Twin Peaks*, she used an edit to switch in a propmaster-tied stem. Sherilyn's a pro. She wants to be able to concentrate on the subtext of the scene, not the gimmickry surrounding it.

Maybe it's important to be completely honest in a sexual relationship, but in dating we need all the help we can get. So when impressing your date by tying a cherry stem with your mouth, you're going to cheat. You're going to switch a previously hand-tied cherry stem for the one you pluck off your date's cherry. And you're never going to fess up for the remainder of your wretched life.

Here's how you do it:

When you're at a place that serves maraschino cherries, excuse yourself to make a phone call or to go to the rest room.

When you're out of sight, get a cherry from the bartender or from the person who is responsible for the cherry-topped confections.

Using your fingers, tie the cherry stem in a loose knot. It's harder than you think. Be thankful you don't really have to use your mouth.

Hide it between the bottom of your lower gum and your lower lip.

Go back to your date. You can sit forever with a tied cherry stem in your bottom lip. You can eat, you can drink, you can talk. You can date, damn it! When the conversation drifts to oral skills (it will), reach over, pluck your date's stem and casually show your hand empty as you sensually suck the number-three-red-dyed stem into your mouth.

Switching the stems in your mouth is easy; don't even think about it. Think about eye contact. Think about your lips. Visions of hot, nasty sex should be slow-dancing in your head. (You're kind of on your own here. If we could teach people how to be sexy, we wouldn't waste our time writing about tricks with food.) Take a momentary break from the porno in your head and switch the two stems. Use your tongue to pull the tied stem from its hiding place and stick the untied one between your lower gum and lip. If you can't do this, it's just as well—you don't want to get your date's hopes up.

When the sexual tension is ripe, flick the end of the tied cherry stem out

(continued on page 230)

"We've added a new kink to the piñata tradition!"

THE BETTY BOOM

the queen of fifties pinups, betty page, makes her comeback as nineties cult goddess. here, a fan's obsession

TEXT BY BUCK HENRY

THE FIRST TIME I saw her was during the mid-Fifties on a balmy fall afternoon in New York. I was standing outside the 14th Street building on whose side was painted the giant sign for IRVING KLAW PINUP PHOTOS. A door opened and she came out into the street. Men and women turned to look at the long legs, the white, white skin and the black, black, black hair cut in bangs straight across her forehead. And, of course, the smile. It was the smile that could break your heart.

•

The oft-told Betty Page story is peculiar—a morality tale with no discernible moral, not much plot and a leading character who is at best elusive. But that doesn't stop us from trying to glean some insight into her never-flagging popularity or from trying to construct some new theory about why she abandoned us.

The known facts of the story have been reexamined, rehashed and recycled for three decades, mostly by diehard fans (such as myself) who used the memory of her or the images of her or the memory of the images of her to fuel our fantasies. The story itself is banal: She came, she failed utterly to achieve her dream, she split.

And yet. And yet: She was known as the Queen of Curves, Miss Pinup of the World, the Queen of Hearts, the Dark Angel, the Queen of Bondage, etc.

An estimated half a million pictures were taken of her by almost every professional and amateur photographer in New York—including the renowned Weegee, who once climbed into a bathtub with her to get a shot, tried to cop a feel and got smacked.

She left her cheesecake competition in the dust, appearing countless times on the covers and in the pages of every major and minor girlie magazine in the world.

And then there are the 8mm films: Betty dancing (a kind of hula, a sort of hootchy-kootchy, a facsimile of flamenco), Betty wandering around in stiletto heels as steep as a stepladder and sharper than Ginsu knives, Betty modeling her own homemade lingerie, Betty brushing her hair, Betty getting bound and gagged, kidnapped, spanked and ever so slightly abused.

That was then. This is now:

- *The Betty Pages*, a pocket-sized magazine (three issues for 15 bucks) devoted to photographs of and information about Betty, is published biannually by Black Cat Books. The *Betty Pages Annual*, a glossy, high-quality 168-page book, sells for $14.95.
- Mother Productions markets a series of Betty Page collector cards, with 40 cards to a deck.
- The *Betty Page 3-D Picture Book* comes complete with two pairs of 3-D glasses.
- The Independent Press in Minneapolis, among others, markets Betty Page postcards that are sold worldwide. I found one in an airport rack in Zimbabwe.
- For the past two years, the Atlanta Comics Expo has conducted a Betty Page look-alike contest. Some of the beauties are men.
- The Prop Theater in Chicago this fall presented a full-length play: *The Betty Page Story*.
- Huge paintings of Betty in her bondage outfits can be seen hanging on the walls of apartments, houses and art galleries in several feature films.
- Her likeness is now one of the most popular tattoo-parlor selections in the United States. I know a guy in his early 20s who has Betty inscribed on his torso from his neck to—well—below his belly button.

Almost all the artists, writers and publishers turning out this endless stream of material are too young to have known her or even to have subscribed to the magazines or mail-order companies that made her image so ubiquitous.

Who the hell was she?

She was born April 22, 1923, in the Tennessee mountain town of Kingsport, daughter of Roy and Edna Page.

Betty's back in print! Her stint as the girlfriend in Dave Stevens' comic book, *The Rocketeer*, has been credited with jump-starting the new Betty craze. That's his playful Betty above. Greg Theakston sleuthed down her biography for his fanzine, *The Betty Pages*, and adapted her portrait in the poster at right.

BELL
THEAKSTON

She had at least one brother and at least one sister.

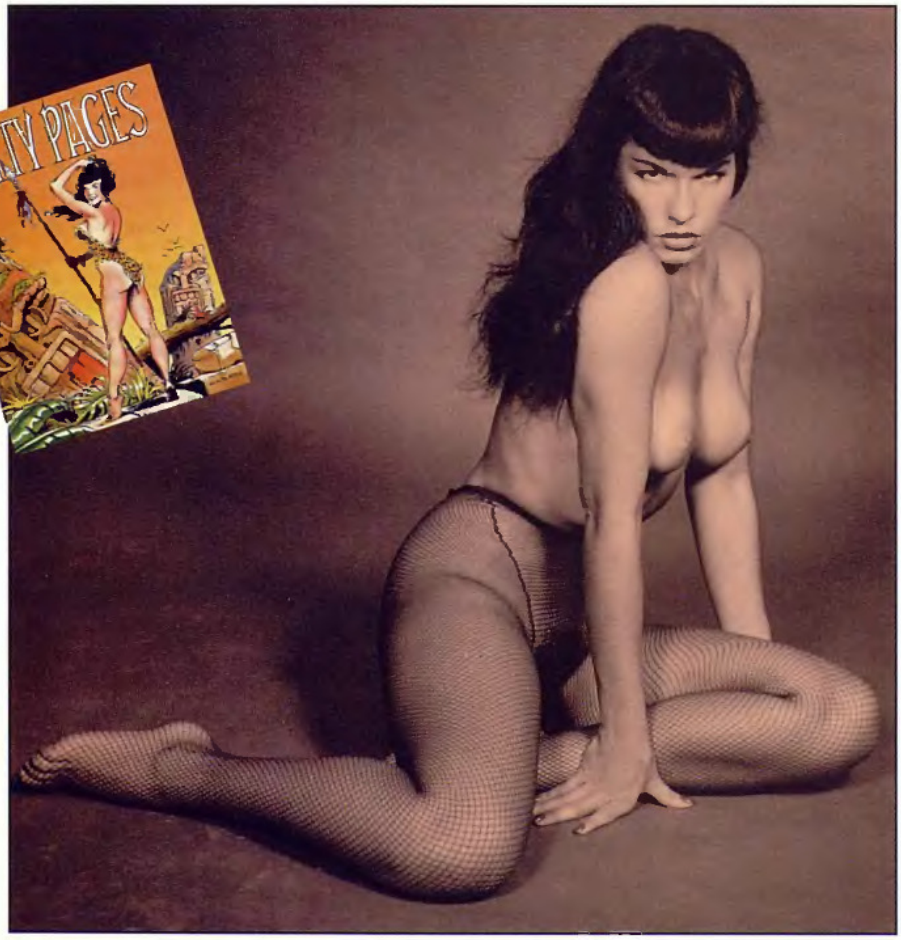
She grew up in Nashville, where, at Hume-Fogg High, she seemed to be involved in every student activity. After graduation, armed with an excellent scholastic record and a DAR scholarship, she attended Nashville's Peabody College, where she earned her B.A. degree and a teaching certificate. For a short time, she taught English at a local high school. It is said that she quit because, in the presence of her great looks, the boys in her class were uncontrollable. I don't think so. I think she quit because, simply, she wanted something else.

•

Around 1944 Betty went to Hollywood. She took classes: acting, singing, dancing. She tried to lose her Tennessee drawl. Someone actually gave her a screen test. Mostly, she got propositioned.

Betty trading cards—available through catalogs and from Pageophiles—immortalize many of the hundreds of nude and semi-nude poses she made famous in the Fifties.

Showing off her spots: Opposite, the fun-loving gal's on location in one of the more athletic of her many outdoor poses. Above left, a classic studio pose, and above, Betty looking young and vulnerable with her hair uncharacteristically pulled back. Fans loved the playful spanking poses (below) that Betty used to stage at the New York studio with other girls who posed for Irving and Paula Klaw during the pinup heyday of the Fifties.



Above, a spectacular beach-beauty shot. Left, Betty as vixen, another aspect of her personality. Right, a fantasy Betty in high, high heels and tattoos from the easel of artist Olivia De Bernardinis.

She married a man named Billy and moved to Pennsylvania. There are no photographs from this period. The screen test has disappeared—and so has Billy.

The marriage broke up and, in 1948 she arrived in New York. She was 25 years old. She rented an apartment in a converted brownstone on West 46th Street and worked as a typist for a company on Wall Street. She worked out in a gym every day. She didn't smoke. She didn't drink. She carried a brick in her purse to bash any would-be molester.

She was determined to become an actress. Why not? Anything is possible in New York.

•

We came to New York by the thousands—starry-eyed kids drunk with ambition and movie-magazine success stories. We carried a suitcase in one hand and a piece of paper with a telephone number—someone's uncle, someone's friend, someone's agent—in the other.

We lived in rent-controlled apartments, waiting for that big break, working in restaurants, driving cabs, moving furniture, hawking Bibles door-to-door, playing chess for money in Washington Square, stealing. We made the rounds, surely the most demeaning, ego-busting, humiliating method of seeking employment ever invented. We lied about our credits, our ages and our heights. We pretended we could tap-dance, speak with a Russian accent, juggle, fence, ride horses bareback. We sucked up to producers, agents, assistants, secretaries, anyone. We smiled at strangers.

•

On a summer day in 1952, a photographer saw Betty at Jones Beach, took some *(text continued on page 239)*

Three-dimensional curves: Glasses with colored lenses were tucked into the 3-D pinup mogazines of the Fifties. They could hordly improve the spectacular black-and-whites that are collected and reprinted by thousonds of new fans in the Nineties. Here's another sampling: Betty os beach bunny, as the quintessential nude model, as stylish ond sultry vomp. And last, our sweet Sonta Betty. Reoders who are looking for more Betty can consult *Bud Plant's Incredible Catalog* (P.O. Box 1689, Grass Valley, CA 95945) for comics, T-shirts, figurines, trading cards, postcards, buttons, posters ond a video of all her movie shorts.

© BUNNY YEAGER/FROM THE COLLECTION OF ERIC KROLL, N.Y.C.

VICTOR WANTED TO DOMINATE.

THE KRAFFT TECHNIQUE

SHOWED HIM HOW

FICTION BY THOMAS BERGER

PERSONAL POWER

VICTOR DEVLIN had never been able to understand why he so lacked in influence over other human beings. He was bright enough to have maintained a high B average through schools and college without exerting himself unduly, sufficiently amusing to have been on intimate terms with a sequence of attractive women and in possession of endearing qualities that caused him to be thought of as a good friend by a host of persons of both sexes. Yet no one in any of these venues or categories ever changed an opinion after listening to one of his arguments, or so much as took a casual suggestion of his (to eat a meal at a restaurant he recommended, to see a movie at his urging, to read a magazine article, to buy a certain shirt), let alone honored his wishes in matters of enduring substance.

Had he been asked, Devlin would have called himself not really unhappy but rather, perhaps, unfulfilled, his conception of happiness being also a compromise and consisting in a comfortable sense that without power one was virtually immune to the kind of disasters that result from serving as the object of others' envy.

Thus, when one day he found, among the junk that clogged his mailbox, a pamphlet advertising a technique for the acquisition of personal power—how to dominate others in business, love and recreational games—he sniffed in amused contempt and dropped it into the trash along with the bogus notices that he had won (if certain

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG

conditions were met) vast sums of money, all-expenses-paid trips to Hawaii and matched sets of luggage. But a moment later he retrieved the brochure, which might prove just the thing with which to divert the young woman he was currently dating. After seeing her on only two occasions, he had utterly exhausted every subject for conversation that would not be certain to lead to an argument, for Annemarie took nonnegotiable positions on many matters and enjoyed wrangling.

He had not yet been to bed with Annemarie, in fact, had not yet really made a move on her. He waited people out. Such was the technique he had formulated over the years, given his basic inability to work his will on others by direct means. This was somewhat more successful in affairs of the heart—for he frequented spirited women—than in his career, where an office full of competitive colleagues, mostly males, were never impatient with his apparent lack of ambition. He had not risen far in seven years with the same firm, but neither had he had to leave, which could not be said of several aggressive hotshots.

He remembered the pamphlet that evening. He had brought Annemarie to his apartment for the first time and had awaited her negative, perhaps even rude, response to the decor or lack thereof, for the meanness of his abode usually evoked such a reaction from the women he brought home. In fact, it was one of the things he counted on to break the ice. He paid a big rent in this upscale building and had an admirable view of the city. So much could have been made of it. The reason the place stayed eternally in the same shape, however, was that his affairs typically did not last long enough for him to acquire new furnishings or to hang pictures reflecting the taste of any particular woman, and he had not succeeded in developing any general convictions about decor, given the diversity in the opinions of his advisors.

But if Annemarie had a reaction, she failed to show it. She strolled to the sofa and sank down onto, into, its worst corner, where the upholstery of the arm was nearly threadbare and the springs within the cushion had long since subsided, and proceeded to stare neither at the room nor at the skyline available through the wide window nearby but rather at Devlin himself, who was thereby made very uneasy as to his appearance. He was never secure in his choice of clothing to begin with, and in recent months the principal garments had become too tight owing to his slow but relentless acquisition of excess poundage, despite the sporadic measures he took with his diet.

Annemarie did not want any more wine, having drunk enough at dinner, about half a glass. Nor did she wish to discuss the movie, the trashiness of which she pronounced undebatable. She continued to fix him with what he assumed was a hostile stare. He sat down in dismay and, considering the frigid atmosphere, not on the couch but in the lone chair. He was preparing to ask her about her childhood, a subject he had found appealing to those people who had had a happy one (though in a certain few cases it could be a disaster), when Annemarie, exasperated at his inability to intuit her wishes, made it clear what they were: to go to bed with him without further palaver.

He was shocked, not by a boldness that in recent years had not been unprecedented but rather by his own total failure to set any kind of pace or fashion any structure for the evening. The movie had been altogether *her* choice, apparently for no better reason than to confirm a presupposition that it had been universally overpraised, and at dinner he had ordered a seafood casserole only so as not to reject her forceful recommendation. The sexual encounter made it a clean sweep, and needless to say, it was she who orchestrated the procedure from start to finish.

When Annemarie left the apartment, firmly rejecting his offer of an escort home, the first thing he did on closing the door was to pad—barefooted, towel-wrapped—to the coffee table and sort through the papers and magazines strewn there in search of the brochure advertising the means by which to attain power over others, presumably without violence. He had saved it to show her for purposes of mutual amusement, but as things turned out, he no longer saw the idea as inevitable farce.

•

That night he tore off the attached coupon and wrote a check for $19.95, and the next morning, having already returned to much of the derisive skepticism with which he had first scanned the brochure, he nonetheless dropped the postpaid envelope into the box on the corner.

He proceeded to wait for six long weeks (during which Annemarie dumped him in the forthright style with which she performed in all areas of existence). There was no response to the check, though it had been cashed within five days of his posting it to the address printed on the envelope, a postal box in a town in Iowa he could not find on a map. Devlin may have lacked in confidence, but he was not one to play the victim of a blatant swindle. He had once gone so far as to threaten to punch a dry cleaner who had shrunk a sweater, then claimed it had been received in that condition. On his next lunch hour he went to the main post office and sought to find the department in which to file a formal complaint. But the lines at all the windows seemed endless, and while he was waiting, he was so pestered by panhandlers, who grew even more importunate *after* they received a contribution, that he left the building. He was well aware that some people were never approached by beggars and that others turned them down with impunity. Presumably these gentry were the same who sent back restaurant wine when it did not please their palates, who got apologies from the IRS and who were accepted as ultimate authorities on any subject on which they voiced an opinion, effortlessly intimidating other men with a command, while intriguing women with the suggestion that more was forthcoming than was, at any time, at hand.

But as it turned out, when he came home from work that evening and collected the mail from the lobby box, he found among the bills and the throwaways a long but neither slick nor heavy envelope from Krafft, Inc., the name to which he had written the check for instruction in the technique of dominating other people.

What arrived was not a manual but a letter acknowledging receipt of an initial payment of $19.95, entitling him to sign up for what was apparently much more than the anticipated instructional booklet, being rather a course of some extent, the specifics of which were not given except for the price: $89.95.

To go no further and let them keep the $19.95 would be an abject surrender to loss. Therefore, with full awareness of the possibility that he was throwing good money after bad, he wrote a check for $89.95 and immediately posted it before there was time for craven second thoughts.

The response this time was, given the current average speed of the mail, prompt, not even really long enough for them to have waited for his out-of-state check to clear. However, what he got for $89.95—now in sum really $109.90—was only two sheets of faintly photocopied typescript joined by a staple, only one prong of which pierced paper, leaving the other dangling.

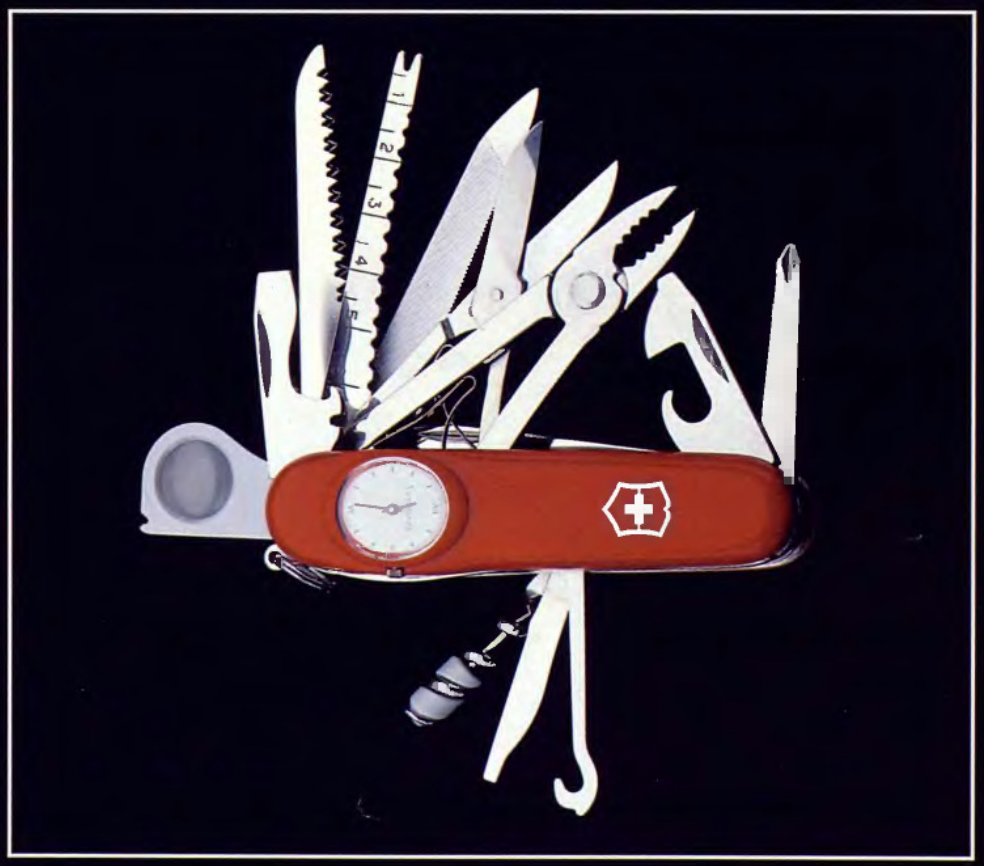
Reading the text so poorly reproduced removed any possible doubt. Devlin could conclude only that he had paid more than a hundred dollars to arrant charlatans. The "course" in how to dominate others consisted of a collection of restatements of the Golden

(continued on page 178)

"She's built like you, only not so dramatically."

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Left: Put some bounce into your step and gain fitness benefits, too, with a pair of Exerlopers running shoes. Patterned after the stiff boot construction of in-line skates, Exerlapers feature shock-absorbing springboard soles, which allow you to jog with less risk of injury to the knees and other joints, by Unique Life & Fitness Products, $250.



Above: Yes, you are seeing double—lenses, that is. Sharp's 8mm Twin Cam VL-MX7U is the world's first camcorder to combine a 62-degree superwide-angle lens and a 12X zoom for instant picture-in-picture footage. It also includes a liquid crystal display color viewfinder, digital full-range autofocus, stereo sound and an edit search function, about $1700. Right: The Original Swiss Army Knife has undergone a timely change. In addition to featuring 22 miniature tools—everything from a tiny pen to a fish scaler—the newest version of this multipurpose staple, called the Super Timer, comes with a built-in watch, $140.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Above: Groucho Marx would have given up a day at the races for this collection of Zino Davidoff cigar accessories, including a pair of stainless-steel cigar scissors that deliver a circular cut every time, about $265; and a sterling-silver matchbox holder, $510 (it's also available in exotic woods and leather), which holds a box of extra-long, sulfur-free cedar matches, $3.25. Below: The Davidaff Aniversario No. 1 (giant double corona) cigar was created to celebrate Zino Davidoff's 80th birthday, $198 for a box of ten in which each smoke is encased in a cedar tube.

Manufactured by Swid Powell, a company that specializes in architect-designed objects for the home, this handsome hand-crafted porcelain plate incorporates 24-kt. gold and features artwork by Keith Haring entitled *Detail from Doubles*, which appeared in the December 1986 issue of PLAYBOY. The 12-inch plate is available in a limited edition af anly 3000, from Special Editions, Ltd., $150.

Where & How to Buy on page 243.

Left: In addition to playing prerecorded tapes, Goldstar's 6.5-pound laptop VCR with a four-inch folding TV screen lets you record directly off the television as well os from another VCR or laser disc player, $1250, including an AC adapter, battery and charger.

A gift to phone home about, Bang & Olufsen's Beocom 1500 corded desktop telephone is designed similarly to a remote control, with functions such as a ten-number memory, last-number redial and hold, plus special buttons that adjust the volume on compatible audio-video gear. It's available in o variety of colors, including cerise, about $200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Harley-Davidson turns 90 this year, and ta mark the occasian it's introducing something special: the Ultra Classic Electra Glide Anniversary Edition touring motorcycle, about $17,000, and Ultra Classic Anniversary Sidecar, about $6000. The five-speed Electra Glide comes loaded with a 1340cc engine, electronic cruise control, an air-adjustable suspension, a powerful four-speaker AM/FM cassette stereo and more. Attach the lightweight fiberglass sidecar, which comes with a fully carpeted interior, plus amps and speakers of its own, and you, too, will have something to celebrate.

party animal

(continued from page 114)

"The cops' clatter was unnoticeable to anyone who wasn't (a) a habitual criminal and (b) on the run."

Dortmunder said, dropping his peacoat with its cargo of burglar tools and knickknacks from the corner jeweler, from where he had traveled up and over rooftops to this dubious haven.

"Ouch!" said the girl's voice.

"Sorry."

"Get on with it, all right?" Boy's voice.

"Sorry."

A herd of cops went slantwise downward past the window, their attention fixed on the darkness below, the muffled clatter of their passage hardly noticeable to anyone who didn't happen to be (a) a habitual criminal and (b) on the run. Despite the boy's advice to get on with it, Dortmunder stayed frozen until the last of the herd trotted by, then he took a quick scan of the room.

Over there, the shut door outlined in light would lead to the bathroom. The darker one would be . . . a closet?

Yes. Hurried, in near darkness, Dortmunder grabbed something or other from inside the closet, then shut that door again and moved quickly toward the outlined one as the girl's voice said, "Larry, I just don't feel comfortable anymore."

"Of course you don't."

Dortmunder entered the square, white bathroom—light-green towels, dolphins on the closed shower curtain—ignored the two voices departing from the room outside, one plaintive, the other overbearing, and studied his haberdashery selection.

Well. Fortunately, most things go with black, including this rather weary sports jacket of tweedy tan with brown leather elbow patches. Dortmunder slipped it on and it was maybe two sizes too big, but not noticeable if he kept it unbuttoned. He turned to the mirror over the sink, and now he might very well be a sociology professor—specializing in labor relations—at a small Midwestern university. A professor without tenure, though, and probably no chance of getting tenure, either, now that Marx has flunked his finals.

Dortmunder's immediate problem was that he couldn't hide. The cops knew he was in this building, so sooner or later some group of police officers would definitely be gazing upon him, and the only question was, how would they react when that moment came? His only hope was to mingle, if you could call that a hope.

Leaving the bathroom, he noticed that the pile of coats was visibly depleted. Seemed like everybody's plans were getting loused up tonight.

But this gave him a chance to stash his stash, at least temporarily. Finding his peacoat at last—already it was at the bottom of the pile—he took the jeweler's former merchandise and stowed it in the top left dresser drawer amid some other gewgaws and gimcracks. His tools went into the cluttered cabinet under the bathroom sink, and then he was ready to move on.

Beyond the partly opened bedroom door was a hall lined with national park posters. Immediately to the right, the hall ended at the apartment's front door. To the left, it went past a couple of open and closed doors till it emptied into the room where the party was. From here, he could see half a dozen people holding drinks and talking. Motown versions of Christmas songs bubbled along, weaving through the babble of talk.

He hesitated, indecisive, struck by some strange stage fright. The apartment door called to him with a siren song of escape, even though he knew the world beyond it was badly infested by law. On the other hand, a crowd is supposed to be the ideal medium into which a lone individual might disappear, and yet he found himself reluctant to test that theory. To party or not to party—that was the question.

•

Two events pushed him to a decision. First, the doorbell next to him suddenly clanged like a fire engine in hell, causing him to jump a foot. And second, two women emerged from the party into the hallway, both moving fast. The one in front looked to be in her early 20s, in black slacks and black blouse and white half-apron and red bow tie and harried expression; she carried an empty round silver tray and she veered off into the first doorway on the right. The second woman was older but very well put together, dressed in baubles and beads and dangling earrings and a whole lot of Technicolor makeup, and her expression was grim but brave as she marched down the hall toward Dortmunder.

No, toward the door. This was, no doubt, the hostess, on her way to answer the bell, wondering who'd arrived so late. Dortmunder, knowing who the late arrivals were and not wanting to be anywhere near that door when it opened, jackrabbited into motion with an expression on his face that was meant to be a party smile. "How's it goin'?" he asked with nicely understated amiability as they passed each other in the middle of the hall.

"Just *fine*," she swore, eyes sparkling and voice fluting, her own imitation party smile glued firmly in place. So she didn't know everybody at her party. Dortmunder could have been brought here by an invited guest, right? Right.

The party, as Dortmunder approached it, was loud, but not loud enough to cover the sudden growl of voices behind him. He made an abrupt turn into the open doorway that the harried woman had gone through and then he was in the kitchen, where the harried woman was putting a lot of cheese-filled tarts onto the round tray.

Dortmunder tried his line again: "How's it goin'?"

"Rotten," the harried woman said. Her ash-blonde hair was coiled in a bun in back, but much of it had escaped to lie in parabolas on her damp brow. She'd have been a good-looking woman if she weren't so bad-tempered and overworked. "Jerry never showed up," she snapped, as though it were Dortmunder's fault. "I have to do it all——" She shook her head and made a sharp chopping motion with her left hand. "I don't have time to talk."

"Maybe I could help," Dortmunder suggested. The growl of cop voices continued from back by the apartment door. They'd check the room next to the fire escape first, but then they'd be coming this way.

The woman looked at him as though he were trying to sell her magazine subscriptions: "Help? What do you mean, help?"

"I don't know anybody here." He was noticing: She was all in black, he was all in black. "I came with Larry, but now he's talking to some girl, so why don't I help out?"

"You don't help the caterer," she said.

"OK. Just a thought." No point getting her suspicious.

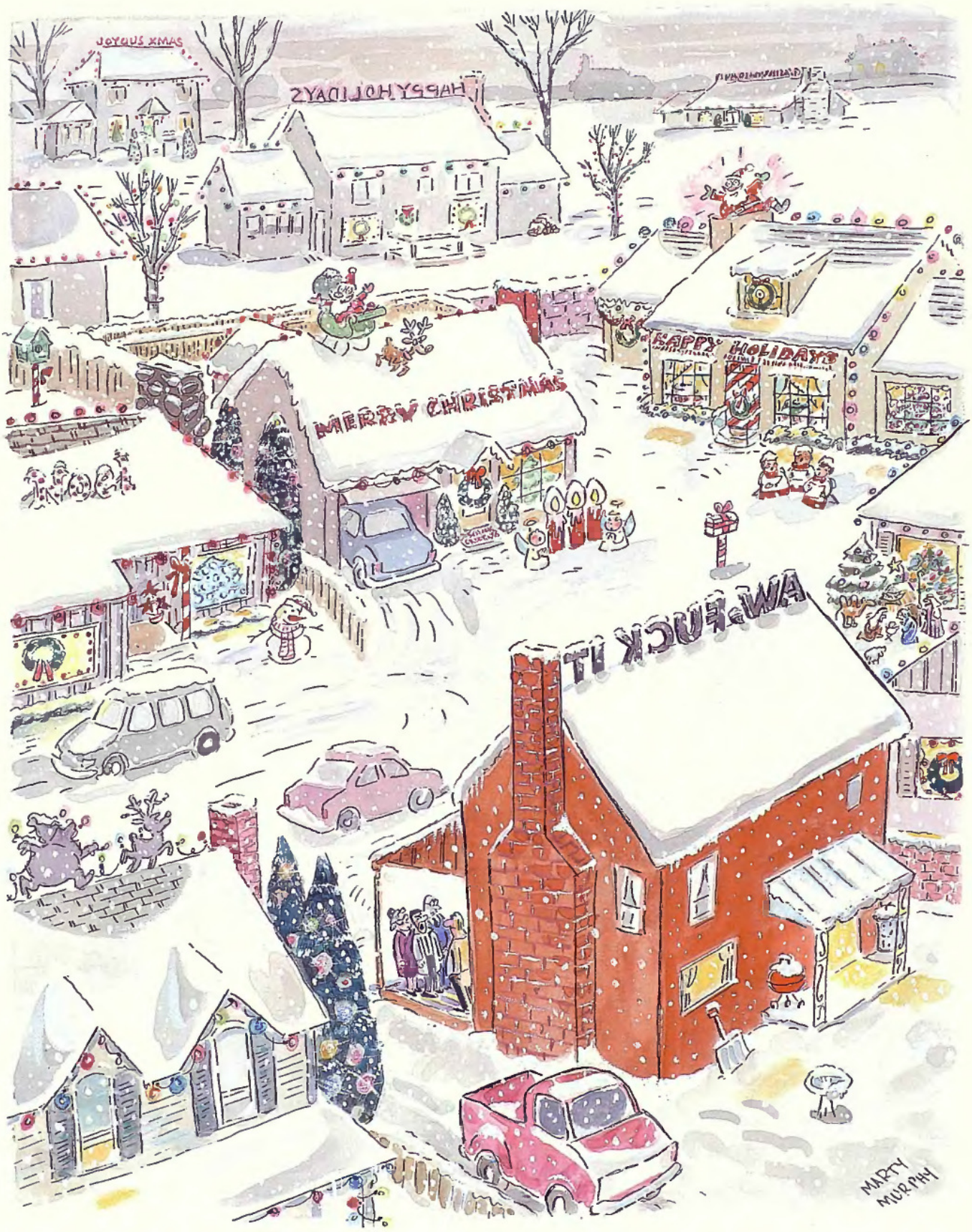
But as he was turning away, she said, "Wait a minute," and when he looked back, her sweat-beaded brow was divided in half by a vertical frown line. She said, "You really want to help?"

"Only if you could use some."

"Well," she said, reluctant to admit there might be something in this world for her not to be mad at, "if you really mean it."

"Count on it," Dortmunder told her. Shucking out of the borrowed jacket,

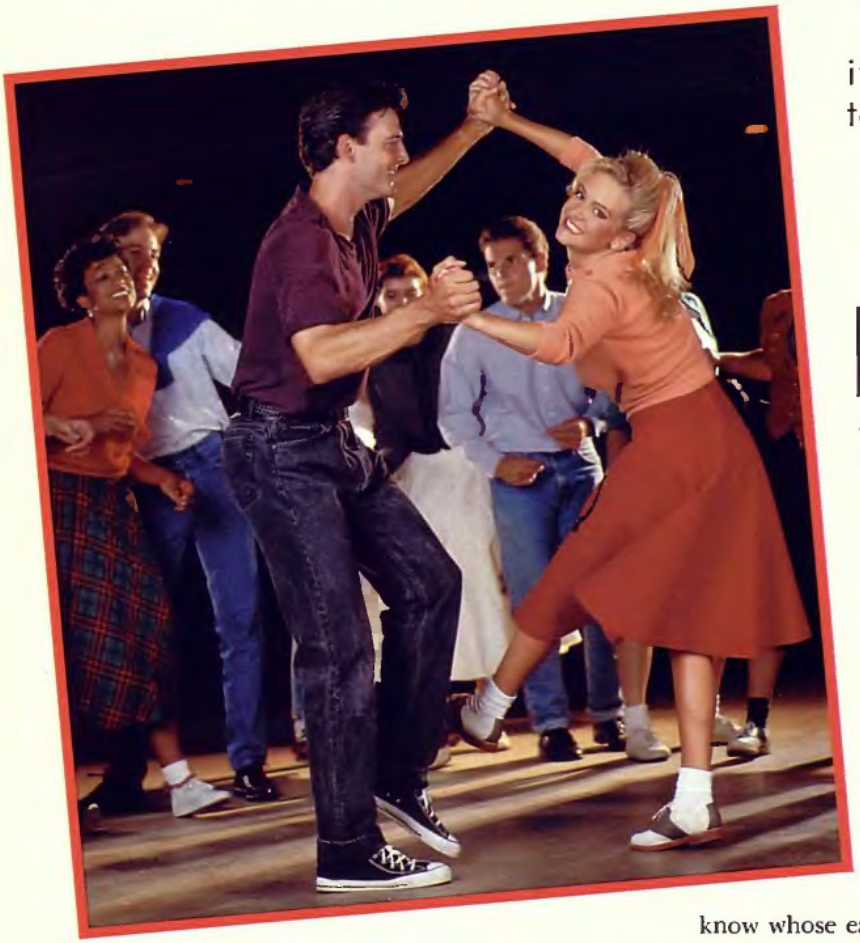
(continued on page 194)



"We're from the decoration committee."

THE MOORE THE MERRIER

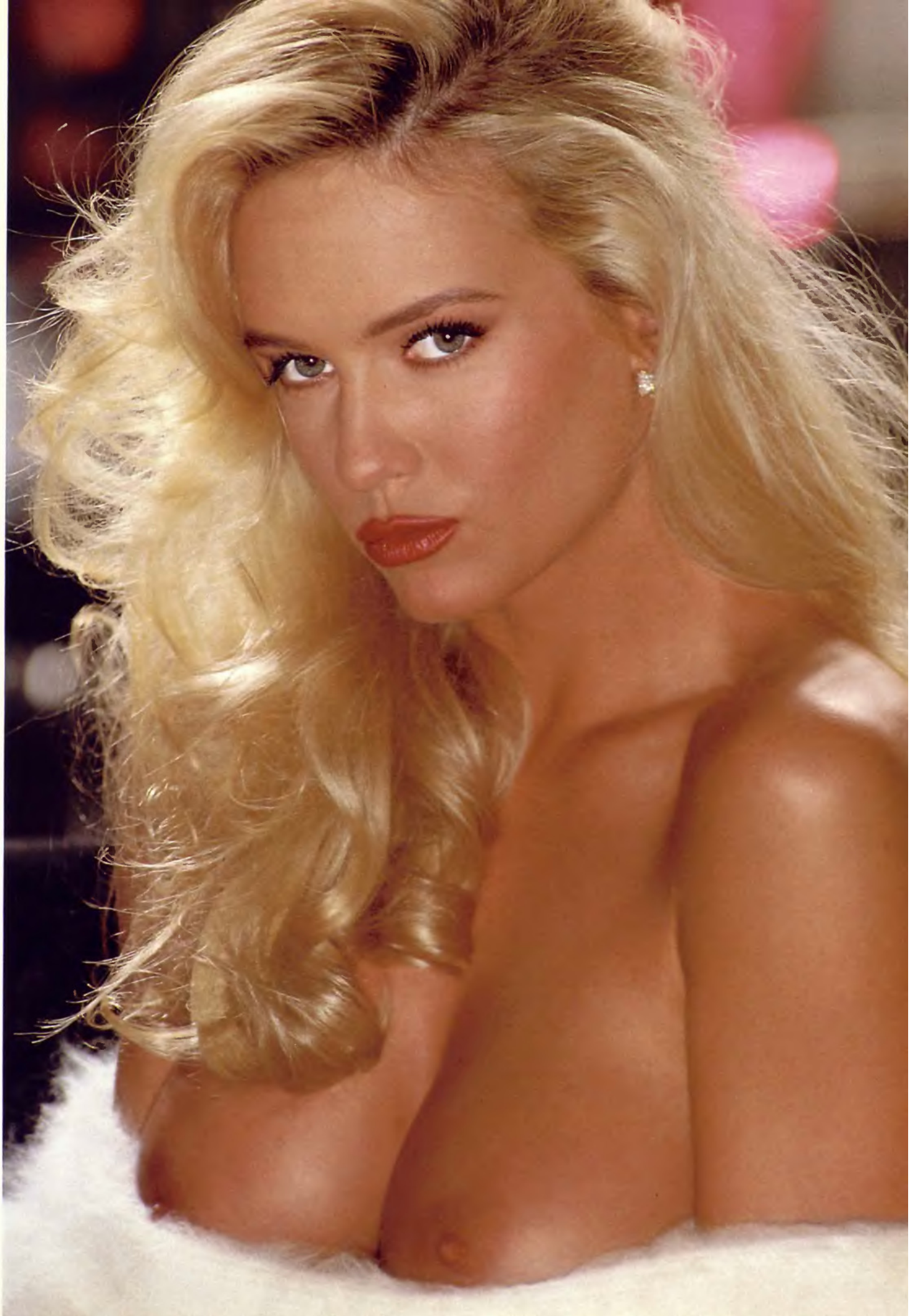
it is miss december's destiny to brighten your holiday season



IT WAS A rainy night in Nashville when the lights went out. Barbara Moore was walking down Acklen Avenue, turning men's heads just like always, when it happened. Zap! A bolt of lightning whams down about 12 inches from her pretty ankles. Streetlights are blinking and so is she, tiptoeing down the avenue, thinking, "I almost didn't live to turn twenty-two." You might get a country song out of this popular local gal's brush with that bolt. Call it *One Foot Over and I'm Six Feet Under* maybe, or *You Can't Hide, You're Ionized*. But Barbara never gave it much thought. She was busy setting Nashville afire with looks and charm, and anyway, a near-zap experience wasn't the first unusual event in her life. "A life full of excitement, that's a good life," says Barbara, now 24. Who else do you know whose earliest memory is of flying wingovers? Barbara's dad was a pilot in the Pacific Northwest, where she grew up. He'd often give the kids a thrill on family outings. Who else do you know who has worked a slime line? Barbara did, at a salmon cannery in Ketchikan, Alaska, where she gutted fish as they passed on a conveyer belt. She has been a flight attendant, a tournament polo player, a model and an actress who has made videos with Waylon Jennings, Hank Williams, Jr., and Reba McEntire that have aired nationally on TNN and CMT. Now

A fan of the Fifties—a Cold War decade that needed some Moore warmth—Miss December is an accomplished sock hopper (above). She lambadas and dirty dances, too. It's OK with her if you watch: "I love being the center of attention."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



"I like to make a man feel good. Nothing's wrong with that," says Barbara. But she wants to feel good, too. "People tell me two things: 'You sure make me comfortable' and 'You sure need a lot of attention.'"

she is Miss December—a woman you're sure to love if you desire a little excitement. After American Eagle airlines brought flight attendant Barbara to Nashville in 1987, she tried her hand at modeling. Local TV ads and a national spot for Toyota—as the blonde in shades and a barely there red dress—led to videos with some of country music's biggest stars. During the shooting of Waylon Jennings' video *Wrong*, Jennings jokingly called Barbara "double ugly." She was a cheating wife in Reba McEntire's *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia* and spiced up Charlie Daniels' *Honky Tonk Life*. It was heady work for someone who had once chased musicians. "My friend Jennifer and I went to concerts, and we never bought tickets. There was always a guy out back who got brownie points if he brought pretty girls backstage," she

CALIFORNIA
WM 372

"Making love in the dark? No thank you. I like to see what I'm doing and who I'm doing it with. We'll put one candle by the bed and one on the dresser across the room. There, that's perfect."

says. "He was the guy to show off for." Barbara still likes showing off, but she's more sophisticated these days. Rather than slipping through the stage door with a smile and a twitch of her hips, she now takes PLAYBOY's center stage as the season's star. "This will help my career because everybody everywhere will see me," she says, "but that's not the big thing." What is? "The fun. Talk about being the center of attention—I *love* having my picture taken." Her life was charmed already. When the airline offered a job in any of three towns, she chose Nashville because her uncle Gene once spent time there and liked it. Or none of this might have happened. Unless, as Barbara believes, fate carried her to the centerfold: "I dreamed of this for so long, it had to happen." Remember that lightning bolt? It never had a chance.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
CLEO
COLA
Barbara Moore

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Barbara Moore

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 8·21·68 BIRTHPLACE: Spokane, Washington

AMBITIONS: To be successful, travel the world, learn new languages and have a life full of excitement.

TURN-ONS: Sexy dressing, Harleys, intimate conversations, cooking for two, confident men and lots of attention.

TURN-OFFS: Men who have no respect for women, bad grammar, itchy clothes, lip smacking, overbearing cologne and slowpokes.

DREAM TREK: An African safari - pitching a tent among the zebras, elephants and lions. What a thrill to be so close to life at its wildest!

THE MAN I LOVE: A smart, sexy businessman who can make me laugh, and who sends shivers through my body when I think about him.

NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE: I worked the slime line at a salmon cannery.

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS: Is to look like this forever.

Go Bearcats!

Aloha from Seattle

The Wild One

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Doctor, I'm really worried about my husband," the woman told the psychiatrist. "He has multiple personalities, all of them comic-book characters. Now he thinks he's Batman."

"It's too bad he didn't get treatment earlier," the shrink said, "but with intensive therapy, I think I can cure him."

"I guess that would be the best thing to do," the woman replied. Then, with a slight shrug, she added ruefully, "but Robin is so good with the kids."

While driving along the back roads of a small town, two novice truckers came to an overpass with a sign that read CLEARANCE 11'3". They got out and measured their rig, which was 12'4" high.

"What do you think?" one asked the other.

The driver looked around carefully, then shifted into first. "Not a cop in sight. Let's take a chance!"

A diminutive fellow walked into a bar and within minutes was being pushed around by a huge bully. The little guy pushed back. "You'd better watch who you're pushing, pimple face!" he warned the big guy.

"You're pretty nervy for a shrimp. Just who do you think you are?"

"Look, dumbo, I come from a long line of jumpers. My great-grandfather jumped with no parachute from a balloon. My grandfather jumped without a chute from a biplane. My mother and father both jumped without chutes from a jet. And tomorrow," he boasted, "I jump from a rocket."

"You're crazy, peewee," the big bully said. "You'll get killed."

"So what?" came the reply. "I have no family."

When the attorney filed a motion for a new trial for his client, the judge angrily asked, "On what grounds?"

"Your Honor," the lawyer explained, "my client has discovered some money I didn't know he had."

It got so cold during the football game that by the third quarter, the diehard fan was nearly alone in the stands, wrapped snugly in a blanket. He soon caught the eye of a young lady shivering nearby and spread the blanket open as an invitation. She gratefully slid next to him and cuddled up.

Soon they got better acquainted. He told her he was a lawyer and that his name was Irv. She told him that she was a model and that her name was Andrea. They snuggled closer. "Is it true," he whispered, "that models shave off all their body hair?" She said that it was true.

After a *lot* more warming up, he chuckled. "You haven't worked as a model lately, have you?"

"No, I haven't," she said, giggling, "and your name's not Irv, either."

How do you get a blonde up on the roof? Tell her the drinks are on the house.

Michael Milken was nervous his first day in prison because his cellmate looked like a tough customer. "Don't worry," the gruff fellow said, "I'm in for a white-collar crime, too."

"Is that right?" Milken said, relieved.

"Yeah," said the prisoner. "I killed a priest."

A young polar bear asked his mother, "Hey, Mom, tell me the truth. Am I one hundred percent polar bear?"

"You sure are," his mother replied. "I'm one hundred percent polar bear and your father is one hundred percent polar bear."

Not completely satisfied with the answer, the youngster asked his father the same thing.

"Well, son," his dad told him, "all your grandparents and great-grandparents were one hundred percent polar bears, so you are one hundred percent polar bear as well. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know," he said. "It's just that I'm fucking *freezing*."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Sure, I miss the traditional Christmas—but one copes."

THE TALK IN THE CORPORATE BOARDROOMS IS NOT ABOUT WHAT THE COMPANY MAKES—IT'S ABOUT HOW MUCH THE BOSS MAKES

golden featherbedders

article by GRAEF CRYSTAL

THERE'S SOMETHING comforting about my line of work: I am in no danger of running out of it. Every time I painstakingly wind my way through a new case of executive greed, a dump truck shows up and buries me in 50 more cubic yards of the stuff.

Like lust, greed is an ancient and powerful motivation. Unlike lust, however, it shows no signs of diminishing with age. Indeed, there is some persuasive evidence to suggest that greed picks up where lust leaves off.

Each of the eight case histories that follow involves the chief executive officer of a major company who, in one fashion or another, has slopped at the trough of greed. Although the majority of Americans have for the past several years experienced a searing recession, one class of Americans rides through the tough times on shock absorbers that Detroit can only dream of.

STEVEN ROSS AND NICHOLAS NICHOLAS TIME WARNER

Want a great recipe for combining two previously independent companies? Start by trying to avoid any hurt feelings. Can't decide whom to make the CEO of the new company? Appoint two persons to share the job. Can't face up to paying each new co-CEO half the pay of the average CEO? Pay each more than twice the pay of the average chief executive. Can't decide whom to have on your new board of directors? Then, with a few exceptions, invite everyone from both former boards to join. Can't face up to paying the new board members half the pay they used to receive so as to keep the board bill from going through the roof? Then nearly double the pay of each of the almost-twice-as-many board members.

You think I'm making this up? It's precisely what happened when Time Inc., the Manhattan-based publisher of magazines, acquired Warner Communications, the quintessential American entertainment company. The two new co-CEOs were Steven Ross, the founder of Warner Communications, and Nicholas Nicholas, the former president of Time Inc.

History records that duumvirates are inherently unstable, and Time Warner has proved history correct. Although both Ross and Nicholas signed virtually unheard-of 15-year employment contracts, the company's board requested Nicholas' resignation not three years later.

But don't book Carnegie Hall for a benefit concert for Nicholas, who has brought new meaning to the word fired. The board gave him a check for $15.8 million to bail itself out from some of those juicy commitments it made to him three years earlier. At the same time, it reemployed him, so to speak, at a salary of $250,000 for the next seven years. During the first two years of that period, he only has to sit in his company-provided office, dictate letters to his company-provided secretary and watch his company-provided pension benefits soar. He also gets to keep millions of shares of Time Warner he was previously granted in stock options. The last such option gave him the right, but not the obligation, to buy 1.2 million shares over at least ten years at a fixed price of $19.92 per share. At the time of his resignation, the options represented a paper profit of $8.5 million. If the company's stock price were to appreciate at the rate of ten percent per

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE
1000
ONE THOUSAND
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

year for the next eight years, Nicholas' paper profit would swell to about $45 million. And that's just one of his many stock-option and free-stock grants.

Nicholas' erstwhile sidekick, Steven Ross, hasn't done too bad, either. Time Warner reported a loss last year, but Ross nonetheless earned $8.1 million in compensation. Moreover, he stands to make a fortune on an even larger stock-option grant—one for 7.2 million shares. If Time Warner's stock appreciates ten percent per year during the nine and a half years remaining in the option, he will cart away about $220 million. (Ross, however, has to pay $150 per share to exercise each of his stock options. At a recent price of about $28 per share, his options currently are worthless.)

So what has happened to Time Warner's stock price now that the board has air-dropped huge amounts of cash all over the upper echelons of the company? It fell from a high of $45.69 shortly after the Time and Warner combination was announced to the aforementioned $28 a share. Had a shareholder sold at $45.69 and reinvested the proceeds in a stock that performed as well as the market average, the investment would be worth close to $70 per share.

ROBERTO GOIZUETA
COCA-COLA

Things go better with Coke—like 2 million shares of free stock. That's what a grateful board of directors awarded Atlanta-based Coke's chief executive, Roberto Goizueta, for his performance during 1991. At the time, the shares had a value of about $59 million. However, lest Goizueta consider that compensation to be insufficient, the board also gave him $4.1 million in cash.

Goizueta cannot sell his shares until his retirement in 1996, but there's practically no way he can forfeit them unless he quits the company. In the meantime, he need do nothing more than fill out deposit slips on annual dividends currently worth $1.1 million.

If Coke's stock appreciates, Goizueta stands to make even more money. And appreciate it has. At a recent price of $44 per share, Goizueta's free-share grant is now worth $88 million. Even if the stock takes a dive, he will walk away an exceedingly rich man. He paid nothing for his shares—so if they decline in value to $15 per share, he will still earn $30 million. And don't forget those dividends.

Goizueta didn't make a killing just in 1991. He has been richly rewarded for years. A check of some of the various incentive grants (those offering payouts based on Coca-Cola's stock price) given to Goizueta between 1984 and 1991 shows that his various plans have generated $425 million in compensation. Add perhaps $30 million of salary and bonuses, and his pay works out to better than $55 million per year.

Goizueta has, however, been a spectacular performer. During his 11 years at the helm, he has delivered total annual returns (counting stock appreciation and dividends) of 31 percent, a performance that ranks him in the top seven percent of CEOs at major companies. Still, other CEOs perform as well as or better and earn only a tenth as much.

If Goizueta never receives another stock grant (and don't bet he won't), and if his company's stock price were to rise at ten percent per year until he retires in 1996, his stock incentives would be worth $610 million. Alternatively, if the stock continued to grow at the 25.3 percent per year rate it has achieved under his leadership, his stock grants will be worth a cool $1 billion. Even if the stock price drops by half, Goizueta will still make about $200 million.

RAY IRANI
OCCIDENTAL PETROLEUM

I can see the scene now: In late 1990 Armand Hammer, the longtime chief executive of Los Angeles–based Occidental Petroleum and one of the greediest bosses of yesteryear, contemplates from his deathbed the golden coffin his heirs would soon receive—a continuation of his multimillion-dollar per year pay package until 1998. His corporate heir, Ray Irani, who has toiled faithfully in Hammer's shadow, bends over to kiss the old man. The virus is transmitted and he becomes greed-positive.

Irani has grabbed it all. His salary, counting a guaranteed free-share award, will be $5 million per year, thereby destroying any pretense that his pay is predicated on his company's performance. And should he die while still employed, his wife stands to receive a consolation payment of about $34 million in addition to an annual pension of $1.2 million per year. (Should Irani live to retirement, he will receive an annual pension of $2.5 million.) On top of that, his grateful company will pay his California state income taxes for him.

Occidental's long-suffering shareholders can only wish they could purchase a piece of Irani's growing compensation package. Since he took over, the stock has gone nowhere.

WILLIAM ANDERS
GENERAL DYNAMICS

Formerly an Air Force major general, moon astronaut and ambassador to Norway, this longtime public servant has discovered the corporate sandbox.

When he took over General Dynamics in 1991, the Falls Church, Virginia–based aerospace firm's stock had sagged in the course of the previous year and a half from $60 per share to $25. But Anders made some major changes. From what I can see, he met each morning with his personnel chief to plan layoffs and other ways to reduce the company's payroll. And then he met each afternoon with the same personnel chief to design compensation plans that would allow him to make up for all those low-paying years in the government.

In one year Anders did some great things for his shareholders, but he didn't neglect himself, either. The firm's stock price more than doubled—from $25.25 per share to $53.75—a level of performance exceeded by only two percent of major companies. (It recently traded around $80.) The cash and deferred payments Anders received (and the increase in the value of his various stock plans) generated about $14 million in potential compensation in 1991, making him an island of prosperity in a sea of employee despair.

One innovative plan inaugurated in the Anders era awarded him an extra $3 million in recognition of his role in getting the stock price to $49 per share. Fortunately for him, he is not required to return money if stock prices sag back to $25.25. Instead, he is being paid an interest rate of about 13 percent to leave his money on deposit with the company. It sure beats buying CDs.

Anders has also proved able as a pioneer compensation planner. He has designed a pay package for himself that offers the incentives associated with an entrepreneur and the downside risk associated with a civil servant. He must be the envy of all those he left behind in the Defense Department.

LEON HIRSCH
UNITED STATES SURGICAL

His performance is to die for. He has been CEO of Norwalk, Connecticut–based United States Surgical since he founded the company 28 years ago. During the past 20 years, he has delivered an astounding compound annual return of 29.1 percent. That may not sound like much, but if you had invested $1000 with him 20 years ago, you'd

(continued on page 170)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

the best teams and top prospects in the greatest show on hardwood

With talent galore and Bob Knight in command, Indiana will have opponents seeing red as it rolls to the national championship.

sports by GARY COLE There was a point in the midst of the Olympic Dream Team nightmare when I almost forgot that basketball was supposed to be an unpredictable, intensely competitive drama, rather than a flag-waving dunkfest. My mind kept wandering to memories of games between the Harlem Globetrotters and their patsies, the Washington Generals. Would Michael Jordan take a run at Charles Barkley with a bucket of water, only to dump confetti on a gasping crowd? I knew then that I finally understood the term "exhibition sport."

But never fear. College basketball is upon us. You remember, the game in which the brainy guys at Princeton can scare the pants off the big bad boys at Georgetown. Your faith in the sport will be restored. There will be so many good teams and games that even television won't be able to telestrate and commercial-break all the fun out of it.

And in case you're concerned that things will be boring because exciting and highly publicized players such as "The Shack" (Shaquille O'Neal), "Baby Jordan" (Harold Miner) and Buckeye Jim Jackson took off for the NBA as underclassmen, not to worry. There's plenty more where they came from. College ball is the ultimate democratic game: When the NCAA championships roll around next spring, everything will be up for grabs.

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. Indiana
2. Michigan
3. Duke
4. Kansas
5. Memphis State
6. Kentucky
7. UNLV
8. North Carolina
9. Florida State
10. Seton Hall
11. Arizona
12. Oklahoma
13. Georgetown
14. Connecticut
15. UCLA
16. Cincinnati
17. Utah
18. Iowa
19. Brigham Young
20. Massachusetts
21. Evansville
22. Auburn
23. Tulane
24. Purdue
25. Georgia Tech

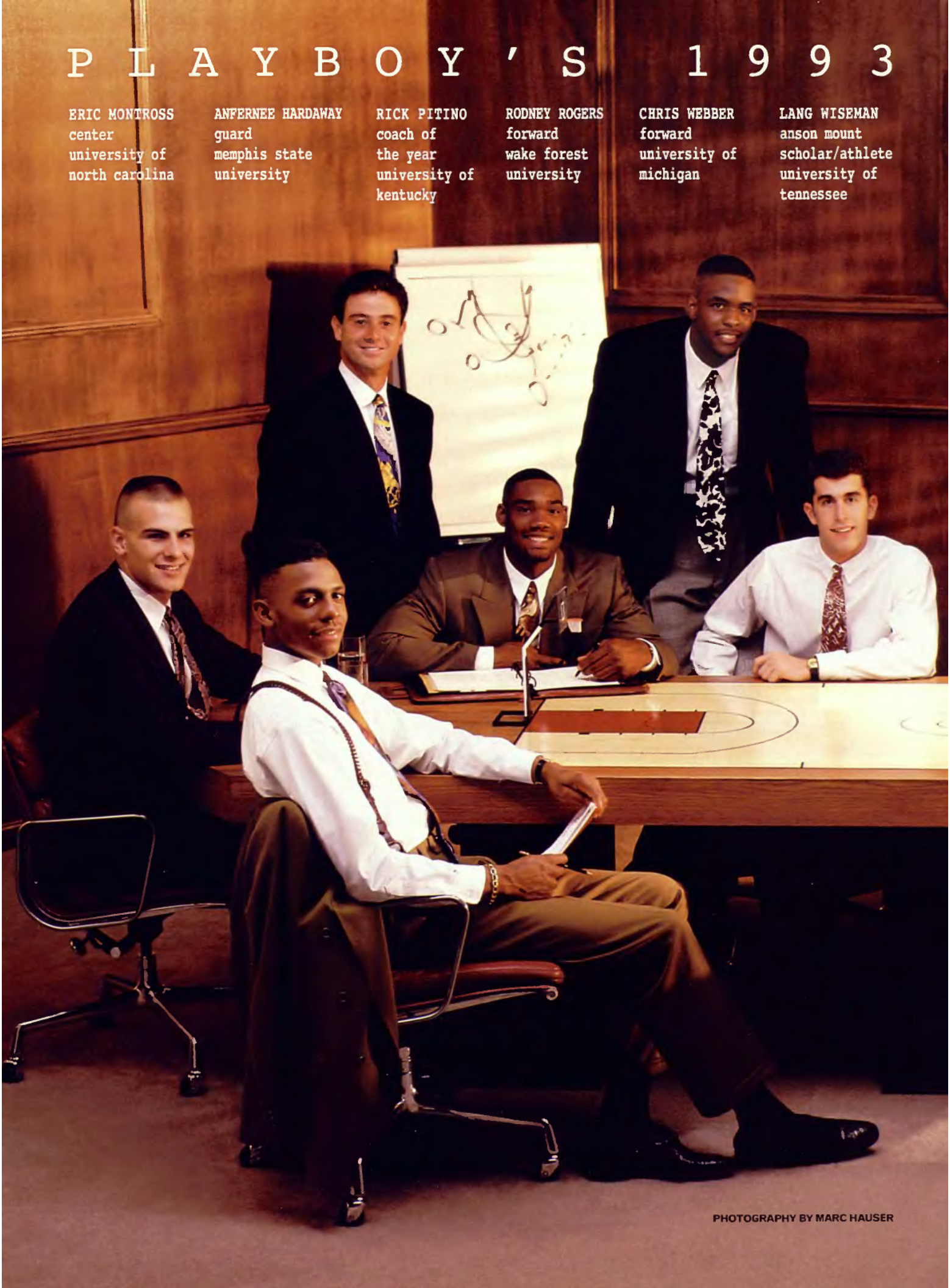
POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS:
Arkansas, Houston, Texas, Florida, Louisville, Iowa State, Arizona State, Syracuse, Nebraska, New Mexico State, Tennessee.

For a complete conference-by-conference listing of the predicted final standings, see pages 212–213.

ATLANTIC COAST

Duke has a good enough team to win the ACC crown again and take a run at a third consecutive national championship, but the Blue Devils won't do it without overcoming stiff competition from several strong conference foes. With national Player of the Year Christian Laettner in the pros, Mike Krzyzewski has his next team leader in Playboy All-America Grant Hill, who proved he could perform when the pressure of the season's last few games cut Laettner's productivity. And then there's Bobby Hurley, Duke's all-time career assist leader, who would like to end his college career by playing on another national championship team. Thomas Hill, a third returning starter from last season, is a solid double-digit point producer. But the key to the completion of Krzyzewski's national championship trilogy is 6'11" sophomore center Cherokee Parks, who will have to shoulder much of the burden of Duke's inside game. Inside is where

PLAYBOY'S 1993



ERIC MONTROSS
center
university of
north carolina

ANFERNEE HARDAWAY
guard
memphis state
university

RICK PITINO
coach of
the year
university of
kentucky

RODNEY ROGERS
forward
wake forest
university

CHRIS WEBBER
forward
university of
michigan

LANG WISEMAN
anson mount
scholar/athlete
university of
tennessee

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC HAUSER

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

GRANT HILL
guard
duke
university

ACIE EARL
center
university of
iowa

REX WALTERS
guard
university of
kansas

CALBERT CHEANEY
forward
indiana
university

ALLAN HOUSTON
guard
university of
tennessee

JAMAL MASHBURN
forward
university of
kentucky

North Carolina will likely be the strongest. Playboy All-America center Eric Montross is ready to play a season that will be a painful reminder of what Bob Knight lost when Indiana-born Montross picked Chapel Hill over Bloomington. If Dean Smith can find an outside threat, North Carolina will battle Duke toe-to-toe all the way to New Orleans, site of this season's NCAA finals. Not as publicized but perhaps as good as the two front-runners is **Florida State,** where coach Pat Kennedy returns all starters from last season's 22–10 team that lost to Indiana in the Sweet 16. Starting guard Charlie Ward is also starting QB for the Seminole football team, so he might be a bit exhausted after the bowl game, but the two best Seminole roundballers, 6'9" forward Doug Edwards (17.1 points per game) and 6'3" guard Sam Cassell (18.4 ppg), will be ready at the season's opening tip. **Georgia Tech,** another ACC power that made last season's Sweet 16 in the NCAA tournament, could be around again this season. Six-eleven Malcom Mackey is coach Bobby Cremin's most dependable player, though point guard Travis Best and small forward James Forrest are also solid contributors. With all-time school scoring leader Bryant Stith graduated, **Virginia** will struggle to equal its 20-win production of last season. The Cavaliers, who won the postseason NIT tournament with an 81–76 overtime win against Notre Dame, will depend on returning starters Junior Burrough and Cory Alexander, both sophomores. **Maryland** coach Gary Williams is bringing in one of the nation's top recruiting classes. As soon as Duane Simpkins, a two-time *Parade* All-America, and Exree Hipp learn the college ropes, the Terps will be tough. In the meantime, Evers Burns (15.9 ppg) is Maryland's go-to player. **Wake Forest's** only returning starter is Playboy All-America Rodney Rogers. However, Randolph Childress, who sat out last season with an injury, Georgetown transfer Charlie Harrison and Trelonnie Owens, a solid number-six man last season, will make the Demon Deacons dangerous. **Clemson** coach Cliff Ellis has four starters returning from last season's 14–14 squad, but an NCAA investigation hangs over the Tigers' heads; sanctions could be just around the corner.

ATLANTIC TEN

Despite losing Jim McCoy, **Massachusetts'** all-time leading scorer, along with two other starters, this year's Minutemen should be nearly as good as last season's 30–5 squad. Coach John Calipari recruited a pair of outstanding 6'6" freshman forwards: Donta Bright and Dana Dingle. While the freshmen learn the ropes, Atlantic Ten Player of the Year Harper Williams and forward Tony Barbee will be Calipari's best players. **West Virginia** coach Gale Catlett has a shot at a fourth regular-season Atlantic Ten title. Catlett's team is well balanced—11 of 13 players averaged ten minutes per game last season—but the Mountaineers lost two strong bench players when forward Lawrence Pollard and center Wilfred Kirkaldy were injured in an auto accident. Power forward Ricky Robinson (13.7 ppg) is Catlett's most consistent player. **Rhode Island** (22–10) loses only 6'10" center Jeff Kent from last year's starters, but coach Al Skinner was unable to recruit a big man to replace the conference's second-best rebounder. The Rams did get a break when forward Mike Brown was granted an additional year of eligibility by the NCAA. At **Temple,** it's rebuilding time for coach John Chaney. Freshmen William Cunningham, a 6'11" center, and Derrick Battie are strong prospects who should flourish under Chaney's tutelage. **George Washington** will be solid. Its two leading scorers from last season—Dirkk Surles (19.9 ppg) and Sonni

(continued on page 207)

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Basketball Coach of the Year is ***RICK PITINO*** of the University of Kentucky. Pitino has been a winner wherever he's coached. At Boston University he had a five-year record of 91–51 and was twice named New England Coach of the Year. In his second year at Providence College, Pitino led the Friars to a 25–9 record and an NCAA Final Four appearance. And his New York Knicks won the Atlantic Division title in his second season. He then took over the University of Kentucky program after the Wildcats had been placed on a two-year NCAA probation. The team finished 14–14 in his first season, even though he had only eight scholarship players, none of whom were taller than 6'7". The next season Kentucky finished 22–6, the best record in the SEC, though they weren't eligible to win the conference championship. Last year Kentucky had a 29–7 record, and only a last-second overtime basket by Christian Laettner prevented the Wildcats from eliminating the eventual national champion, Duke, and making the Final Four. Our congratulations to Coach Pitino, and to the rest of the Playboy All-Americas.

GRANT HILL—Guard, 6'8", junior, Duke. An All–Final Four selection last season, this versatile player averaged 14 points per game and had 39 steals, 134 assists and a 61.1 shooting percentage from the floor.

ALLAN HOUSTON—Guard, 6'6", senior, Tennessee. Already has 2132 points, needing only 118 more to become Tennessee's all-time leading scorer. Averaged 21.7 points and shot 41.8 percent from three-point range last season. A two-time Playboy All-America.

ANFERNEE HARDAWAY—Guard, 6'7", junior, Memphis State. Had 86 steals and 188 assists last season. Broke Memphis' record for three-point shots with 69. Was Great Midwest Conference MVP.

REX WALTERS—Guard, 6'4", senior, Kansas. Big Eight Newcomer of the Year, he averaged 16 points per game and had 124 assists for the season.

JAMAL MASHBURN—Forward, 6'8", junior, Kentucky. Averaged 21.3 points per game last season. Had 96 points in Kentucky's four NCAA tournament games.

CALBERT CHEANEY—Forward, 6'6", senior, Indiana. Averaged 18.8 points per game over three-year Indiana career with a shooting percentage of 56.4. Currently fourth on IU's all-time scoring list with 1817 points.

RODNEY ROGERS—Forward, 6'7", junior, Wake Forest. Led his team in scoring (20.5 ppg), rebounding (8.5 rpg), steals, blocked shots and field-goal percentage (61.4).

CHRIS WEBBER—Forward, 6'9", sophomore, Michigan. Averaged 15.5 points per game and was first freshman ever to lead the Big Ten in rebounding (9.8 rpg).

ACIE EARL—Center, 6'10", senior, Iowa. Big Ten Defensive Player of the Year. Had 121 blocked shots last season and holds Iowa career record for blocked shots with 277. Averaged 19.5 points per game.

ERIC MONTROSS—Center, 7', junior, North Carolina. Averaged 11.2 points and 7 rebounds per game with limited playing time. Scored 21 points and grabbed 12 rebounds in Tar Heels' final NCAA tournament game against Ohio State.

"I discovered I was substituting lavish gift-giving for my true passion—chasing nooky!"

Slicked Up on Melrose Place

FASHION
By HOLLIS WAYNE

fox tv's brightest new stars show off the hottest looks of the holidays

IT COMES as no surprise that the twentysomething series *Melrose Place* is such a hit. After all, spending an hour a week with Josie Bissett and Courtney Thorne-Smith beats the hormones out of watching *The Golden Girls*. Plus, *Melrose Place* confronts real issues such as homelessness, sexual harassment and how to keep in rhythm during cardio-funk aerobics. And yes, those handsome male co-stars know how to dress, which is why we asked them to model six sharp holiday outfits. The key to the clothing they're wearing is contrast—combining dark colors with bright ones. A royal-blue sports jacket, for example, stands out over a dark pullover sweater and trousers. So does a boldly printed vest over a black crewneck. As for the sexy female cast members, well, they'd look good in just about anything.

Left: Married on *Melrose Place* (they play the Mancinis), actors Thomas Calabro and Josie Bissett are a dashing duo here as well. His outfit includes a single-breasted suit, $1100, and a leather belt, $120, both by Paul Smith; plus a cashmere crewneck, from I. Magnin, $300. (Bissett's jacket is by Richard Tyler; her dress from I. Magnin, Beverly Hills.) Right: Andrew Shue, who plays the fledgling writer Billy Campbell, wears an angora/lamb's-wool single-breasted sports jacket, about $600, a wool mock turtleneck, about $255, and wool jersey trousers, $265, all by Michael Kors.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN DANELIAN

Subtle and intelligent is the best way to describe Doug Savant's portrayal of the show's gay character, Matt Fielding. Here he cuddles with castmate Courtney Thorne-Smith (a.k.a. Alison Parker) in a wool crepe six-button one-to-button double-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, about $1400, and cashmere zip-up ribbed mock turtleneck, $700, both by Donna Karan; plus a cotton T-shirt, by Calvin Klein, about $28. (Thorne-Smith's outfit is by Richard Tyler.)

Every apartment complex has at least one brooding hunk, and at *Melrose Place* it's Jake Hanson, played in perfect James Dean style by Grant Show. Show's choice of outfit is a wool single-breasted sports jacket with notched lapels and besom pockets, about $1000, wool striped triple-pleated trousers, $395, and a multicolored circular-patterned brocade vest, $675, all by Istante; plus a cashmere crewneck sweater, by Ballantyne for Cashmere Cashmere, about $490.

Savant's *Melrose Place* character runs a homeless shelter and Thorne-Smith's has overcome a lewd co-worker and a shrewd one who tried to take credit for her work. Looking far less serious, he sports a cashmere single-breasted sports jacket, $895, wool crepe trousers, $395, and suede shoes, $325, all by Donna Karan; plus a cashmere sweater, by Gentry Portofino, $445; and an acetate/wool vest, by Byblos, $352. (Thorne-Smith's outfit is from I. Magnin, Beverly Hills.)

MAKEUP BY GARY BERKOWITZ FOR CLOUTIER
HAIR BY JONATHAN SETARO FOR CLOUTIER
WOMEN'S STYLING BY LEE W. MOORE FOR VISAGES STYLE, L.A.
MEN'S GROOMING BY DAVID COX FOR CELESTINE, L.A.

A jack-of-all-trades with a constant flow of female companionship, Show's character, Jake Hanson, has so far preferred to fly solo. For this momentary attachment with Bissett, he combined a wool-and-cashmere two-button single-breasted sports jacket with notched lapels and besom pockets, about $520, wool double-pleated trousers, about $130, and a wool sweater with diagonal buttons, about $330, all by Emporio Armani. (Bissett's outfit is from I. Magnin, Beverly Hills.)

Where & How to Buy on page 243.

featherbedders *(continued from page 158)*

"Executive compensation is different from the Olympics. If you fail, the officials invite you to try again."

be sitting on $165,000 today.

Like Roberto Goizueta, Hirsch raises the issue of how much is enough. In one year, he has received options on 2.75 million shares of stock. Leaving aside the $21 million he already reaped by exercising some shares in 1991, these grants contain a further $25 million of paper profit. If his company's stock price increases at ten percent per year until his options expire in 2001, his profit will grow to $271 million. If he is lucky enough to duplicate his company's 28.3 percent per year stock-price growth rate of the past 20 years, his profit will balloon to $1.9 billion. And all this stems from just one year's worth of stock-option grants.

Stock-option shares provide a better link between pay and performance than the free-share grants made by a company such as Coca-Cola. There's no payout if the stock price sinks below the price the executive must pay to exercise the option. Still, if you look again at the 2.75-million-share grant and if you assume that U.S. Surgical's stock price increases at only seven percent per year during the ten-year life of the option—about what an investor can receive from investing in Treasury bonds—Hirsch will earn $164 million from that single grant.

Hirsch is a stupendous performer, but $1.9 billion seems to be an awfully big reward for continuing to bat the ball out of the park. At the same time, if he grounds out, the $164 million he stands to earn is about $164 million too much. And don't forget that he will probably receive further large option grants before he packs it in.

Hirsch's wife also works at U.S. Surgical. In 1991, when Hirsch was exercising some of his stock options for a profit of $21 million, his wife was exercising some of her stock options for a profit of $23 million. Her recent grants are running at roughly one third the size of her husband's, so the stock's continued great performance ought to add another $600 million to the Hirsch family coffers.

W. J. SANDERS III
ADVANCED MICRO DEVICES

Earlier, I made this statement about stock options: "There's no payout if the stock price sinks below the price the executive must pay to exercise the option." Well, I was kidding, and the proof of that can be seen at Advanced Micro Devices, a large Silicon Valley computer-chip manufacturer.

Suppose an executive receives an option on 100,000 shares at $50 per share. And suppose that, instead of rising, his company's stock falls to $30 per share. The option is worthless, right? Wrong, on two counts. First, the option may not expire for, say, nine years, and during that time, the stock can rebound to more than $50 per share. Second, the company can invite the executive to turn in his old option and receive a new one carrying a purchase price of $30 per share. If the stock makes it back to $50 per share, the executive can receive a $2 million reward. This sort of transaction, which can occur any number of times, is called an option swap.

Option swaps show that the game of executive compensation is played differently from, say, the Olympic Games. If you are participating in the high jump, and if the bar is set at six feet, you either clear the bar or you head for the showers. But at the executive compensation Olympics, if you crash into the bar at six feet, the indulgent officials (the board of directors) lower the bar to five feet and invite you to try again. If you fail a second time, the bar is lowered to four feet. And so on until, in the case of the most inept performer, a trench is dug and the bar is buried. The executive compensation Olympics isn't much fun for the spectators, but the participants just love it, and they can hardly wait to start a new game.

Advanced Micro Devices is headed by its flamboyant founder, W. J. "Jerry" Sanders III. His record for long-term total shareholder return has been about average for companies of similar size. But his company's stock has fallen from a high of $41.13 per share in 1984 to a low of $3.63 in October 1990. The company's board responded to this assault on its executive's wealth by engaging in three different option swaps—one in 1988 and two in 1990. Although the directors didn't manage to swap at the $3.63 market bottom, they did manage to swap a lot of shares at $4.25 per share. All in all, Sanders swapped 2.16 million shares. Then, in January and February 1992, he exercised options on 863,000 of those swapped shares—the ones carrying the purchase price of $4.25 per share. The share price at the date of exercise was around $20, and the shares were sold the same days he bought them. (The $20 price on the dates Sanders exercised his options was right near the top. The stock peaked at $21.50 per share in February and was recently selling around $12.) Sanders walked away with a profit of $14 million. Not bad for recovering less than half the stock price Advanced Micro lost. And don't forget that he exercised only 863,000 of those swapped option shares. He has 1.3 million shares left, which, in total, can be supposed to contain many millions of further compensation.

In explaining Advanced Micro's seeming proclivity to swap options at the drop of a hat, a company spokesperson told a CNN reporter that the decline in its stock price was caused by the dumping of computer chips by the Japanese. In other words, the stock price sag was not the fault of Sanders or any of his executives; it was the fault of others—and foreigners, to boot. Perhaps that is truly so, but perhaps the subsequent stock-price rise also wasn't Sanders' responsibility. John Kennedy was fond of quoting a proverb: "Victory has a hundred fathers and defeat is an orphan."

PAUL LEGO
WESTINGHOUSE

The Wall Street Journal headline blared: WESTINGHOUSE CUT LEGO'S PAY BY $1.5 MILLION. Well, *The Wall Street Journal* had it wrong. The cash compensation of Pittsburgh-based Westinghouse chief Paul Lego did decline by $1.5 million, but he is apt to get far more than that back from two outsized stock-option grants.

When Lego took over the company in July 1990, Westinghouse's stock was trading at $36.75 per share, and he received a normal stock-option grant covering 124,000 shares at $36.53 per share. His first month on the job saw the stock peak at $39.38 and then head south because of rumors that the company was having problems at its credit subsidiary. Sure enough, write-offs totaling $2.6 billion followed over the next 15 months. Westinghouse stock went into a spiral from which it did not recover until December 1991, when the stock bottomed out at $13.75 per share.

But Westinghouse, unlike Advanced Micro Devices' dealings with Sanders, didn't swap Lego's earlier-granted options for new ones carrying lower

(continued on page 226)

NO DUMPING

You seem quiet... something wrong?
Yeah... I've finally decided to break it off with Cheryl. I'm gonna tell her tonight.
KEITH ROBINSON
What!? You can't break up with her NOW!
Why not?
It's too late! The Christmas season has started! Women are most emotional around the holidays! You break up with her now, she could fall to pieces! You want to carry around that guilt?
TOY
OPEN
XMAS
NKR
Your female friends will think you're an insensitive jerk. The guys will think you're a cheap bastard who just wanted to get out of buying her a gift!
And what about YOU, alone Christmas morning? Don't call ME all depressed! And you think you have time to line up another date for New Year's eve? Forget about it!
NOËL
XXX
Three weeks before Thanksgiving through two weeks after Valentine's Day... it's the NO-BREAKUP zone!
Oh, that's ridiculous!
Cheryl... We need to talk...
Wait a minute, Honey... MISTLETOE!
MMMPF
Now... what did you want to talk about?
It'll keep till March.

ROXY
LITES
GYRATOR HP

PLAYBOY'S KILLER GUIDE TO SNOWBOARDING

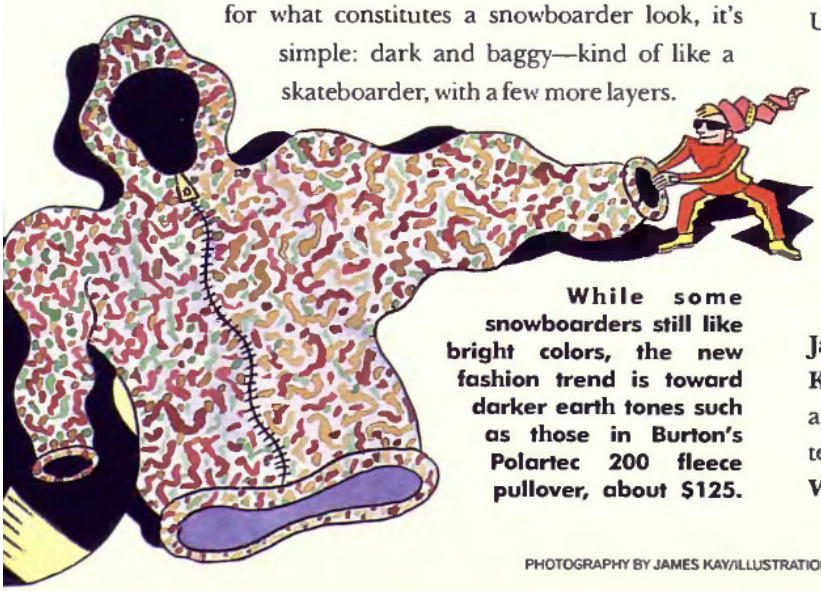
a rad look at the season's hottest sport

By CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

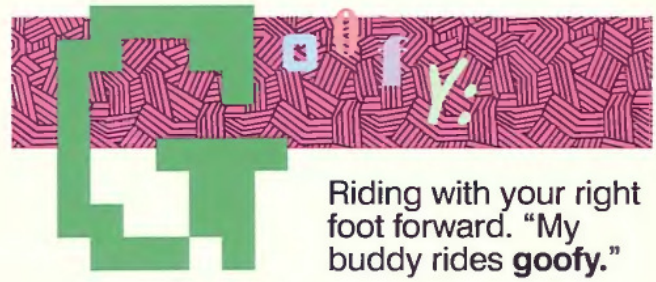
SNOWBOARDERS WERE ONCE considered the gypsies of the ski slopes, scraping away under the lifts in flannels and Goodwill fatigues. Now they're bashing moguls, busting powder and threading the trees with the kind of skill and bad-dog attitude that can draw gasps from the lift lines. To learn more about the sport that's brought a new thrill to the mountains, we took off for Blackcomb, British Columbia, and Craig Kelly's World Snowboard Camp, summer home of some of the top riders. After a couple of days on the glacier, we were linking turns and were immersed in the hip culture of boarding. From the boots and boards to lessons and lingo, here's everything you need to know to get started.

SHRED THREADS

Before you go out and spend megabucks on a slick new outfit, understand that a snowboarder would rather wipe out in front of a lift line than get caught wearing something with a designer label. Style in this sport is a frame of mind; clothing is practical. Outerwear, for example, is actually uninsulated, waterproof shells designed to be worn baggy over layered underwear and fleece. Pants are reinforced in the knees and buttocks and may have pockets for additional foam padding. Jackets and anoraks are loose-fitting for ventilation and cut long at the waist so you can sit on the tail while resting. Since boarders spend a lot of time dragging their hands through the snow, gloves and mittens have gauntlets that cover the wrists and incorporate heavy nylon or Kevlar at stress points to resist abrasion. As for what constitutes a snowboarder look, it's simple: dark and baggy—kind of like a skateboarder, with a few more layers.



While some snowboarders still like bright colors, the new fashion trend is toward darker earth tones such as those in Burton's Polartec 200 fleece pullover, about $125.



Riding with your right foot forward. "My buddy rides **goofy.**"

RESORTS THAT RIP

More than 90 percent of mountain resorts in North America welcome snowboarders. Many maintain a halfpipe—a U-shaped ditch carved in the snow—and a few have terrain and facilities that make them exceptional places to ride. Among the favorites are: **Arapahoe Basin, Colorado:** Open until June, with a retro attitude and big above-treeline bowls. **Blackcomb and Whistler Mountain, British Columbia:** Both boast big bowls and a long season. **Breckenridge, Colorado:** Long runs perfect for beginners. Also the home of the Snowboard Hall of Fame in the Peak 8 summit lodge. **Jackson Hole, Wyoming:** Monster chutes for rippers. **Killington, Vermont:** Enthusiastic snowboard instructors and 77 miles of trails. **Mount Bachelor, Oregon:** Rolling terrain and annual snowfall of 325 inches. **Mount Baker, Washington:** Massive snow and natural halfpipe. **Squaw**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES KAY/ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

Valley, California: Stumps and boulders for altitude enhancement, plus the biggest snowfall in Tahoe. **Stratton Mountain, Vermont:** Claims the world's longest halfpipe; Burton tests its new gear here. **Vail, Colorado:** Dan Quayle learned to snowboard here, but we won't hold it against this exceptional resort.

Shred Betty:

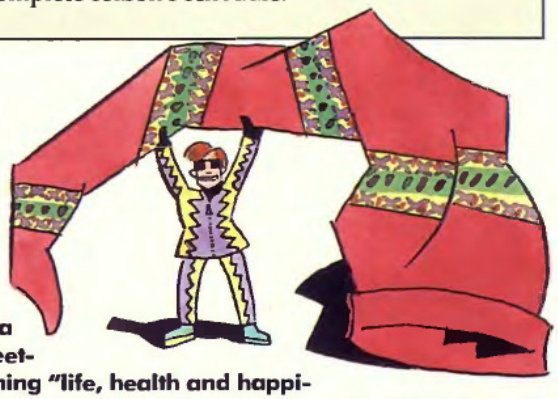
A female snowboarder. "Check out the **Shred Betty** stylin' under the lift."

GETTING IN GEAR

Since you'll be careening down the mountainside with your feet strapped to a single board, you'll want to make sure it's the right piece of equipment. For a beginner, the best choice is a more forgiving freestyle or freeride snowboard rather than the more advanced alpine-racing model. With a freestyle board, you'll be able to maneuver the halfpipe, slopes and powder with equal agility. The slightly longer and stiffer freeride model provides more edge-holding ability for carving turns. It's not a bad idea to rent both types before you buy. Just make sure you follow these few rules of thumb: Snowboards, like skis, are measured in centimeters, not inches. If you weigh less than 140 pounds, a 150-centimeter board is a good starting point. If you weigh more than that, go with one that's 160 centimeters. Anything longer may be tough to control. Some good freestyle boards to demo include Burton's Air 6.1 ($450), Sims's 160 ATV ($449), Rossignol's Freestyle ($512) and K2's HC156 ($399). Top freeride models include Burton's Asym Air ($570), Kemper's Fantom ($550) and Intruder ($399), Rossignol's Alpine ($535), K2's AC161 ($469) and Morrow's Multipro 155 cm ($400). These retail prices include bindings, but in some cases, you can purchase boards without them. Either way, the positioning of the binding will determine the way you ride, either "regular" (left foot forward) or "goofy" (right foot forward). To find out which way feels more natural, put on a pair of socks and then run and slide across a hard floor. The foot you lead with when you slide is the one that you prefer forward. In most cases, board manufacturers will suggest approximate mounting specs, but the precise binding location is up to you. For the best support, beginners should choose a stance width of 17 inches to 21 inches, with the binding baseplates angled 35 degrees forward. In terms of boots, the top-selling models are soft in construction, with beveled toes and heels and a supportive

SNOWBOARD SCHOOLS THAT MAKE THE GRADE

The best way to learn to snowboard is to take lessons. Most resorts that welcome snowboarders now offer instruction. Since snowboarding is not hard to learn, a weekend-lesson-and-rental package is a perfect way to get started. Keep in mind that it's much easier to learn on soft snow—if icy conditions prevail, wait for a dump. Also, ask if instructors have been snowboard-certified by the Professional Ski Instructors of America. They are at **Vail's** highly regarded ski school, which now offers snowboard classes for beginners and experts, including bump and powder workshops. **Sunday River** in Maine offers equally varied instruction, including freestyle, mogul and racing classes. **Whistler Mountain** has excellent adults-only snowboard camps throughout the ski season. And the **Good 'N Fruity Snowboard Jam Series,** which claims a strong adult following, hits 16 resorts across the country. For $10, you get one free lesson and a chance to try out the latest demo gear. Call 303-29-BOARD for information on the complete season's schedule.



Bula, a Fijian greeting meaning "life, health and happiness," is also the name of one of the coolest lines of snowboard clothing and accessories on the market. Our vote for the hippest hat goes to the Bula Cinella/fleece Shred Snake, about $30, illustrated here, which comes in an assortment of wild colors and features a two-foot-long tail.

ski-boot-type liner. As with the boards, soft boots come in both the freestyle version, such as the Burton Freestyle ($210), the Morrow Freepro ($200) and the Sims Halfpipe ($219), as well as the more supportive freeride style, such as the Sims Inflator ($270), the Morrow Multipro ($169) and the Burton Comp ($219) shown on previous page. In Europe, most snowboarders ride with hard-shell boots and plate bindings, which offer precise edge control in hard snow. Stateside, hard boots, such as Burton's Megaflex ($360) and Rossignol's Raid ($265), are just beginning to catch on—particularly with aggressive cross-over skiers who aren't accustomed to the loose feel of soft snowboard boots.

Morrow's Freepro gloves, with features such as waterproof construction, precurved fingers and snow-seal cuffs, are so sturdy they come with a six-month warranty, $60.

EXPERT OPINION

What do some of snowboarding's top dogs have to say about getting started? **Mike Estes,** Mount Hood powder hound: "It's easier to learn the sport on soft snow—pick a powder day." **Craig Kelly,** four-time world pro champion: "Lock your knees together to lower your center of gravity." **Kelly Jo Legaz,** hard-core instructor: "Start in soft boots to master edge control." **Shaun Palmer,** two-time world halfpipe champion: "Go fast, stay low and don't catch your edge or you'll slam your head." **Terri Rengstorff,** back-country rider: "Weight forward, knees bent, hands out front and roll with the fall." **Tom Sims,** snowboard inventor: "I strongly recommend *not* trying snowboarding unless you're prepared to put all your skis in storage—forever."

Where & How to Buy on page 243.

*f*akie:

To ride backward. "I was riding **fakie** when I ran into the snow groomer."

A FEW WAYS TO FIT IN

Learning to snowboard is easy. Learning the culture is hard. Some suggestions: Drive a Toyota FJ-40 Land Cruiser, a 1968 Cadillac, a Volkswagen van, any Ford Fairmont, or hitchhike. . . . Wear a baseball cap backward, a beret, a bandanna or a wild stocking cap. . . . Listen to the Red Hot Chili Peppers, White Zombie, Amboog-A-Lard and the Beastie Boys, or anything labeled "Seattle sound." . . . Read *Transworld SNOWboarding* or *Snowboard* magazine. . . . Patch your gloves with duct tape and plaster your board with stickers.

Designed by halfpipe champion Shaun Palmer, the Palmer "Disco Pimp" Pro Model snowboard features an extra-light wood core for big air and consistently smooth performance in all types of snow conditions, by Sims, $599, including bindings.

THE INSIDER'S GUIDE TO THE MCLAUGHLIN GROUP

what goes on behind the bickering on america's liveliest political talk show

article by Warren Kalbacker

RONALD REAGAN claimed he had *The McLaughlin Group* figured out: "John took a simple Sunday-morning discussion format out of the issues of our day and, using the insight, skill and great humility that have become his trademark, managed to turn it into a political version of *Animal House*."

Wrong! *The McLaughlin Group* owes nothing to the sonorous intonations of television's Sabbath pundits. Ex-Jesuit and former denizen of the Nixon White House, John McLaughlin recognized that the tube was no place merely to read op-ed pieces. So he turned to a format guaranteed to entertain audiences: the Jesuit classroom. It's so obvious that it's a wonder no one thought of it at the dawn of television: Ignatius Loyola meets the video age.

Before the White House job, before the television career, McLaughlin was a Catholic-prep-school master whose students reportedly called him Father God. McLaughlin groupie Fred Barnes acknowledges the connection: "John treats us like kids, but we're not afraid. We're old enough."

Well, maybe. Barnes, Eleanor Clift, Jack Germond, Morton Kondracke and Clarence Page all sport impeccable credentials, but even syndicated columnists, *New Republic* editors and a Pulitzer Prize winner must conform to the centuries-old formula. Groupies even report encounters with Jesuit-educated viewers who are on to McLaughlin's technique. The former students understand the panelists' plight, dealing with "an overbearing know-it-all" who attempts to elicit concise analyses of the subject at hand. The Jesuitical method provokes rapid-fire recitation while dangling the threat of humiliation. And no, McLaughlin did not adapt the name game to taunt Kondracke. The caricatured pronunciation of a student's name is the old Jesuit warning that it's time to *(continued on page 219)*

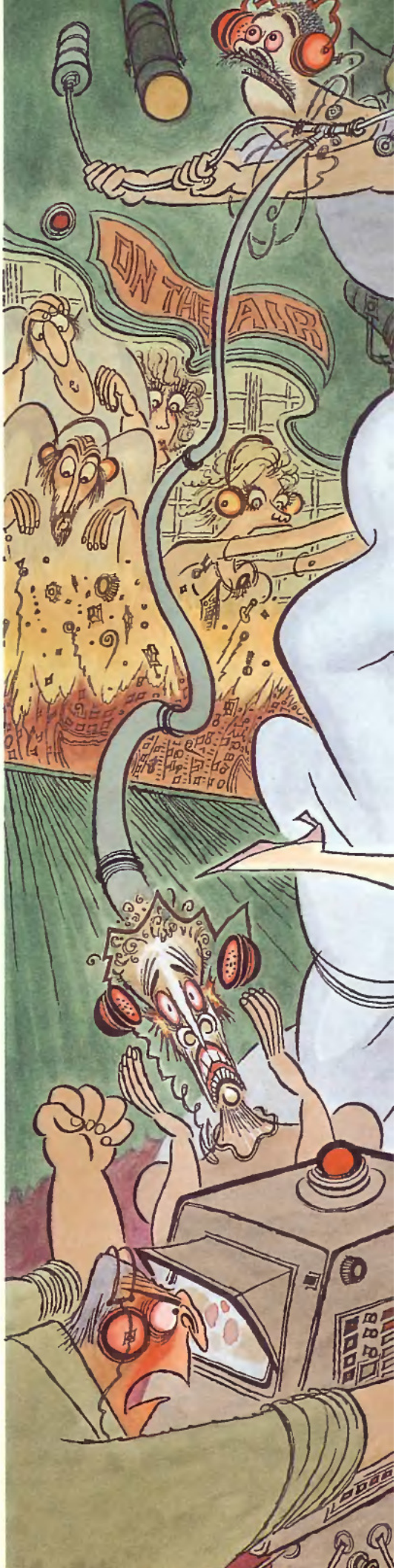


ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

ARNOLD ROTH

PERSONAL POWER *(continued from page 132)*

"You dirty s.o.b., don't think I'll take this lying down. I'll report you to every authority I can find."

Rule, with twists that in the wrong hands could be treacherous: treating others as they *think* you would treat yourself, giving people what they don't realize they need until so persuaded, using strangers as if they were close relatives over whom you have a natural advantage. Irrespective of the questionable morality (if that could ever be said), the efficacy of these principles could be called doubtful. The members of Devlin's family (two parents, two older sisters) were the last people he would expect to influence—as they had been the first on whom he tried it as a boy. And before he could get anywhere near being able to con others (if that was his aim), he must first get them simply to listen to him, something that seemed to him to be a basic right, not a privilege to be gained by dupery.

In his abusive letter to Krafft, he freely engaged in the use of obscenities he would not have put into writing under other conditions. If this was a degrading sort of revenge, at least no third party knew of it, and in fact he did thereafter feel, if not exactly fulfilled, then at least not so bitter as to be emotionally disabled. He even began to think again about resuming a social life.

•

He had on several recent occasions seen an attractive woman in the local delicatessen where he was wont to acquire the elements of his evening meal. Whenever observed, she had been buying the cold poached chicken, a dish that Devlin knew from experience to be dry and overdone. (The adjoining turkey legs were edible enough, the cold roast meats, especially the pork, were unexceptional.) This gave him a subject on which to address the woman, who was as fair as his first wife and as tall as Annemarie and finer of feature. Therefore, the next time he saw her at the appropriate counter, he drifted there and asked, as if casually, whether she could recommend the chicken.

She winced at him. "Hardly."

He quickly decided to come clean. "I've seen you buying it several times. I wanted to meet you. I guess I chose the wrong topic. I apologize."

"All right," she said, smirking. "It's for my dog. I know I should cook it myself, and sometimes I do, but frankly, during the week, I'm often too exhausted."

Devlin said he had owned several dogs during his life and spoiled them all, and having made what he hoped was a good impression, nodded goodbye to her at the frozen-yogurt case. Such was the discreet style he had fashioned for city life. It was very likely he would encounter her again, at which time they would already have a precedent on which to build. Meanwhile, she had nothing, in this criminal era, to give her concern. Nor had he done anything, as yet, that could be used as a pretext for rejection.

When he got home with his sliced corned beef and coleslaw, he found in the box a letter from Krafft, Inc., indeed, from someone who had signed himself H. Krafft, no title given.

Dear Mr. Devlin:

I'm rising above your abuse, though it is likely such language would be actionable. I do this because my sole interest is control and not reaction.

Normally, the course in my technique consists of ten lessons in as many weeks, each at the low, low price of $89.95. Believe me when I say that though this schedule may seem endless to you, and the early lessons may not appear to break new ground, experience has taught me that it is necessary for the beginner to proceed slowly until he is equipped psychologically and emotionally to handle the extraordinary power he will have at his command by the end of lesson ten.

Were the situation otherwise, I would not want to be in any way responsible for what might happen, were an individual not so carefully prepared. But you, sir, have questioned my honor and challenged a good name such that you have so insulted me as to have relieved me of any concern for your well-being. Therefore I enclose, free of charge, lesson ten. I suspect you will use it badly.

Contemptuously yours,
H. Krafft

The so-called lesson ten was printed on a sheet of paper of standard size, though its message could have been easily accommodated on a notepad. Reading it alone in the elevator, Devlin sounded a loud, bitter laugh. As soon as he reached his apartment, he threw his parcels of food onto the kitchen counter and sat down to write a furious answer.

Dear crook,

That's it? That's the great secret at the end of all this? To dominate a person, all you have to do is stare between his eyes? For this your dupes pay (counting the first $19.95) $919.45? That's all I get for $109.90?

You dirty son of a bitch, don't think I'm going to take this lying down. I intend to report you to every authority I can find.

Your nemesis,
Victor Devlin

But the fact was that when his indignation had had time to subside, he was left with only the kind of disgust that saps the will, and he did nothing to carry out his threat. His life proceeded as before. At work he was jollied along by his colleagues, and the boss rarely passed his desk without patting him on the shoulder. But when it came to staff conferences, his proposals—including that for an exciting new marketing procedure on which he had been laboring for months—were politely, even affectionately, tabled.

•

He failed to encounter the attractive dog owner on many consecutive visits to the deli, but his luck changed one evening when buying shredded wheat for the next day's breakfast. He was standing before the dairy case, trying to remember the expiration date on the carton of milk at home, when he saw her reflection in the glass door. He spun around eagerly.

"Hi!"

"Do I know you?" She was dubious but not quite hostile.

"You buy cooked chicken for your dog."

She nodded judiciously. "I've certainly done that in my day."

"I've been looking for you for some time."

"Why?"

He had to face the fact that she had no memory of him whatever. Suddenly he was desperate enough to try anything nonviolent. He stared at an imaginary spot on her forehead, just above the nose, midway between her eyes. "You don't recognize me?"

She trembled slightly. Then she cried, "Of course! You're the best-dressed man who comes in here. Those fabulous paisley ties, the great belts!"

He brought his eyes down to hers. He owned no paisley ties, and his one serviceable belt was dull brown leather

(continued on page 232)

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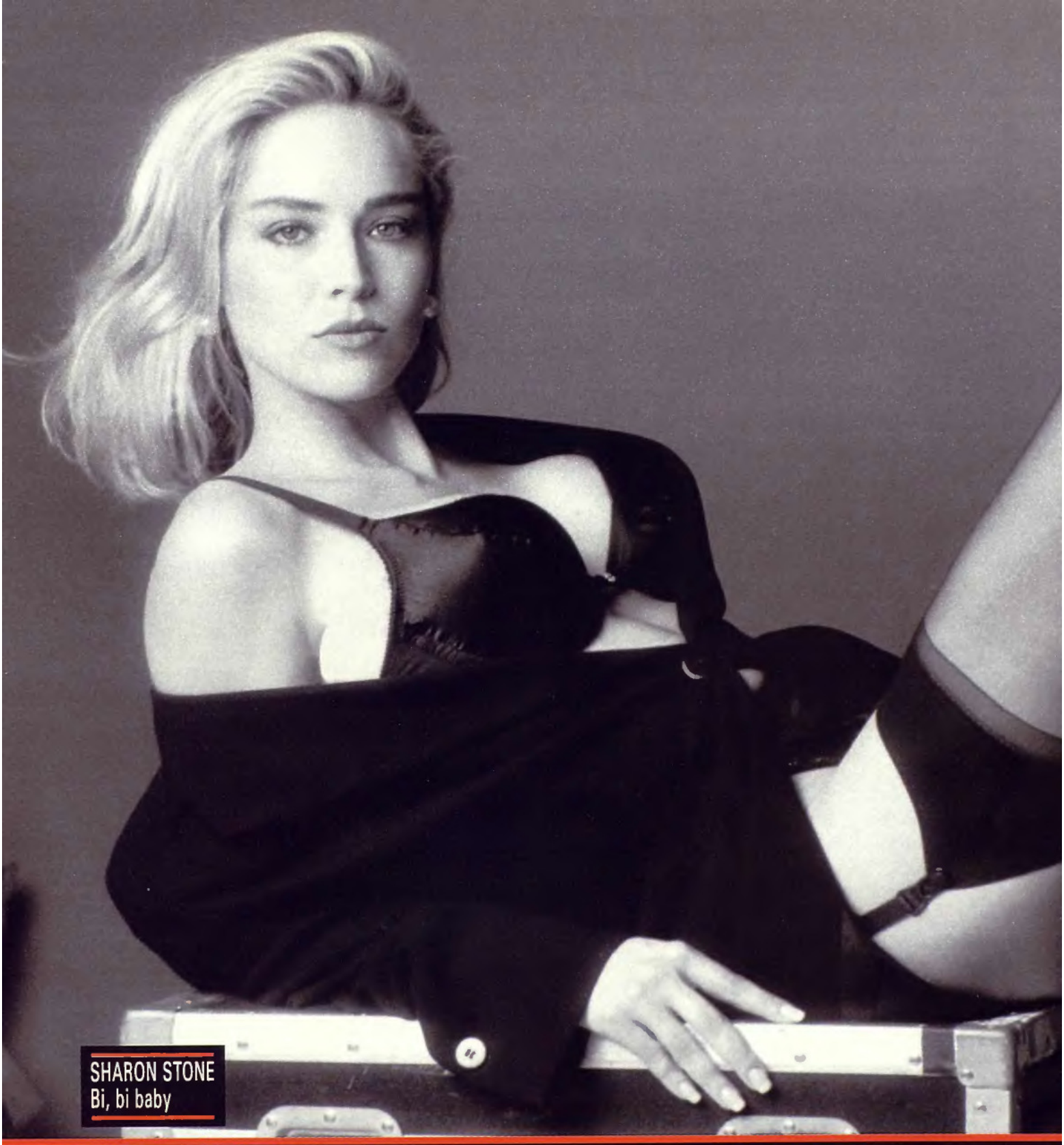


SHARON STONE
Bi, bi baby

SEX STARS 1992

they have news for you: this year, tough is terrific and bald is beautiful

MICHAEL DOUGLAS
Tough cop

text by **JIM HARWOOD** **If rumors counted, both of this year's presidential candidates might have qualified as Sex Stars of 1992. But Sex Stars are judged by a higher standard and must ultimately overcome the competition in a distinctly different list of primaries. This year witnessed the triumph of tough.**

Madonna, a perennial Sex Star, was rivaled by Sharon Stone, definitely a sharp pick—as evidenced by her *Playboy Interview* in this issue. Madonna offered fewer outrageous opinions ***(text continued on page 190)***

GREAT INSTINCTS: SHE'S GOT HOLLYWOOD BREATHING HEAVY trumpeted the cover blurb on PLAYBOY'S July 1990 issue, which featured Sharon Stone outside and in. Her sizzling performance as a bisexual murder suspect who snares detective Michael Douglas in 1992's *Basic Instinct* has the entire world catching its breath.

LA TOYA JACKSON
French toast

DEMI MOORE
Uncover girl

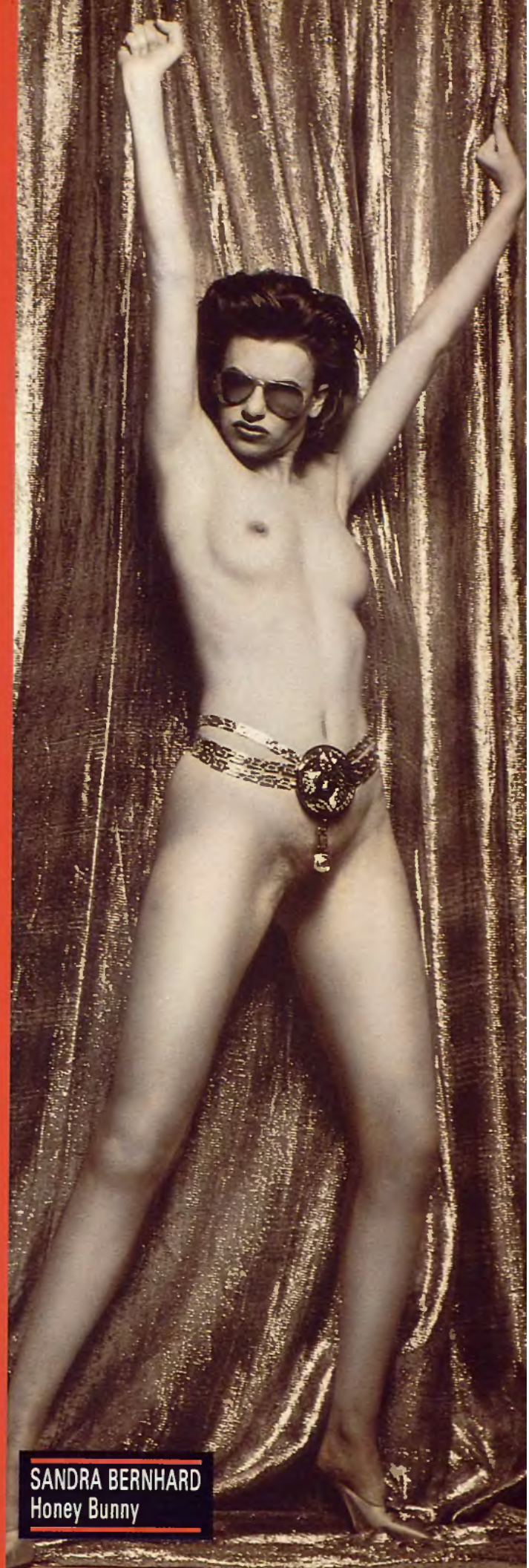
ELIZABETH WARD GRACEN
Campaign contribution

MADONNA
Profit center

HOT OFF THE PRESSES: Some Sex Stars just naturally inspire controversy. La Toya Jackson's autobiographical feud with her parents didn't hurt her shows at Paris' Moulin Rouge. Demi Moore reappeared on *Vanity Fair*'s cover in her body-painted birthday suit, and rumor linked former Miss America Elizabeth Ward Gracen to Bill Clinton. Madonna was hard at work on a book of erotic fantasies. Guns n' Roses singer Axl Rose was busted for his actions during a concert riot, Roxanne Pulitzer got involved in her beau's child custody case and comedian Sandra Bernhard resuscitated the Playboy Bunny.

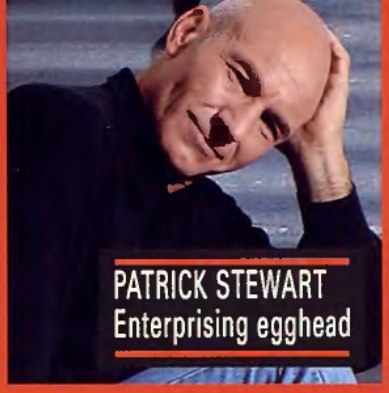
AXL ROSE
Top Gun

ROXANNE PULITZER
Co-respondent correspondent

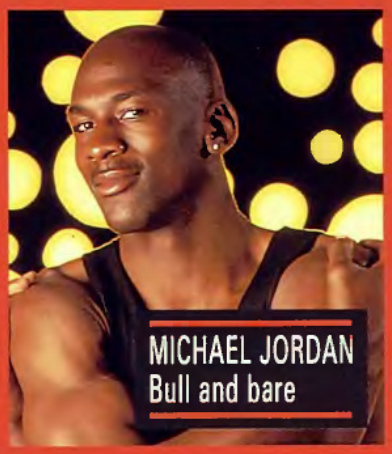


SANDRA BERNHARD
Honey Bunny

MICHELLE PFEIFFER
Sex kitten



PATRICK STEWART
Enterprising egghead



MICHAEL JORDAN
Bull and bare

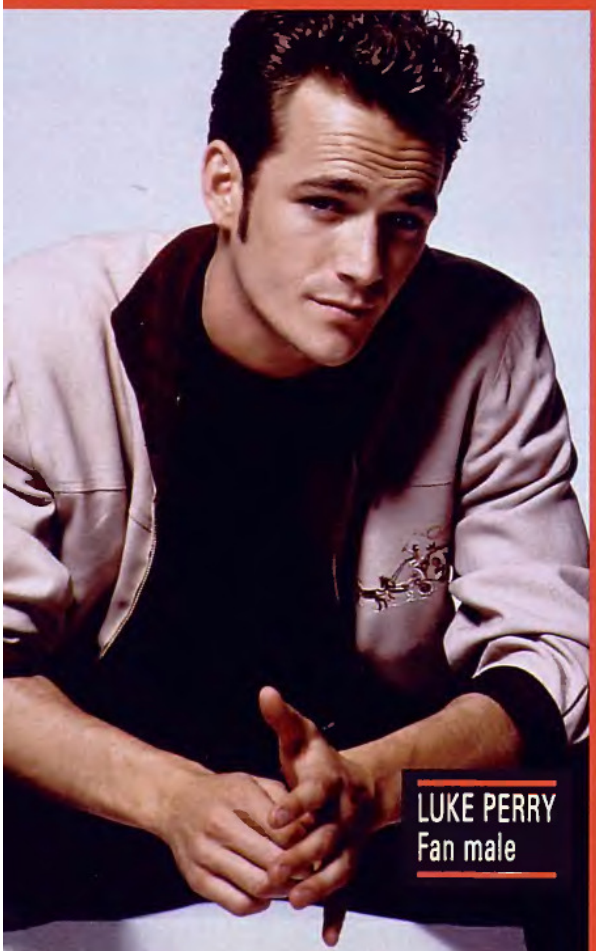
SIGOURNEY WEAVER
Close shaver

SEX POTPOURRI: There was no single route to sex stardom this year. Michelle Pfeiffer retained her stellar status with a stint as *Batman*'s Catwoman, while newcomer Jane March won critics' plaudits in *The Lover*'s interracial romance. Demonstrating that bald is beautiful, Patrick Stewart of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* was surprise winner of a *TV Guide* poll as The Most Boda-

JANE MARCH
Hello, young *Lover*

BILLY ZANE
Cable ready

cious Man on TV, Michael Jordan repeated as the NBA's MVP and Sigourney Weaver got scalped for *Alien*^{3}. On cable, Billy Zane scores in *Lake Consequence*. Teens sighed for Luke Perry of *Beverly Hills, 90210*; Geena Davis homered with *A League of Their Own*.



LUKE PERRY
Fan male

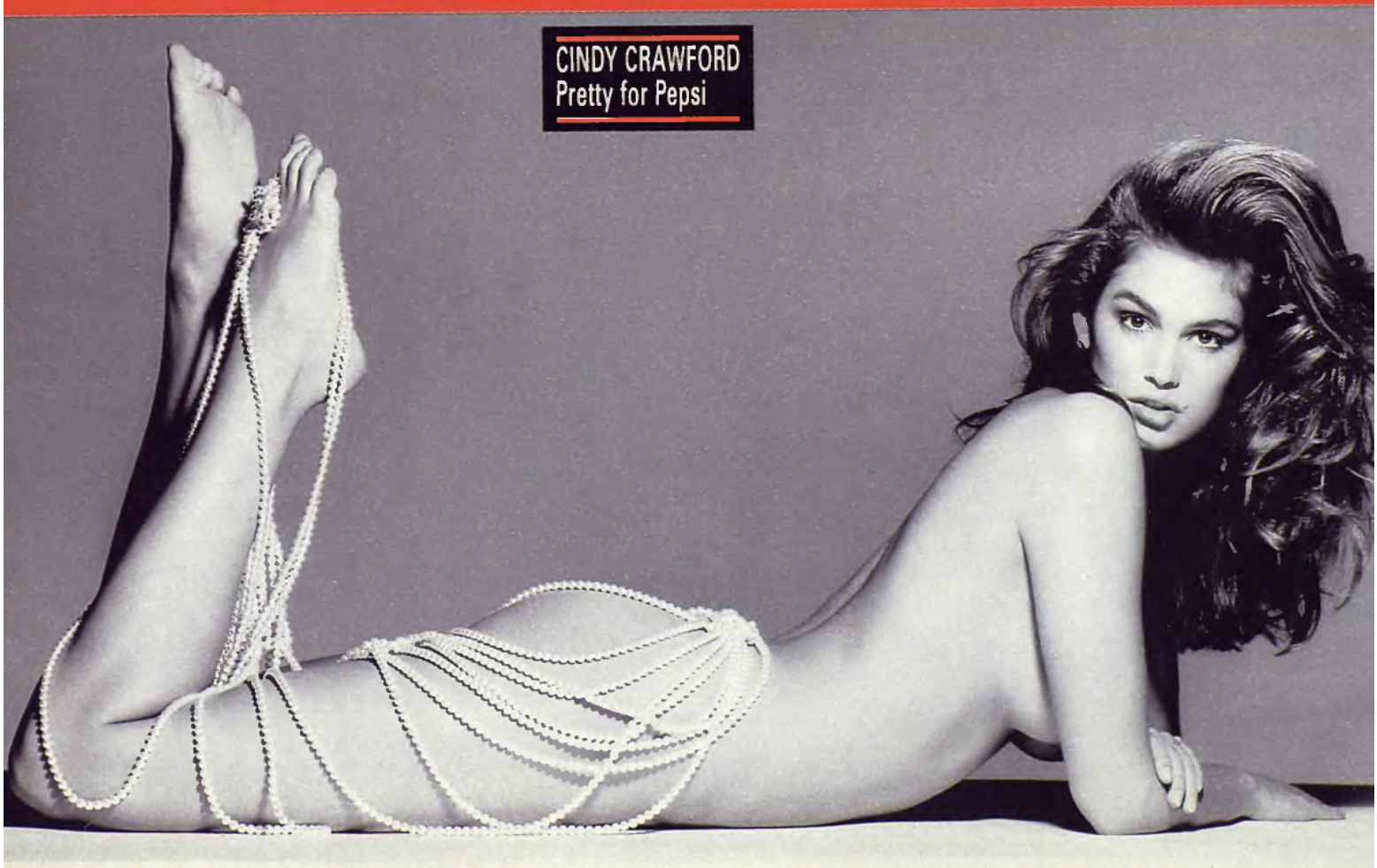
GEENA DAVIS
Diamond's best friend

RACHEL WILLIAMS
Cover girl

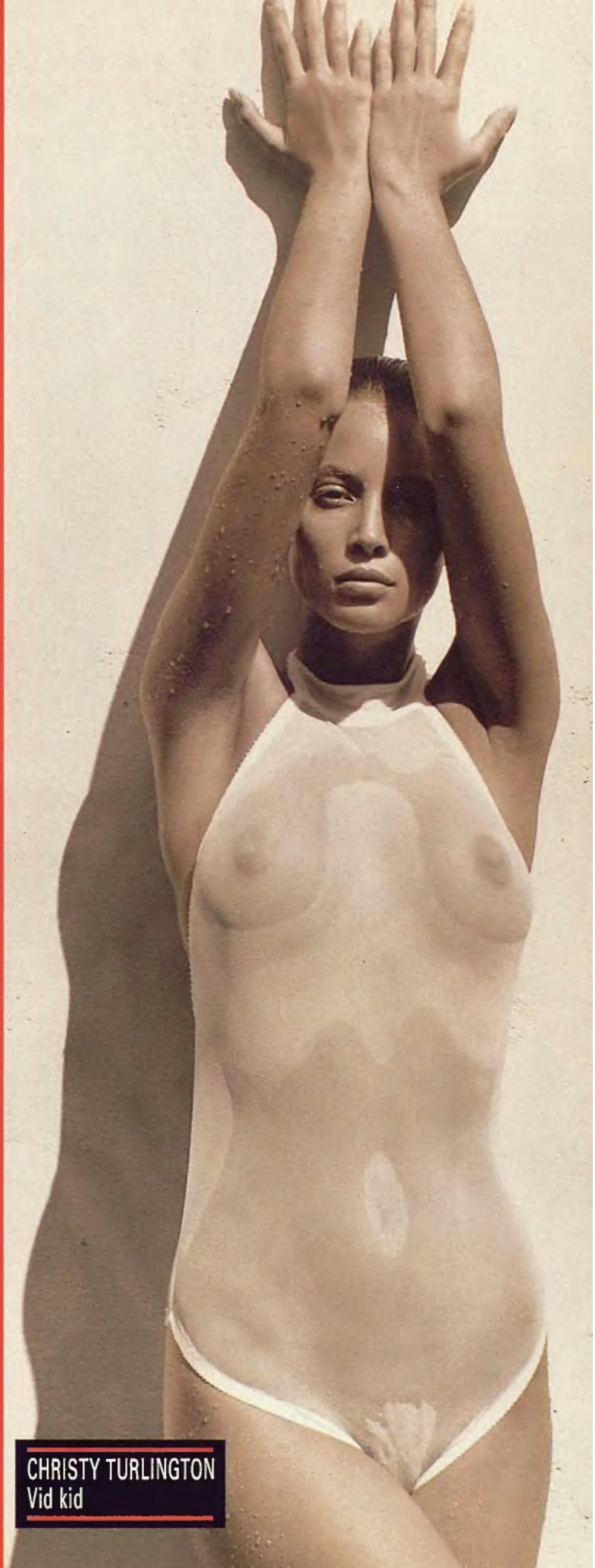
CLAUDIA SCHIFFER
Paparazzi's prey

CAMERA READY: Models' faces are even more famous than those of Hollywood sirens these days, and, in a welcome trend, they're showing off their bodies as well. Rachel Williams has graced many a magazine cover, including (in February of this year) ours. Claudia Schiffer has another calendar coming out. Meanwhile, she sued *R.O.M.E.* magazine for publishing sneaked dressing-room photos. Pepsi ad campaigner Cindy Crawford doubles as MTV's fashion correspondent. Joan Severance combines acting with ads for The Limited, while Christy Turlington stars in George Michael's video *Freedom*.

CINDY CRAWFORD
Pretty for Pepsi



JOAN SEVERANCE
Unlimited



CHRISTY TURLINGTON
Vid kid

PAMELA ANDERSON
TV serious

ERIKA ELENIAK
Sexy with Seagal

WE SAW 'EM FIRST: Can we pick them or what? These blonde beauties were PLAYBOY centerfolds before fame on TV, film and advertising. Pamela Anderson, Miss February 1990, added a *Baywatch* role to her gig in *Home Improvement*; July 1989 Playmate Erika Eleniak appears in Steven Seagal's new movie, *Under Siege*; and Miss May 1992, Vickie Smith, turns up everywhere in the new Guess jeans ad campaign.

VICKIE SMITH
Guess who?

than usual during the year, saving the shock for *Sex*, her coffee-table book of erotic fantasies. She turned in a relatively prim, athletic performance in *A League of Their Own*, plus a part a bit more expected of her as a kinky hot waxer of naked men in *Body of Evidence*.

Clearly unwaxed, Stone offered a pubic peek that became a draw for *Basic Instinct*. To reporters, she professed to feeling double-crossed by director **Paul Verhoeven,** who, she said, coaxed her into removing her panties just before the scene was shot, assuring her that the flash would not be too revealing.

Conversely, for her big bedroom scene with **Michael Douglas,** Stone chose to tear off her crotch patch and bare all, explaining to *Premiere*, "I just took off my robe and went, 'Let's all stop pretending—I'm nude, we all know it, let's go.'"

Later, Verhoeven offered a film-school primer on how to direct a sex scene: "You say, 'And now you have to put yourself on top of each other. OK, now, let's start moving. OK, stick out your tongue—can you lick her? Can you lick her nipple a bit more, or his nipple?'"

For following such difficult instructions, Douglas was said to have been paid $14 million.

But that was a pittance compared with the $60 million deal Madonna reportedly signed with Time Warner to run her own music, film and television empire. The setup allows Madonna to sign other talent, some of whom discovered she can be seductive in business, too. Among the first courted by Madonna's company were pretty punker **Courtney Love** and her band, Hole. "Madonna's interest in me was kind of like Dracula's interest in his latest victim," Love commented. **Sandra Bernhard** once had Madonna's interest, but no more. Still, Sandra has plenty of blood—and flesh—left, as demonstrated in her layout in the September PLAYBOY. In the text she wrote to accompany the photos, Bernhard proclaims, "Here I am, big, bold, naked and all turned on for you. This sex-goddess stuff comes as second nature to me now. I love it! . . . And damn it, I'm gonna hang out my wares while they're firm, fresh and fun to look at."

Sandra is one tough cookie, but her remark hints that even she is troubled by the specter of aging. Some leading ladies remain undaunted by it. "Fuck it, that's another thing I refuse to be afraid of," **Geena Davis** declared in *Vanity Fair*. "It's based on nonsense, as far as I'm concerned. It's just this cultural perception that women are not fabulous and sexually attractive when they get older.

"I've heard so many women say men look great when they get old but women don't. That's not true. Women are fabulous when they have some wrinkles and some experience."

Brave words, but some guys still think younger is better. After more than a decade with **Mia Farrow, Woody Allen** split and took up with her 21-year-old adopted daughter, **Soon-Yi Previn.** And **Mick Jagger,** who's pushing 50, abandoned 36-year-old model **Jerry Hall,** reportedly for a fling with **Carla Bruni,** 23, an Italian model formerly accused of causing trouble between **Donald Trump** and his young trophy, **Marla Maples.**

A younger Hall once thought she had the secret to preventing such slippage. "You just have to be a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen and a tart in the bedroom," Hall advised in 1985. "As long as the house is clean and organized and they are fed and they have plenty of sex, they'll never run away."

Cindy Crawford, 26, has a clear-eyed perspective on aging. "Models are like baseball players," she told *People* after her wedding to actor **Richard Gere,** 16 years her senior. "We make a lot of money quickly, but all of a sudden we're thirty years old, we don't have a college education, we're qualified for nothing and we're used to a very nice lifestyle. The best thing to do is marry a movie star."

Although far from lacking in qualifications, **Annette Bening** married a movie star, **Warren Beatty,** who not only is some two decades older but has long been considered an unlikely prospect for matrimony. Both profess to total happiness with daughter Kathlyn, born before they announced the wedding.

Another set of devoted newlyweds, **Tom Cruise** and **Nicole Kidman,** star together in *Far and Away*, drawing praise from director **Ron Howard,** who admired their ability to take direction while kissing. Kidman told PLAYBOY in July that she was first attracted to acting as a girl in Australia. One of the additional benefits, she recalled, was "the boys in the play had to appear naked, and it was the first time I'd seen a young boy naked."

She was initially less enthusiastic about her own frontal nudity in her second U.S. film, *Billy Bathgate*. "It was a worry to me," she told *Premiere*. "But if I were going to do that again, I would actually do *more* nudity." On the other hand, she objects to "those boring love scenes, where the people are naked and they're just humping."

An excess of casual humping has taken its toll on several sports stars, so it was refreshing to hear **Michael Jordan** praise the life of a contentedly married man in a *Playboy Interview* in May. Noting he made a "well-timed decision to settle down and get married," Jordan asserted, "It's been a more laid-back environment for me with a wife and two kids.

"And you know, it's sad to say, but especially considering Magic Johnson's situation, I look at my kids and think, I'm very fortunate."

Other marriages have come undone under the pressures of success. With one monster hit, *Achy Breaky Heart*, **Billy Ray Cyrus** exploded overnight with grinding stage moves that quickly set him apart from other country singers. But his fans didn't learn he was married until his wife left him and another woman turned up with his baby son—the flesh-and-blood by-product of a relationship during the "hurtin' time" after his divorce.

The old outlaws of country music were not impressed with Cyrus' shenanigans, however. "Billy Ray is not a good singer," **Waylon Jennings** said to a *People* writer. "He's like **Fabian.** Fabian couldn't

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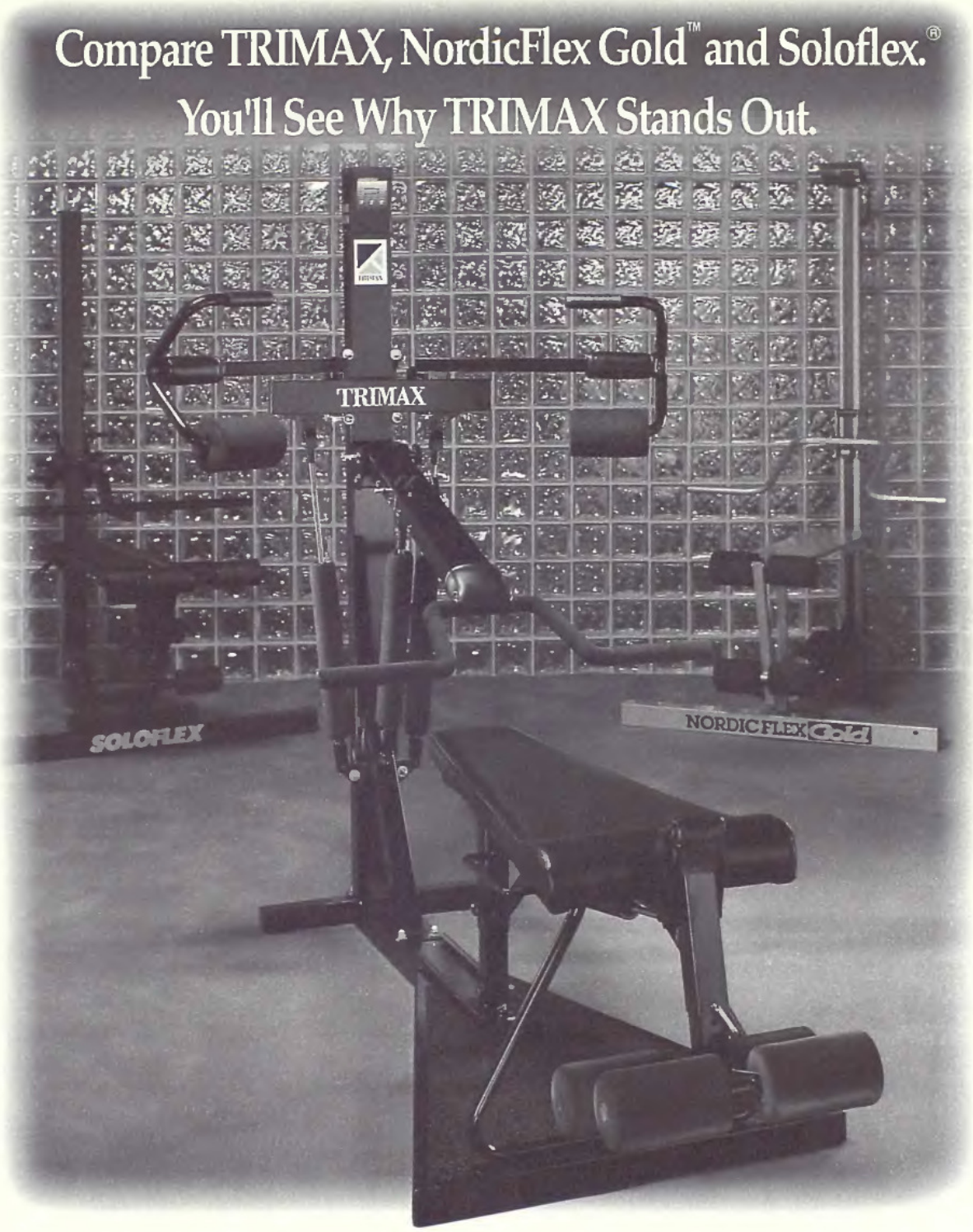

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sing. . . . Billy Ray, he's not a good singer, but you don't need to be if you look that good. I was telling **Willie [Nelson]** the other day, 'You and me would be in lot of trouble if we was just starting out.'"

For newcomers, it's sometimes wise to seek advice from elders of the same sex. That's why **Luke Perry** and **Jason Priestley** sought the insights of **Tom Jones** shortly after their overnight success in TV's *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Over drinks and dinner, Perry recalls they asked, "Look, Tom, this shit is happening to us really quickly, and how do we deal with it?" Presumably, Perry has also sought the advice of new friend Madonna, who latched on to him after she discovered that one of his best friends is female impersonator **Eva Destruction.** "Anybody who hangs out with drag queens is a friend of mine," Madonna declared.

Perry insisted to *Rolling Stone* that he and Priestley are good pals, despite repeated rumors of rivalry between them. "I hang out with that fucker four or five days a week. I mean, what do I have to do, get up there and kiss him on the mouth so people will know we're good friends?" Better not ask Madonna for advice on that.

They don't kiss each other, either, but **Mike Myers** and **Dana Carvey** are close pals whose pairing in this year's *Wayne's World* was a big hit among postadolescent dweebs and rockers. Myers told *Rolling Stone* he hopes their weirdness on screen does not inspire youngsters. "In no way am I promoting infantile sexuality," he explained. "A lot of men recognize a part of you is forever twelve years old. That's what this is about. I in no way want to promote sexism. But to say little boys don't go to the poster section and look at **Heather Locklear.** . . ." Happily, for all those men with 12-year-olds within, there are many beautiful ladies who see absolutely nothing wrong with male appreciation of their charms. As usual, many of these beauties proudly appeared in PLAYBOY. **Pamela Anderson** first appeared as Miss February 1990 and, after nabbing a role in ABC's hot sitcom *Home Improvement*, reprised with a cover and a layout in this year's July issue and a leading role in *Baywatch*.

But men aren't the only ones watching with interest these days. "The last fantastic movie I saw was *In the Realm of the Senses*," **Jennifer Jason Leigh** reports in a *20 Questions* session in February's PLAYBOY. "They're really fucking on screen, but the film can't be termed pornography because it's clearly made by a genius." Leigh has her own explicit love scenes in *Single White Female*. "The first couple of seconds are horrible," she said to an *Us* reporter. "If it's just about being naked in front of the camera, you're gonna be screwed, because then it's terrifying. But if you stay inside the role and make the scene as alive as you can, then you can have fun doing it."

To help with Leigh's fun on that film, director **Barbet Schroeder** provided a rubber dildo (off camera) to keep her inspired during some solo shooting. The crew called the object "Leonard," Leigh reported, and "we had to keep everyone from laughing because it was so silly. It was just me and this . . . this thing."

Those things are popular items among Hollywood ladies. While hubby **Bruce Willis** was away, **Demi Moore** threw a "goddess party" for her female friends, who received various sexual devices as party favors. They also played a game called "pin the dong on the hunk."

As always, there's considerable resistance to screen nudity. Even though she was bedding on screen with boyfriend **Sean Penn** in *State of Grace*, **Robin Wright** insisted on keeping her panties on. "They wanted me completely naked. When I got the part, I was told that I would absolutely have to do a love scene. So I said, 'OK, if Sean takes his shirt off, so will I.' Then he did and said, 'See, now it's your turn.' I wasn't thinking in such literal terms, but that was the deal, so I had to do it. What can I say? I blew it. I didn't like it. I don't want to do it again. I've since learned to be more specific about my conditions."

It's nothing new to be asked to remove your clothes for the sake of art. But how about your hair? **Sigourney Weaver** confronted that in her first meeting with director **David Fincher** before starting *Alien³*. "He said, 'How do you feel about bald?'" she recalled. "And I sort of looked at him." But she quickly came up with an age-old Hollywood solution: "If I make the picture bald, I'll have to make more money."

Shortly after the film opened, a New York hair salon offered Alien buzzcuts to other women for $12 a shearing. So far, though, it hasn't been a hot trend.

With all these worries about hair, home and heartaches, this year's Sex Stars didn't seem too involved in national politics. But former Miss America **Elizabeth Ward Gracen** was rumored to be one of **Bill Clinton's** old flames. Although she revealed a lot about herself in a May PLAYBOY layout, Gracen remained reticent about the rumor—finally denying it at a press conference.

That's our Sex Stars: Innocent to the end.

"But you don't understand, my mother is expecting me."

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party animal

(continued from page 140)

"'Madam, you're naked,' and I said, 'These happen to be gloves, if you don't mind,' and that shut him up."

looking around the room for a white apron like hers, he said, "It'll give me something to do other than just stand in the corner by myself. I'll take those things out, pass them around, you can get caught up."

Once the jacket was off and hanging on a kitchen chair, Dortmunder looked exactly like what he was: a semihardened criminal, a hunted man, a desperate fugitive from justice and a guy who just keeps slipping the mind of Lady Luck. This was not a good image. Failing to find a white apron, he grabbed a white dish towel instead and tucked it sideways across the front of his trousers. No red bow tie like the woman's, but that couldn't be helped.

She watched him suiting up. "Well, if you really want to do this," she said, and suddenly her manner changed, became much more official, commanding—even bossy. "What you have to do is remember to keep moving. It's a jungle out there."

"Oh, I know that," Dortmunder said.

"You don't want to get caught."

"Absolutely not."

"You'll get people," she said, making hand gestures to demonstrate the point, "who'll just keep grabbing and grabbing. You get into the middle of a conversational group, all of a sudden you can't get out without knocking somebody over, and then—that's a no-no, by the way," she interrupted herself.

Dortmunder had been nodding, one ear cocked for the approach of society's defenders, but now he looked quizzical and said, "'A no-no'?"

"Knocking over the guests."

"Why would I do that?" he asked. You knock over jewelry stores, not guests. Everybody knows that.

"If you're stuck in the middle of a group and there's no way out," she explained, "they'll eat everything on the tray. They're like a bunch of locusts, and there you are, and most of the other guests haven't had anything at all."

"I see what you mean. Keep moving."

"And," she said, "stick the tray into the middle, but don't go into the middle."

"I got it," he promised her. "I'm ready to make the move."

"You'll be fine."

"Sure," he said, and picked up the tarts and went to the aid of the party.

•

The party consisted of several clumps of people, mostly crowded around the bar, which was a serve-yourself table in front of curtained windows at one end of the long living room. Most people ignored the big cut-glass bowl of eggnog and went straight for the wine or the hard stuff. At the opposite end of the room stood the Christmas tree, short and fat and shedding, with many tiny colored lights that blinked on and off as if to say *chickee-the-cops*, *chickee-the-cops*, *chickee-the-cops*. I know, Dortmunder thought back at them, I know about it, all right?

A sofa and some chairs had been shoved against the walls to make room for the party, so everybody was standing, except one heavy woman dressed in a lot of bright fluttery scarfs who perched on the sofa holding a glass as she talked to various people's stomachs. Occasionally, someone would bend down to say a friendly word to her forehead, but mostly she was ignored; the party was taking place at the five-foot level, not the three-foot level. And, as at most Christmas parties, everybody was looking a little tense, thinking about all those lists at home.

Feeling the guard-dog eyes of the law scrape at his back, though the search party hadn't yet made its way down the hall, Dortmunder held the tray chest high and followed it into the scrum. People parted at the arrival of food, paused in drink and talk to take a tartlet, then closed ranks again in his wake. Sidling to the center of the crush, in the party but not of it, Dortmunder began to relax and to pick up shreds of conversation as he motored along:

"There's only twenty guys gonna be let in on this thing. We have seven already, and once we have all of the seed money. . . ."

"She came to the co-op board in a false beard and claimed she was a proctologist. Well, naturally. . . ."

"So then I said you can have this job, and he said OK, and I said you can't treat people like that, and he said OK, and I said that's it, I quit, and he said OK, and I said you're gonna have to get along without me from here on in, buster, and he said OK . . . so I guess I'm not over there anymore."

"And then these guys in a rowboat—no, wait, I forgot. First they blew up the bridge, see, and then they stole the rowboat."

"Merry Christmas, you Jew bastard, I haven't seen you since Ramadan."

"And he said, 'Madam, you're naked,' and I said, 'These happen to be *gloves*, if you don't mind,' and that shut him up."

"Whatever you want, Sheila. If you want to go, we'll go."

Wait a minute; that was a familiar voice. Dortmunder looked around, and another familiar voice, this one female, said, "I didn't say I wanted to leave, Larry. Why do you always put it on me?"

The couple from the coats. Dortmunder steered his tart tray in that direction, and there they were, both in their mid-20s, wedged into a self-absorbed bubble inside the larger party. Larry was very tall, with unnecessarily wavy dark hair and a long thin nose and long thin lips and little widely spaced eyes. Sheila was on the short side, a pretty girl, but with an extra layer of baby fat, driveway-colored hair and not much clothes sense; either that, or she'd just recently put on those extra pounds and hadn't bought any new clothes for the new body.

Dortmunder inserted the depleted tartlet tray into their space as Larry said, "I don't put it on you. You weren't happy in the other room, and now you're not happy here. Make your own decisions, that's all."

She turned her worried look to the tarts, but Larry grandly waved the tray away. Neither of them looked directly at Dortmunder. In fact, nobody looked directly at the server (*not* servant, please) in egalitarian America, where tartlets simply appeared in one's hand at a given point during the party.

Moving on through the throng, Dortmunder heard one last exchange behind him. ("Lately, you do this all the time." "*I'm* not doing anything, Sheila, it's up to you.") But his attention was diverted by an event ahead: The cops had arrived.

•

Three of them, uniformed, stocky, mustached, irritable. They were so grumpy that the Technicolor hostess in their midst looked as though she were under arrest.

But she wasn't under arrest, she was bird-dogging, eyeing the guests for the cops, looking for cuckoos in the nest. Unfamiliar faces, unfamiliar faces. . . .

Meanwhile, all the faces had grown just a little more rigid. It's hard to be aware that three bad-tempered cops are looking at you and pretend you aren't aware of it, and at the same time present an image that shows you're innocent of whatever it is they think you're guilty of, when you don't know what they think you're guilty of, and for all you know, you are. Complex. No wonder every drink in the room was being drained more rapidly, even the club sodas and ginger ales.

Someone else was also observing the scene: the harried woman caterer. She'd been circulating in another part of the room with another tray, and she'd noticed the new arrivals. Dortmunder caught her looking from him to the cops and back again, and in the space between her damp hair and perky red bow tie, her thunderclouded face was an

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absolute emblem of suspicion. Doesn't anybody believe in altruism anymore?

Well, it was time to grasp the tiger by the tail and face the situation. The best defense is a good despair; Dortmunder marched directly to that dark blue cloud in the doorway, shoved his tray into its middle and said, "Tarts?"

"No, no," they said, brushing him away—even cops don't look at servers—and they went back to saying to the hostess, "Anybody you don't know. Anybody at all."

Dortmunder dallied nearby, offering his last few tarts to the closet convivials as he eavesdropped on the manhunt. The hostess was a rich contralto; under most circumstances, she would have been a pleasure to listen to, but these were not most circumstances: "I don't see anyone. Well, that person came with Tommy, his name is, oh, I'm so bad at names."

"It's faces we care about," one of the cops said, and damn near looked at Dortmunder.

Who realized it was time to move on. Unloading the last of his tarts, he segued into the empty kitchen, where he briefly considered his circumstances, contemplated a cut-and-run and decided this was no time to become a moving target.

•

On a cookie sheet on the kitchen counter lay a regiment of two-inch-long celery segments, each filled with red-dyed anchovy gunk. Green and red, Christmas colors; pretty, in a way, but not particularly edible-looking. Nevertheless, he arranged these on his tray, making a spiral, getting caught up in the design, attempting to make a Santa Claus face, failing, then picking up the tray, and as he turned to leave, one of the cops walked in.

Dortmunder couldn't help himself; he just stood there. Deep down inside, a terrific struggle was going on, invisible on the surface. You're a waiter, he told himself in desperation, you're with the caterer, nothing else matters to you. Trying to build a performance using the Method. But no. It didn't matter how he spurred himself, he just went on standing there, tray in hands, waiting to be led away.

The cop glared around the room as though he were pretty sure somebody was there. His gaze slid off Dortmunder's furrowed brow, moved on, kept searching.

I *am* a waiter! Dortmunder thought, and almost smiled; except a waiter wouldn't. He took a step toward the door, and the cop said, "Whose coat is that?"

Who's he talking to? There's nobody here but the waiter.

"You," the cop said, not quite looking in Dortmunder's direction. He pointed at the jacket Dortmunder had worn in here from the bedroom. "That yours?"

"No." Which was not only the truth, it was also the simplest possible answer. So rarely is the truth the simplest possible answer that Dortmunder, pleased by the coincidence, repeated it. "No," he said again, then added a flourish for the hell of it. "It was here when I came in."

The cop picked up the jacket and patted its pockets. Then he turned, draping the jacket over his arm, and Dortmunder, in the part at last, extended the tray. "You want a, a thing?"

The cop shook his head. He still wasn't looking at Dortmunder. He went away with the jacket, and Dortmunder sat on the now jacketless chair to have a quiet nervous breakdown. The hostess was going to say, "Why, that's my husband's jacket. In the kitchen? What was it doing there?" Then all the cops would come back and lay hands on him, and he would never be heard from again.

The harried woman steamed in, her own tray empty. Dortmunder got to his feet and said, "Just resting a minute."

She raised a meaningful brow in his direction.

Which he pretended not to see. "The cops didn't want the tarts," he said.

"I wonder what they did want," she said, still with that meaningful look.

"Maybe the party's too noisy," Dortmunder suggested. "Maybe the neighbor upstairs complained."

"That many cops? The neighbor upstairs must be the police commissioner."

"That's probably it," Dortmunder said. "What do you think? Should I make a special tray for them?"

"For the police?" This question brought her back to earth, and to business. "Nonguests are not our concern," she said. "What's that you're taking out there?" She peered at his tray much more suspiciously than she'd peered at him; good. "Ah, the anchovy logs," she said, nodding her approval.

"Anchovy logs?"

"You don't have to mention the name, just distribute them. And stick to the area at the other end of the room from the bar to move people away from the drinks."

"These logs," Dortmunder pointed out, "will drive them right back to the drinks."

"That's OK. Circulation's the name of the game."

The hostess came fluttering in, saying, "We have to *do* something. Can you *believe* this? Police!"

"We noticed," the harried woman said.

"Police ruin a party," the hostess announced.

"They sure do," Dortmunder agreed.

He should have kept his mouth shut; this just made the hostess focus on him, saying, "Jerry, what you should do is——" She blinked. "You're not Jerry."

"Sure I am," Dortmunder said, and flashed the tray of logs. "I better get out there," he said, scooting through the door. From behind he heard the harried woman say, "A different Jerry."

•

In the living room, the party wasn't really ruined at all. The cops were nowhere in sight and the partygoers were peacefully at graze once more. Dortmunder moved his tray hither and yon, away from the bar, and soon the hostess returned, but she was not at ease. She kept flashing worried looks toward the hall.

Hmmm. His tray still half full of logs, Dortmunder eased away from the party, skirted the hostess at some little distance and proceeded down the hall to reconnoiter, tray held out in front of himself

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as a *carte d'identité*.

He heard them before he saw them, a cop voice saying, "Which coat is yours?" Then he made the turn into the bedroom and there were the three cops, plus two more cops, plus two male partygoers, who looked worried and guilty as hell as they pawed through the pile of coats. "Snack?" Dortmunder inquired.

All the cops looked at him, but with annoyance, not suspicion. "Geddada here," one of them said.

"Right." Dortmunder bowed from the waist, like butlers in the old black-and-white movies on TV, and backed out of the room. Moving down the hall toward the party, he considered the possibility that one or both of those suspects would prove to have some sort of illegal substance in his coat. A happy thought, but would it sufficiently distract the law? Probably not.

Back at the party, Dortmunder unloaded more anchovy logs, and then somebody put two glasses onto his not-quite-empty tray and said, "Two white wines, pal."

Dortmunder looked at the glasses, then looked up, and it was his buddy Larry again, who turned away to continue pistol-whipping his girlfriend, saying, "Make your own decisions for yourself, Sheila, don't put the blame on me."

Bewildered, she said, "The blame for what?"

The waiter wasn't supposed to get drinks for people, was he? Everybody else was getting his own. Dortmunder considered tucking the two glasses inside Larry's shirt, but then he glanced over and saw a cop briefly in the doorway, looking around. He decided a waiter was somebody who waited on people, not somebody who knocked people around, so he carried the tray to the drinks table. The cop was gone again. Dortmunder filled one glass with white wine and the other with tonic and carried them back on the tray, being careful to give Sheila the wine. She was saying wistfully, "It just seems as though you're trying to push me away, but making it my fault."

So she was catching on, was she? Airily, Larry smirked at her and said, "It's all in your mind."

Dortmunder made a rapid retreat to the kitchen, not wanting to be in sight when Larry tasted the tonic, and now this room was absolutely full of cops talking to the harried woman, one of them saying, "You been here since the beginning of the party?"

"We're *catering* the party," she said. "We had to be here an hour before it started, to set up the food and the bar."

The cop gave Dortmunder a full frontal stare. "Both of you?"

"Of course both of us," the harried woman said. To Dortmunder she said, "Tell them, Jerry. We got here at six-thirty."

"That's right," Dortmunder told the cops, then turned to his partner in crime to say, "They're still hungry out there."

"We'll give them the shrimps now," she decided, and gestured for Dortmunder to join her at the counter next to the sink, where plastic pots of cold peeled shrimp and glass bowls of red sauce awaited.

The cops stood around and growled together while Dortmunder and the harried woman worked, their fingers sliding on the slippery shrimp. At last, though, the law left the room, and Dortmunder whispered, "Thanks."

"I don't know what you did——"

"Mistaken identity."

"All I know is, you saved my sanity. Also, I still need help with these shrimp."

"You got it."

"There's one thing, though, that I have to tell you," she said as they arranged shrimp on decorative plates. "I'm married."

"So am I," Dortmunder said. "Kinda."

"Me, too," she agreed. "Kinda. But for real."

"Sure," Dortmunder said. "We're just trays of shrimp that pass in the night."

"Right."

•

Returning to the party, Dortmunder saw Larry at the drinks table, a wrinkled look around his mouth as he poured a glass of white wine. Dortmunder kept out of his way as he circulated, distributing shrimp. The two suspects from the bedroom came back, looking shaken but relieved, and both beelined to the drinks table, where they made quite a dent.

A few minutes later, the apartment door thudded shut with a sound that gonged all the way down the hall and into the room with the party, where a whole lot of tense smiles suddenly loosened up.

Really? Gone? Given up? Dortmunder, suspicious by nature and cautious by necessity, carried his half-full tray of shrimp and sauce down the empty hall, glanced into the empty bedroom, opened the apartment door and looked out at five cops looking in.

Umm. Two of them were women cops. All five were just standing around the corridor with faintly eager and hungry looks, like lions in the Colosseum. Behind them, the door to the apartment across the hall was propped half-open.

OK. So they still think the odds are that their missing burglar is at the party, so they've set up this corridor equivalent of a radar trap. Each partygoer on the way out will be taken into the apartment across the hall—with that good citizen's cooperation and approval, no doubt—and frisked. The women cops are for the women partygoers. And all five were looking at Dortmunder as though he were their first customer.

Uh-uh. True, he didn't have the stash on him, but the identity papers he carried were in case of routine stops, not for anything serious. These documents were like vampires, they crumbled when exposed to light.

Dortmunder extended the tray. "Have a shrimp?"

"We're on duty," one of the women cops said, and the other cops looked faintly embarrassed.

"Maybe later," Dortmunder suggested, and he closed the door on all those official eyes before they got the idea to dry-run their little gantlet on the help.

What now? Eventually, this party, like all good things, must end. Until then, he was probably more or less safe, but as things stood, there was absolutely no way for him to get out of this apartment. Until they got their hands on the burglar, the police would not relax their vigilance for a second.

Until they got their hands on the burglar. Until they got their hands on *somebody*.

Play the hand. Dortmunder slipped sideways into the bedroom, balancing the tray one-handed as he opened the dresser drawer where he'd stashed the stash. He was careful about his selection; a proper Christmas gift should be something you'd like to receive yourself. So he resisted the impulse to keep the best swag for himself, instead choosing for the sacrifice two brooches and a bracelet that were definitely cream of the crop. These went into his pants pocket, and back out of the bedroom he eased, on the alert.

And here came Larry and Sheila down the hall away from the party, he still assuring her that she was the one making all the decisions, while she wore the expression of someone who can't figure out what it is that keeps biting her on the ass. They would all meet at the midpoint of the hall, with just enough room for everybody to get by.

Well, it could have been anybody, but, in fact, Dortmunder had been thinking about Larry a bit, anyway. The guy was a smart-aleck, which was good; he'd be more likely to think he could buffalo the cops the way he was doing Sheila, more likely to rub them the wrong way and attract their attention. And now this business of sidestepping past one another in the hall just made it easier.

"I don't want to go if *you* don't want to go," Sheila was saying, her eyes phosphorescent with tears that hadn't yet started to fall, and at that point, in the middle of Larry's long-suffering sigh, darned if the server didn't almost dump his whole tray of shrimp and red sauce all over Larry's shirt. "Hey! Watch it!"

"Oops! Here, let me——"

"That's all right, that's all right, no harm done, everything's fine, if you *don't* mind," Larry said with an aggravated splay-fingered brushing down of his front, where nothing had actually spilled but where the server had been apologetically pawing and patting.

•

Timing is all. Dortmunder made his way back to the party, distributed the rest of his shrimp among the needy, and when he saw the harried woman, empty-trayed, heading for the kitchen, he followed her.

Now she was putting little sausages on the tray, each with its own yellow toothpick. Dortmunder reached into his pocket for the one prize he hadn't given Larry: an extremely nice gold brooch shaped like a feather. "Hold it," he said, walking over behind her, and tucked it into the raveled bun of her hair.

"What? What? What's that?" She didn't know what was happening but was afraid to turn her head.

"When you get home," Dortmunder advised, "have your guy fish that out of there. Not before."

"But what is it?"

"A feather," he said accurately, and disrobed himself of the dish towel he'd been hiding behind. Too bad that jacket wasn't around anymore. "Well," he said, "up the chimney I speed."

She laughed, a happier person than when they'd met, and picked up her refilled tray. "Say hello to the elves."

"I will."

They both left the kitchen, she to continue her good works and he moving briskly but without unseemly haste down the hall toward the apartment door, through which, as he neared it, came the muffled sound of voices raised in dispute, among them the high tones of the perhaps unnecessarily loyal Sheila.

"Just who do you think you are?" And that was Larry, bless him.

Eventually, of course, Larry's innocence—at least in this context—would be established, and the manhunt would resume. But by then the wily perpetrator would be long gone. Flexing into the bedroom, the wily perpetrator found his peacoat at the bottom of the pile again and refilled it quickly and silently with his tools and the evening's profits. Before leaving, he paused briefly to pick up the bedside phone and dial his faithful companion, May, waiting for him at home, who answered by saying "Wrong number," which was her form of preemptive strike against possible breathers and objectionable conversationalists.

"I'm a little bit late, May," Dortmunder said.

"You certainly are," May agreed. "Where are you, the precinct?"

"Well, I'm at a party," Dortmunder said, "but I'll be leaving in a minute." Leaving, to be specific, to continue his interrupted descent of the fire escape. "There was a complication," he explained, "but it's OK now."

"Is it a nice party?"

"The food's good," Dortmunder said. "See you soon."

LOVE AMONG THE XERS

(continued from page 113)

and being loved for it. That might make for a good Oprah show, but it's a low-rated Xer love position. I asked an expectant mother—a squatter who was holed up in an abandoned building on New York City's Lower East Side—if she and her boyfriend had plans. "We don't plan on getting married," she replied, "because we don't believe in the church or the state."

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Not surprisingly, economic and health concerns have made the search for the strongest condom of greater significance than the search for the perfect condo. But there's a bright side to the heinous fate of being born at the wrong time. Bummer. There's an undeniable exhibitionist thrill for lovers who discuss preferences in lubrication, texture, color, thickness and size in front of the late-night-pharmacy drone who is held captive behind the cash register or in front of the contraceptives rack.

Above all, the desire for freedom is what truly makes a Generation Xer's heart go atwitter. To an Xer, freedom means a choice of lifestyles and an absence of obligation. Being honest and realistic with yourself and your own happiness is what's most important. When Harvard Law School grad Susan finally decided—against her parents' wishes—to quit her practice and enroll in a French culinary institute to learn how to be a chef, she found happiness with a laid-back guy whose attitude toward life she respects but who sports a bit of a tummy. "I used to date guys because I loved their apartment, or broke up with them if I hated it," she said. "I was very superficial. I never took responsibility for my own life. I've changed."

On the other hand, love with an Xer obviously has its down side. One 20-year-old, whom I interrogated while he was dripping from a ledge next to a cash machine that had just confirmed his companion's insolvency, said he couldn't be bothered with romance anymore, just as he couldn't be bothered with college. His problem with college? It required attendance.

Since Xers thrive within a void, when a minor crush actually penetrates the vacuum, it's easy to see how fixated and philosophically unprepared the Xer can be. Or even obsessed. Next stop: heartbreak, disillusionment and loneliness. And then, what with those new laws in force against stalking, you've got the courts to deal with.

Which brings us to the importance of having a Portalife. If any energy at all is expended, it's for traveling. If things don't work out, it's time to move on to the next catastrophe. Lifestyle and mate are preferred to be low maintenance. The worst label an Xer can pin on someone is "security junkie." But that doesn't mean they want to be alone: Generation Xers are just trying to find the "we" in ennui.

"I guess you'll be leaving us again come this December."

 (continued from page 113)

"We celebrate the most twisted tales, the oddest fetishes and the most arcane conspiracies."

They smile at one another across Madison Avenue and say, "What a long strange trip it's been." Not so for us. We take everything to its logical extreme, which means we live *faster, louder, shorter*. We are cybernated—and isolated—by MTV, virtual reality and modem bulletin boards. I take strength in that move toward creative independence. Because of it we celebrate the most twisted tales, the oddest fetishes and the most arcane conspiracies.

Critics have interpreted our local attempts to organize ourselves—as skatepunks, hackers, Madonnologists or eco nose-ringers—as busters groping for a Sixties-like identity. That's convenient but it's not true. Busters are closet romantics, really. We have developed such a neurosis about losing our individuality that we even shun success. Unlike the boomers, who suffer, celebrate and hang together, we hang separately. We are the Teflon kids. No label sticks to us. We are unmarketable. It is our greatest revenge.

Forty million of us were born in the Sixties (as opposed to a reported 76 million boomers). As preteens in the early Seventies we were the greatest fad market of all time. We had allowances, we watched TV and we were butt-deep in wicked backlash from the radicalism of the Sixties.

From the start, electoral politics meant less than zero: I was ten years old during the Watergate hearings and I distinctly remember seeing Nixon cry on TV, and I knew that this ugly guy was booted out of God's Own Office because he was *no good*. By the time disco came around, we started to resist fad culture, but nobody else resisted with us. Our folks wanted some good old normalcy in the burbs, damn it, even if that meant they all got divorced and kids my age started going to school with 9mm pistols. There was strictly no revolution allowed.

The bottom line is that we grew up knowing that the American dream had simply died before we were even born. The boomers caught the last wave of cheap rent, drugs, sex and sincere leadership, and for that we envy them. We have to deal with an America in steep economic decline because that is the curve of an empire. Coupland came up with a term for it: We have settled for permanent *lessness*.

But if we weren't going to get cheap fun, then we had to get serious fun. We had our revolution. It happened in filthy clubs and abandoned buildings peopled by squatters. I have this photo of a band called the Dead Boys I ripped out of an old *Creem*. In the caption the singer, Stiv Bators, howls, "I fucking hate the fucking hippies. When they come to our shows I like to fucking kick them in their heads." Well, Stiv died and so did punk. But the boomers' "classic rock" stomped great bands such as the Minutemen, the Ramones and Dead Kennedys off the air. In a type of karmic reaction the Xers bloody themselves moshing at Crosby, Stills and Nash concerts.

We were cut out of the big media and entertainment machinery, so we went indie. Piles of fanzines appeared in every record shop in America. The idea of bad photocopies, minimal editing and low (or no) price spread instantly from punk rock to skateboarding to gay subculture, as well as to all other forms of sexuality to tattoos to paganism. Our proficiency with video games, obtuse literary theory and home computing and recording sprouted entirely new information sources such as *Mondo 2000*, *Film Threat*, *Thrasher* and *ReSearch*.

Throughout the blob of yuppie cinema, too, we thrived in the margins. The characters rang true in *River's Edge*. Those were our guts on the screen in Gus Van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho* and Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*. Or Penelope Spheeris' *The Decline of Western Civilization*. That's us, in the eerie and perfect separateness of the characters.

Sure, we spun off some trends here and there, despite ourselves. Some, such as multiculturalism, are simply the result of demographics. But rap and hip-hop became the most potent soapbox in the country, to which the Los Angeles riots give ready witness. Rap, combined with all variants of heavy metal (pop metal, death metal, thrash, grindcore, etc.), accounts for over 30 percent of all recorded music sold in the U.S.

And, of course, everyone is talking about rave parties, gobbling ecstasy and dancing to live house music DJs. But raves are being commercialized by kids five to ten years younger than us, our less cynical and less fiercely independent siblings whom Coupland describes as the Benetton youth.

Trends aside, our crowning achievement is probably the environmental movement. Boomers fumbled that ball when they equated saving the planet with communes full of agrarian hippies. We scooped it up and said, Give yourself a name, get nonprofit status and be as radical as you want. There's no rote lifestyle and no rote politics. That's the ultimate indie pursuit.

Then again, who am I to say? No one is qualified to speak for a generation without spokespersons. If we had any, they were crushed under the bulk of aging flower children who looked to us for their lost youth as rock-and-rollers and saw only themselves in miniature. They never saw the wildly stubborn loners that are *us*.

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PLAYBOY Jazz & Rock Poll

it's your turn to call the shots and pick the winners

NASHVILLE'S secret is out—everyone's gone country. That's the big news in 1992. Now that the music charts more accurately reflect the taste of the album-buying public, you don't have to wear cowboy boots to like Billy Ray Cyrus, Garth Brooks, Wynonna Judd or Lorrie Morgan. On a more cautious note, censors are still out and about, putting Ice-T and much of rap on trial in the press and the corporate boardrooms. Before you decide you've heard it all, check out Arrested Development and the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy to hear where rap is going in 1993. Soundtrack LPs stayed strong this year (even the Olympics had one, *Barcelona Gold*). On the road, the Boss returned, the Dead continued to call up the faithful and Lollapalooza II proved good ideas can be repeated successfully (just ask the Red Hot Chili Peppers, who went from the boys in the band to headliners in just one year). Other news: Seattle solidified its hold on new music with Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Soundgarden. Finally, Kris Kross came along with their clothes on backward, rapping double platinum on *Totally Krossed Out*. Call it dope, call it slammin', call it hip, call it hot—it's music and it's powerful.

The Ballot

Here's the 1993 Playboy Music Ballot. Check the box next to your favorite performer or album in each category (or use the write-in line). Use the attached envelope and a stamp to send in your vote by midnight, December 15, 1992.

ROCK

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Lindsey Buckingham
- ❑ Eric Clapton
- ❑ Joe Cocker
- ❑ Michael Jackson
- ❑ Lyle Lovett
- ❑ John Mellencamp
- ❑ Prince
- ❑ Bruce Springsteen
- ❑ Matthew Sweet
- ❑ Chris Whitley
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Paula Abdul
- ❑ Tori Amos
- ❑ Mariah Carey
- ❑ Celine Dion
- ❑ Melissa Etheridge
- ❑ Juliana Hatfield
- ❑ Sophie B. Hawkins
- ❑ Annie Lennox
- ❑ Courtney Love
- ❑ Lisa Stansfield
- ❑ _____

Instrumentalist

- ❑ Kenny Arnoff
- ❑ Lisa Germano
- ❑ Bruce Hornsby
- ❑ Elton John
- ❑ Vernon Reid
- ❑ Keith Richards
- ❑ Joe Satriani
- ❑ Slash
- ❑ Richard Thompson
- ❑ Lars Ulrich
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ B-52's
- ❑ Black Crowes
- ❑ The Cure
- ❑ Def Leppard
- ❑ Genesis
- ❑ Guns n' Roses
- ❑ Nirvana
- ❑ Pearl Jam
- ❑ Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ❑ U2
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Achtung Baby*, U2
- ❑ *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*, Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ❑ *Dangerous*, Michael Jackson
- ❑ *Good Stuff*, B-52's
- ❑ *Human Touch* and *Lucky Town*, Bruce Springsteen
- ❑ *Nevermind*, Nirvana
- ❑ *Southern Harmony & Musical Companion*, Black Crowes
- ❑ *We Can't Dance*, Genesis
- ❑ *Welcome to Wherever You Are*, INXS
- ❑ *Wish*, The Cure
- ❑ _____

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Tony Bennett
- ❑ Harry Connick, Jr.
- ❑ Jon Hendricks
- ❑ Al Jarreau
- ❑ Dr. John
- ❑ Bobby McFerrin
- ❑ Mark Murphy
- ❑ Frank Sinatra
- ❑ Mel Tormé
- ❑ Joe Williams
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Anita Baker
- ❑ Patricia Barber
- ❑ Betty Carter
- ❑ Rosemary Clooney
- ❑ Natalie Cole
- ❑ Ella Fitzgerald
- ❑ Shirley Horn
- ❑ Carmen McRae
- ❑ Dianne Reeves
- ❑ Diane Schuur
- ❑ _____

Instrumentalist

- ❑ Gary Burton
- ❑ Kenny G
- ❑ Dizzy Gillespie
- ❑ Roy Hargrove
- ❑ Branford Marsalis
- ❑ Courtney Pine
- ❑ Marcus Roberts
- ❑ Sonny Rollins
- ❑ David Sanborn
- ❑ Tony Williams
- ❑ _____

Branford Marsalis

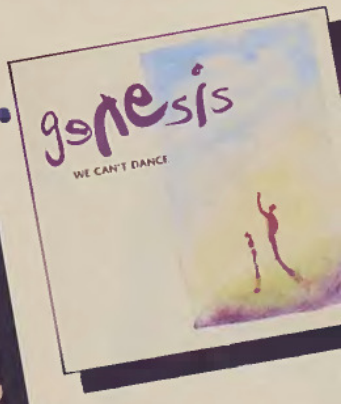
Album

- ❑ *Blue Interlude*, Wynton Marsalis Septet
- ❑ *Blue Light, Red Light*, Harry Connick, Jr.
- ❑ *Doo-Bop*, Miles Davis
- ❑ *Heaven and Earth*, Al Jarreau
- ❑ *Here's to Life*, Shirley Horn
- ❑ *It's Not About the Melody*, Betty Carter
- ❑ *Lush Life*, Joe Henderson
- ❑ *Secret Story*, Pat Metheny
- ❑ *Six Pack*, Gary Burton
- ❑ *Upfront*, David Sanborn
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Bela Fleck and the Flecktones
- ❑ Charlie Haden Quartet West
- ❑ Christopher Hollyday Quartet
- ❑ Manhattan Transfer
- ❑ Pat Metheny Group
- ❑ John Scofield Quartet
- ❑ Spyro Gyra
- ❑ *Tonight Show* Band
- ❑ Yellowjackets
- ❑ Wynton Marsalis Sept
- ❑ _____

Left to right: Lorrie Morgan, Patty Loveless, Michelle Wright, Hally Dunn, Ronna Reeves



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Bono

CONCERT

- ❑ Jimmy Buffett
- ❑ Eric Clapton
- ❑ Black Crowes
- ❑ The Cure
- ❑ Grateful Dead
- ❑ Guns n' Roses
- ❑ Lollapalooza II
- ❑ Me Phi Me–Arrested Development–Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy
- ❑ Bruce Springsteen
- ❑ U2
- ❑ _____

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SOUND TRACK

- ❑ *Barcelona Gold*
- ❑ *Bebe's Kids*
- ❑ *Bodyguard*
- ❑ *Boomerang*
- ❑ *Juice*
- ❑ *A League of Their Own*
- ❑ *Mo' Money*
- ❑ *Singles*
- ❑ *Sister Act*
- ❑ *Wayne's World*
- ❑ _____

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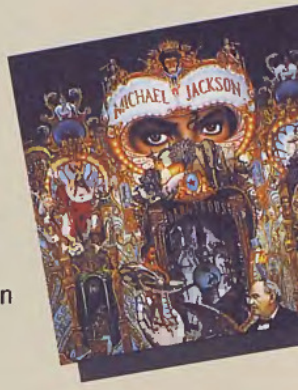
RETURN ENVELOPE

HALL OF FAME

- ❑ James Brown
- ❑ Aretha Franklin
- ❑ Jerry Garcia
- ❑ Marvin Gaye
- ❑ Dizzy Gillespie
- ❑ Billie Holiday
- ❑ Quincy Jones
- ❑ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ❑ Bob Marley
- ❑ Charlie Parker
- ❑ Smokey Robinson
- ❑ Mary Wells
- ❑ Hank Williams
- ❑ Jackie Wilson
- ❑ Frank Zappa
- ❑ _____



Ice-T

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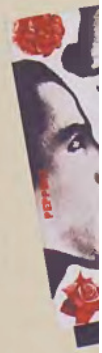
VIDEO

- ❑ *The Choice Is Yours*, Black Sheep
- ❑ *Even Better Than the Real Thing*, U2
- ❑ *Jump*, Kris Kross
- ❑ *Let's Get Rocked*, Def Leppard
- ❑ *My Lovin'*, En Vogue
- ❑ *Right Now*, Van Halen
- ❑ *Sexy MF*, Prince and N.P.G.
- ❑ *Smells Like Teen Spirit*, Nirvana
- ❑ *Tennessee*, Arrested Development
- ❑ *Under the Bridge*, Red Hot Chili Peppers
- ❑ _____



COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Clint Black
- ❑ Garth Brooks
- ❑ Mark Chestnutt
- ❑ Billy Ray Cyrus
- ❑ Alan Jackson
- ❑ Tracy Lawrence
- ❑ Doug Stone
- ❑ George Strait
- ❑ Marty Stuart
- ❑ Travis Tritt
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Suzy Bogguss
- ❑ Mary-Chapin Carpenter
- ❑ Roseanne Cash
- ❑ Holly Dunn
- ❑ Wynonna Judd
- ❑ Patty Loveless
- ❑ Reba McEntire
- ❑ Lorrie Morgan
- ❑ Michelle Wright
- ❑ Trisha Yearwood
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Alabama
- ❑ Bellamy Brothers
- ❑ Brooks & Dunn
- ❑ Confederate Railroad
- ❑ Charlie Daniels Band
- ❑ Diamond Rio
- ❑ McBride & the Ride
- ❑ Pirates of the Mississippi
- ❑ The Remingtons
- ❑ Texas Tornados
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Brand New Man*, Brooks & Dunn
- ❑ *Come On Come On*, Mary-Chapin Carpenter
- ❑ *The Hard Way*, Clint Black
- ❑ *Hearts in Armor*, Trisha Yearwood
- ❑ *Past the Point of Rescue*, Hal Ketchum
- ❑ *Some Gave All*, Billy Ray Cyrus
- ❑ *Sticks & Stones*, Tracy Lawrence
- ❑ *This One's Gonna Hurt You*, Marty Stuart
- ❑ *t-r-o-u-b-l-e*, Travis Tritt
- ❑ *Wynonna*, Wynonna Judd
- ❑ _____

R & B

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Bobby Brown
- ❑ Ice-T
- ❑ Gerald LeVert
- ❑ Sir Mix-A-Lot
- ❑ Shabba Ranks
- ❑ Lionel Ritchie
- ❑ Pop Staples
- ❑ Keith Sweat
- ❑ Ralph Tresvant
- ❑ Luther Vandross
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Whitney Houston
- ❑ Janet Jackson
- ❑ Chaka Khan
- ❑ Patti LaBelle
- ❑ Monie Love
- ❑ CeCe Peniston
- ❑ Shanice
- ❑ Alyson Williams
- ❑ Vanessa Williams
- ❑ Yo-Yo
- ❑ _____

Group

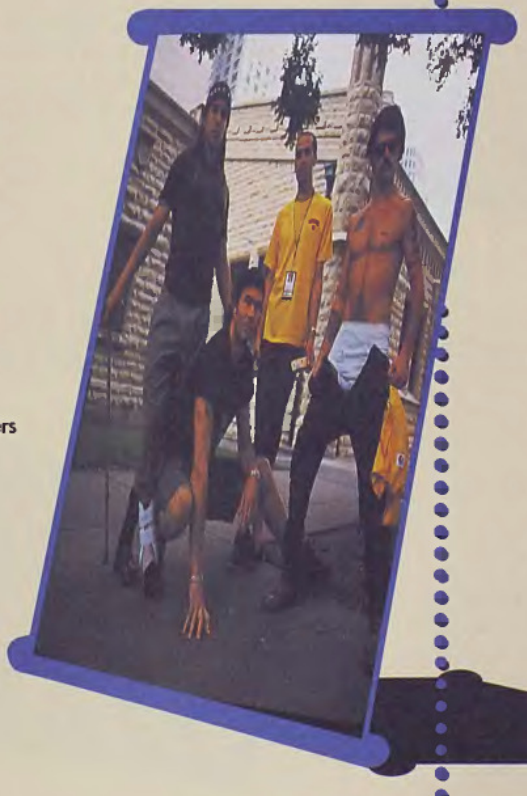
- ❑ Arrested Development
- ❑ Beastie Boys
- ❑ Boyz II Men
- ❑ Das EFX
- ❑ En Vogue
- ❑ Eric B. & Rakim
- ❑ Jodeci
- ❑ Kris Kross
- ❑ Neville Brothers
- ❑ TLC
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Bobby*, Bobby Brown
- ❑ *Dead Serious*, Das EFX
- ❑ *Family Groove*, Neville Brothers
- ❑ *Funky Divas*, En Vogue
- ❑ *Inner Child*, Shanice
- ❑ *Mack Daddy*, Sir Mix-A-Lot
- ❑ *Oooohh on the TLC Tip*, TLC
- ❑ *3 Years, 5 Months and 2 Days in the Life of . . .*, Arrested Development
- ❑ *Totally Krossed Out*, Kris Kross
- ❑ *Tracks of Life*, Isley Brothers
- ❑ _____

VEEJAY

- ❑ Karyn Bryant
- ❑ Sherry Carter
- ❑ Duff
- ❑ Alvin Jones
- ❑ Katie Haas
- ❑ Steve Isaacs
- ❑ Cathy Martindale
- ❑ John Norris
- ❑ Donnie Simpson
- ❑ Todd 1
- ❑ _____



Red Hot Chili Peppers

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BASKETBALL

(continued from page 162)

Holland (16 ppg)—are returning. Coach Mike Jarvis will unveil secret weapon Yinka Dare, a 7'1" freshman center from Nigeria, but 6'11" Pitt transfer Omo Moses will have a more immediate impact for the Colonials. **Rutgers** used a weave offense and full-court pressure last season to get off to a 7–2 start that included wins over Princeton and UNLV. A weak inside game caught up with the Scarlet Knights later in the year and is likely to plague them again this season.

BIG EAST

There will be some familiar faces missing from the Big East scene. Lou Carnesecca (Playboy Coach of the Year 1983–1984) hung up his fashion-defying sweaters after 24 years and 526 wins at St. John's. Villanova's Rollie Massimino is taking his fits and shouts to UNLV. But there's still enough character, style and competitive talent to keep the Big East one of the most entertaining basketball conferences in the nation.

Seton Hall coach P. J. Carlesimo has his best team since 1989, when the Pirates fell one basket short of a national championship. Guard Terry Dehere (19.4 ppg) has a shot at the Hall's all-time scoring mark. Bryan Caver should be improved in his second season starting at point guard. Sophomore Danny Hurley, brother of Duke's Bobby, will also get significant playing time in the backcourt. Arturas Karnishovas is solid defensively and led the Big East last season in three-point accuracy (52 percent) **Georgetown** coach John Thompson hopes to fill Alonzo Mourning's shoes with 6'10" center Othella Harrington, a consensus high school All-America who averaged 28.9 points, 24.9 rebounds and 5.8 blocks in his senior year. Harrington is joined by another promising 6'10" recruit, Duane Spencer, who will play forward. The young Hoyas can only get better as the season progresses. **Connecticut** has three solid returning starters. Some outstanding sophomores are also ready to play. Veteran guard/forward Scott Burrell will take over the role of team leader and primary scorer for the Huskies. Six-nine forward Donyell Marshall should blossom this season. Without a Derrick Coleman or Billy Owens last season, most people expected **Syracuse's** basketball fortunes to falter. The Orangemen fooled everyone by winning 22 games and the conference tournament under the watchful eye of coach Jim Boeheim. His team loses only starter Dave Johnson from last season's squad and picks up 6'8" freshman John Wallace and redshirts Lazarus Sims and J. B. Reafsnyder. Best of the Orangemen is sophomore guard Lawrence Moten (18.2 ppg), who was national Freshman of the Year and set Syracuse and Big East freshman scoring records. **Boston College** returns seven of its top eight players from last season and could be the conference dark horse. The Eagles were the best perimeter-shooting team in the conference last season. Brian Mahoney, a Carnesecca assistant for 16 years, gets his chance as head coach at **St. John's.** The single Redmen holdover, 6'11" junior forward Shawnelle Scott, is a good player for Mahoney to build around. **Providence** coach Rick Barnes expects the Friars to be strong up front with 6'8" Michael Smith. Freshman point guard Abdul Abdullah will start. The development of sophomores Orlando Antigua and Chris Gant at forward and Jerry McCullough at point guard will be pivotal to coach Paul Evans' **Pittsburgh** team. Senior Chris McNeal, last year's leading scorer (14.5 ppg) and rebounder (9.1 rpg) is Pitt's most ferocious Panther. New **Villanova** head coach Steve Lappas will have difficulty keeping the Wildcats above .500 this season. Three players who saw significant playing time last year are gone. Lance Miller (14.9 ppg) is Lappas' only proven returning point producer. **Miami** still can't seem to find the ingredients to compete effectively in Big East roundball. But the Hurricanes did have a big recruiting year under coach Leonard Hamilton. Freshman guards Steve Frazier and Steve Edwards will see plenty of action.

BIG EIGHT

The Jayhawk juggernaut continues to roll under the astute generalship of Roy Williams, who has posted a 103–30 coaching record since joining **Kansas** four years ago. Williams, who emphasizes depth and balance, will have more of the same, since Kansas returns all but one starter from last season's conference champion team. Playboy All-America Rex Walters and Adonis Jordan give the Jayhawks a potent one-two punch at guard. Williams needs solid play from the Jayhawks' only big man, 6'10" senior center Eric Pauley. Watch for Calvin Rayford, one of the quickest guards in college basketball, and Darrin Hancock, the number-one junior college player in the nation last season. **Oklahoma** made a quick NCAA tournament exit, losing to Southwest Louisiana (87–83) in the first round. Help is on the way from freshmen Shon Alexander, an outside shooter from the forward/guard position, and Dion Barnes, who is already being compared with Mookie Blaylock. Veterans Bryan Sallier, the conference's top rebounder last season (9.1 rpg), and Jeff Webster (14.4 ppg) both return and give the Sooners stability in the middle. **Iowa State** returns all five starters from last season's 21–13 club. Coach Johnny Orr's best players are senior guard Justus Thigpen (16.3 ppg) and 6'11" sophomore center Julius Michalik. The

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Cyclones need to muscle up inside in order to make a run at a conference title. Four returning starters and top recruits should put coach Danny Nee's **Nebraska** team into the conference title fray. Nee landed two outstanding Nebraska high school prospects in Andre Woolridge and Erick Strickland, plus 6'4" Jaron Boone from Salt Lake City. The Huskers also added transfer Tom Best, the top rebounder in the Mid-American Conference two years ago with Toledo. **Oklahoma State** loses four starters from its 11th-ranked team of last season, but coach Eddie Sutton thinks his Cowboys will still be good, since 7' Bryant Reeves is only a sophomore and transfers Brooks Thompson, Randy Rutherford and Fred Burley all played well elsewhere. **Missouri** loses Big Eight Conference Player of the Year Anthony Peeler, who chipped in 23.4 points per game and a scrapbook full of bad press. Coach Norm Stewart may well be glad to work with a less talented but more focused group led by returning forward Jevon Crudup (15.3 ppg). Coach Dana Altman felt that last year's **Kansas State** team shot poorly and lacked consistency. Forward Askia Jones (15.5 ppg) will get help from junior college transfer Anthony Beane and freshman Jerrell Roberson. **Colorado** will have to content itself with the success of its football team.

BIG SKY

Last year **Montana** was the big gun in the Big Sky. But league MVP Delvon Anderson and four fellow starters have all graduated, leaving the Grizzlies toothless. Stacked and loaded **Idaho** moves to the favorite's spot. The Vandals return all starters, including leading scorer and rebounder Orlando Lightfoot (21.8 ppg and 8.9 rpg), last season's conference Newcomer of the Year. The addition of strongman Xanthus Houston, a 6'9" three-year starter at Bradley before transferring to Idaho, should be the finishing touch. **Weber State** will also get help from transfers Stan Rose, a 6'7" forward from Alabama–Birmingham, and 6'11" Phil Mendelson from Wichita State. Team leader Al Hamilton (20.3 ppg) will continue to pile up the points. **Boise State** and **Montana State** should also be in contention for the conference crown. Boise State's best player is senior Tanoka Beard (18.1 ppg), while guard Johnny Mack and rebounder Art Menefee are the best of the Bobcats.

BIG SOUTH

Campbell won its first-ever Big South tourney crown last season. As a reward, the team faced Duke in the first round of the NCAAs. This year Campbell will be the conference favorite. Coach Billy Lee returns all five starters, including sharpshooter forward Mark Mocnik, who knocked in seven three-pointers in Campbell's loss to Duke. Campbell must shoot well from the outside, since its front line, nicknamed Lee's Fleas, is no taller than 6'6". Last season's East Coast Conference champion, **Towson State,** joins the Big South this year. The Tigers, not invited to the NCAA or NIT tournaments last season, hope they'll get more publicity and respect in the Big South. Coach Terry Truax should get strong guard play from senior Devin Boyd (who missed almost all last season with an injury) and Terrance Alexander, last season's ECC Rookie of the Year. **Coastal Carolina** returns a single starter from last season, but he's three-time conference Player of the Year Tony Dunkin. Coach Russ Bergman thinks his current class of recruits may be his best in 17 years. **Radford,** led by Doug Day, also has conference title ambitions.

BIG TEN

Indiana and Michigan have as much talent as and more experience than last season, when both were Final Four participants. Bob Knight thought he had the horses last year to win his fourth national championship, until a devastating technical foul against him, followed by four foul outs, kayoed the Hoosiers in the second half of the NCAA semifinal game against Duke. For once, Knight seemed at a loss for words as the Blue Devils took home the crown. But the General may not be denied again. **Indiana** returns Damon Bailey (12.4 ppg), Alan Henderson (11.6 ppg) and Playboy All-America Calbert Cheaney (17.6 ppg)—the backbone of the Hoosiers' balanced attack. Despite all the preseason publicity **Michigan's** fab five generated last year, no one expected a team with five freshman starters to play its way to the national championship game. And while the Wolverines finally wilted under pressure, they served notice that they will be a force for the next three years, or until the NBA (or NCAA) breaks them up. The undeniable leader of the pack is Playboy All-America pick Chris Webber. Only a step behind Webber is guard Jalen Rose (17.6 ppg). The rest of coach Steve Fisher's starting cast returns as well: guard Jimmy King, Juwan Howard and Ray Jackson. Seniors Eric Riley, James Voskuil and Rob Pelinka will also contribute. But the team's toughest opponent may be the eligibility problems of Rose, Webber and Riley, which were unresolved at press-time. The main man for **Iowa** is Playboy All-America center Acie Earl, who led the Hawkeyes in scoring last season (19.5 ppg) and the Big Ten in blocked shots (121). Coach Tom Davis landed two outstanding recruits out of Michigan—Kenyon Murray, who averaged 26 points per game in Battle Creek, and Mon'ter Glasper from Albion. **Purdue** (18–15) will get a big lift from 6'9" forward Glenn Robinson, who sat out last season because he failed to qualify academically. Robinson should be one of the conference's best players as soon as he shakes off the rust. The **Michigan State** Spartans did well last season once they got the ball up-court. They had the third-best shooting percentage in the nation (51.2 percent). Pressure defenses bothered the Spartans in the backcourt last year. And since coach Jud Heathcote has yet to find the right point guard, pressure will likely bother MSU again this year. Center Mike Peplowski (13.3 ppg) and shooting guard Shawn Respert (15.8 ppg) will provide most of the Spartan offense. **Illinois,** which had only eight scholarship players on its team last

"Are you sure this is all right? I thought only kissing was allowed under the mistletoe."

year because of NCAA restrictions, has almost everyone back from last year and will regain the services of forward Andy Kaufmann, who did not qualify academically last season. Six-nine junior Deon Thomas (19.4 ppg) will be coach Lou Henson's big man inside, while Kaufmann, who averaged 21.3 points per game two seasons ago, and heavily recruited freshman guard Richard Keene will light it up from three-point land. The loss of five seniors and the early departure of All-America Jim Jackson to the NBA mean rebuilding time at **Ohio State.** Coach Randy Ayers will use 6'9" junior forward Lawrence Funderburke (12.2 ppg) as his foundation and guards Alex Davis and Jamie Skelton as building blocks. A very young **Minnesota** team, which couldn't stay even with the conference last season (8–10), should be improved. Forward Randy Carter is healthy after the removal of bone spurs from both feet. The guard tandem of Voshon Lenard and Arriel McDonald, who provided the Gophers with a combined 23.8 ppg last season, is one of the best in the conference. Stu Jackson takes over at **Wisconsin** for the departed Steve Yoder. Jackson, a former New York Knicks coach, wants his Badgers to play a defense-oriented, up-tempo game. Yoder left some decent talent, the best of which is guard Tracy Webster (17.3 ppg). With four starters returning, **Northwestern** will be better, provided the Wildcats stay away from the injuries and academic problems that plagued them last season. **Penn State,** which makes its debut in the Big Ten, has a good shot at being the first team in conference history to finish eleventh.

BIG WEST

Did anybody happen to notice that **UNLV** ended last season with a 23-game winning streak? The fact that the Runnin' Rebels (26–2) were one of the nation's best teams was one of the nation's best-kept secrets, because NCAA sanctions kept them off TV and out of postseason play. It was a fitting end to the controversial era of Jerry Tarkanian. The most colorful coach in the West has now been replaced by Rollie Massimino, one of the most colorful coaches in the East. Massimino, who led Villanova to a national championship in 1985, brings integrity and intensity in abundance to UNLV. And the Rebels will be good; the only major loss from last year's squad is 7' Elmore Spencer. Massimino promises the Rebels will continue to run, particularly because his tallest player is 6'8" freshman Kebu Stewart. There are still problems between UNLV and the NCAA, but with no resolution near, the Rebels will play in the NCAA tournament this time around. While Vegas was getting all the press in the Big West, **New Mexico State** won 25 games and made it to the NCAA final 16 before losing to UCLA. Coach Neil McCarthy thinks the Aggies could get that far again. Guard Sam Crawford, the nation's second-leading assist man last season (8.5 per game), is back, and newcomer D. J. Jackson, who led the California junior college ranks in scoring (29.6 ppg) last season, will provide instant offense. **Long Beach State,** which won 18 games last year for coach Seth Greenberg, returns three strong-scoring players: guard Lucious Harris (18.8 ppg), forward Bryon Russell (13.9 ppg) and 6'10" center Chris Tower (13.3 ppg). **Santa Barbara** returns four of its top five scorers, and 6'6" Paul Johnson, a three-year starter who was redshirted last season, is back on the court.

COLONIAL

Lefty Driesell, who last season became the 13th coach in NCAA history to win 600 games, figures to add 20-plus victories this season with a solid **James Madison** squad. The Dukes return four starters, all of whom averaged in double figures. **Richmond** coach Dick Tarrant expects highly talented forward Kenny Wood (13 ppg) to have a career year after a somewhat disappointing campaign last winter. The diminutive Spiders (their tallest player is 6'8") should qualify for postseason play for the sixth consecutive year. Guard Kevin Swann, a transfer from Central Connecticut State, will improve **Old Dominion's** weak outside game. The Monarchs also added two strong freshman rebounders in Mario Mullen and Odell Hodge.

GREAT MIDWEST

The Great Midwest lived up to its name last season: one team, Memphis State, made it to the Elite Eight, and another, Cincinnati, made it to the Final Four. With four starters back, including 6'9" forward David Vaughn and Playboy All-America Anfernee Hardaway, **Memphis State** may be ready to beat Cincinnati, something it couldn't do in four tries last season. Hardaway is a do-everything player who could have an eventual shot as player of the year if he sticks around the college scene long enough. Coach Bob Huggins' **Cincinnati** Bearcats were the paragon of consistency last year, as they battled their way from obscurity to the Final Four before losing to Michigan. Huggins will build this year's team around guard Nick Van Exel (12.3 ppg). Curtis Bostic (who missed last season because of back surgery) and LaZelle Durden (who sat out last year because of academic problems) will help, but the Bearcats will miss the intensity of departed stars Herb Jones and Anthony Buford. **Marquette,** which finished third in the conference last season, will push the front-runners this year. Coach Kevin O'Neill returns all five starters, including junior forward Damon Key (13.6 ppg) and assist master Tony Miller (7.6 per game last season). With the graduation of forwards David Booth and Stephen Howard, **DePaul's** strength switches from frontcourt to backcourt. Guard Terry Davis, who averaged 14.4 points per game and shot 52.8 percent from the floor last season, enters his senior year. In order for Joey Meyer's charges to

REST OF THE BEST

In addition to the Playboy All-Americas, here are the best college basketball players in the nation:

GUARDS: Bobby Hurley (Duke), Adonis Jordan (Kansas), Justus Thigpen (Iowa St.), Damon Bailey (Indiana), Jalen Rose (Michigan), Shawn Respert (Michigan St.), Terry Dehere (Seton Hall), Lawrence Moten and Adrian Autry (Syracuse), Alphonso Ford (Mississippi Valley St.), J. R. Rider (UNLV), Terrence Rencher and B. J. Tyler (Texas), Khalid Reeves (Arizona), Travis Best (Georgia Tech), Wesley Person (Auburn), Antoine Stoudamire (Oregon), Sam Crawford (New Mexico St.), James Robinson (Alabama), Bryan Edwards (James Madison), Bernard Blunt (St. Joseph's), Myron Walker (Robert Morris), Devin Bayd (Towson St.), Lindsey Hunter (Jackson St.), Voshon Lenard (Minnesota).

FORWARDS: Malcolm Mackey (Georgia Tech), Vin Baker (Hartford), Kendrick Warren (Virginia Commonwealth), Jackie Robinson (South Carolina St.), Joe Harvell (Mississippi), Will Flemons (Texas Tech), Scott Burrell and Donyell Marshall (Connecticut), Ashraf Amaya (Southern Illinois), Alan Henderson (Indiana), Jevan Crudup (Missouri), Parrish Casebier (Evansville), Jeff Webster (Oklahoma), Bill Curley (Boston College), Chris McNeal (Pittsburgh), Stacey Poole (Florida), Orlando Lightfoot (Idaho), DeLon Turner (Florida A&M), Deon Thomas (Illinois), Lawrence Funderburke (Ohio St.), Charles Outlaw (Houston), Darrin Hancock (Kansas), Leonard White (Southern).

CENTERS: Scott Haskin (Oregon St.), Bryan Sallier (Oklahoma), Juwon Howard (Michigan), Ervin Johnson (New Orleans), Mike Peplowski (Michigan St.), Sharone Wright (Clemson), Charles Claxton (Georgia), David Vaughn (Memphis State).

succeed, sophomore Tom Kleinschmidt must fulfill the potential that made him one of the most recruited high school players in the nation two years ago. **Alabama–Birmingham,** which won only four conference games last season, still lacks the requisite size to play with the conference's big boys. Coach Gene Bartow must replace the 20.4 points per game of departed forward Elbert Rogers. Senior guard Stanley Jackson (16.2 ppg) will pick up some of the slack if opposing defenses don't gang up on him. Charlie Spoonhour, former coach at Southwest Missouri State, takes over a disorganized situation at **St. Louis.** The team won only five games all year, none in the conference.

IVY LEAGUE

This could be a historic year in Ivy League basketball: **Princeton** may not be the best team. The Tigers, who have won the league title 12 times during coach Pete Carril's 25-year tenure, graduated all-time leading three-point shooter Sean Jackson, ball handler par excellence George Leftwich and power forward Matt Eastwick. With the Tigers declawed, Columbia and Penn look like the class of the Ivy. **Columbia** returns four starters from last season and adds two-year starter Mike Jelinsky, who sat out last season with an injury. Coach Fran Dunphy has given a boost to **Pennsylvania** basketball. The Quakers play tenacious man-to-man defense and have more size than most Ivy League opponents. Six-ten center Crawford Palmer should improve **Dartmouth** (10–16) by a quantum leap. Palmer was a backup for Christian Laettner at Duke for two years before transferring to the Big Green. Barry Pierce, last season's leading scorer, is only a junior. **Yale** had a good recruiting class but probably won't contend for the championship until next season.

COLE'S ALL-NAME TEAM

Adonis Jordan
Kansas
Anfernee Hardaway
Memphis State
Cherokee Parks
Duke
Parrish Casebier
Evansville
Charles Outlaw
Houston
Dondi Flemister
Mississippi
Booker T. Washington
San Francisco
Papillon Pino Pipes
North Carolina–Charlotte
Gym Bice
Texas–El Paso
Casey Arena
Maine
Roy Rogers
Alabama

METRO

Tulane, a college basketball success story last season, has enough talent to write a sequel this year. Four years ago coach Perry Clark brought the Green Wave back to life after the program was buried in a point-shaving scandal. With ten strong players last year, Clark established his starting five and then substituted the second five, nicknamed the Posse, about five minutes into each game. Liberally switching his two squads and playing a pressing and trapping game, Tulane wore opponents down. Eight of those ten players return this season, so look for more of the same. The Wave can improve on last season's 22-win total by improving its outside shooting. With emerging talent Dwayne Morton (13.6 ppg) only a junior and 6′10″ North Carolina transfer Clifford Rozier ready to play in the middle, **Louisville** will be a top-25 contender again this season. Coach Denny Crum, never far off the winning track in his 21 seasons, expects freshman Tick Rogers, a Kentucky Mr. Basketball, to contribute immediately. **North Carolina–Charlotte** is another Metro foe with legitimate national ambitions. The 49ers, 23–9 last season, have a slew of returning players capable of scoring. Junior Jarvis Lang, who averaged over 19 points per game as a freshman, returns after sitting out most of last season with a broken wrist. Juniors Rodney Odom (11 ppg) and James Terrell (13 ppg) should again be solid double-digit producers. **Virginia Commonwealth** has two outstanding players in forward Kendrick Warren (19 ppg) and 6′8″ center Sherron Mills. Coach Sonny Smith's challenge will be to blend nine new faces successfully with his two blue-chip talents. **Southern Mississippi** will struggle without forward Clarence Weatherspoon, now in the NBA. **South Florida,** 19–10 and NCAA tourney invitee last season, loses four starters, including 6′7″ floor leader Radenko Dobras. Without Dobras, the NCAA tournament will be *no mas* for the Bulls.

METRO ATLANTIC

Manhattan, which won 25 games last season and made it to the NIT quarterfinals before losing to Notre Dame, is again the team to beat in the MAAC. Forward Keith Bullock (17 ppg) is the best of the Jaspars. Fran Fraschilla takes over as head coach. **Iona** figures to improve on its 14–15 record of last season, despite losing leading scorer Derrick Canada. Coach Jerry Welsh recruited Greg Barr, a Camden, New Jersey, high

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PLAYBOY'S 1993 COLLEGE

ATLANTIC COAST

*1.	DUKE	6.	MARYLAND
*2.	NORTH CAROLINA	7.	WAKE FOREST
*3.	FLORIDA STATE	8.	CLEMSON
*4.	GEORGIA TECH	9.	NORTH CAROLINA STATE
5.	VIRGINIA		

STANDOUTS: Grant Hill, Bobby Hurley, Thomas Hill, Cherokee Parks (Duke); Eric Montross, George Lynch (North Carolina); Doug Edwards, Sam Cassell (Florida St.); Malcolm Mackey, James Forrest, Travis Best (Georgia Tech); Cory Alexander, Junior Burrough (Virginia); Evers Burns, Kevin McLinton, Duane Simpkins (Maryland); Rodney Rogers, Randolph Childress (Wake Forest); Chris Whitney, Sharone Wright (Clemson).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1.	MASSACHUSETTS	5.	GEORGE WASHINGTON
*2.	WEST VIRGINIA	6.	RUTGERS
*3.	RHODE ISLAND	7.	ST. JOSEPH'S
4.	TEMPLE	8.	ST. BONAVENTURE

STANDOUTS: Harper Williams, Tony Barbee, Louis Roe (Massachusetts); Ricky Robinson, Pervires Green (West Virginia); Mike Brown, Abdul Fox (Rhode Island); Aaron McKie, Eddie Jones (Temple); Dirkk Surles, Sonni Holland (George Washington); Steve Worthy, Mike Jones (Rutgers); Bernard Blunt, Rap Curry, Carlin Warley (St. Joseph's); Harry Moore (St. Bonaventure).

BIG EAST

*1.	SETON HALL	6.	ST. JOHN'S
*2.	GEORGETOWN	7.	PROVIDENCE
*3.	CONNECTICUT	8.	PITTSBURGH
4.	SYRACUSE	9.	VILLANOVA
*5.	BOSTON COLLEGE	10.	MIAMI

STANDOUTS: Terry Dehere, Jerry Walker (Seton Hall); Othella Harrington, Duane Spencer (Georgetown); Scott Burrell, Donyell Marshall (Connecticut); Lawrence Moten, Mike Hopkins, Adrian Autry (Syracuse); Bill Curley, Malcolm Huckaby (Boston College); Shawnelle Scott (St. John's); Michael Smith, Dickey Simpkins (Providence); Chris McNeal, Eric Mobley (Pittsburgh); Lance Miller (Villanova); Trevor Burton, Constantin Popa (Miami).

BIG EIGHT

*1.	KANSAS	5.	OKLAHOMA STATE
*2.	OKLAHOMA	6.	MISSOURI
*3.	IOWA STATE	7.	KANSAS STATE
*4.	NEBRASKA	8.	COLORADO

STANDOUTS: Rex Walters, Adonis Jordan, Darrin Hancock (Kansas); Bryan Sallier, Jeff Webster, Terry Evans (Oklahoma); Justus Thigpen, Fred Hoiberg, Julius Michalik (Iowa St.); Eric Piatkowski, Jamar Johnson (Nebraska); Bryant Reeves, Brooks Thompson, Fred Burley (Oklahoma St.); Jevon Crudup, Melvin Booker, Jeff Warren (Missouri); Askia Jones, Brian Henson (Kansas St.); Donnie Boyce, Randy Robinson (Colorado).

BIG SKY

*1.	IDAHO	6.	IDAHO STATE
2.	WEBER STATE	7.	NORTHERN ARIZONA
3.	BOISE STATE	8.	EASTERN WASHINGTON
4.	MONTANA STATE		
5.	MONTANA		

STANDOUTS: Orlando Lightfoot, Deon Watson, Marvin Ricks (Idaho); Al Hamilton, Stan Rose (Weber St.); Tanoka Beard, Jermaine Haliburton (Boise St.); Johnny Mack, Art Menefee (Montana St.); Travis DeCuire (Montana); Erin Cowan (Idaho St.); Demetrius Robbins (Northern Arizona); Carren Wilson (Eastern Washington).

BIG SOUTH

*1.	CAMPBELL	7.	MARYLAND–BALTIMORE COUNTY
2.	TOWSON STATE	8.	WINTHROP
3.	COASTAL CAROLINA	9.	NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE
4.	LIBERTY		
5.	RADFORD		
6.	CHARLESTON SOUTHERN		

STANDOUTS: Joe Spinks, Mark Mocnik (Campbell); Devin Boyd, Terrance Alexander (Towson St.); Tony Dunkin, Marquis Hicks (Coastal Carolina); Julius Nwosu (Liberty); Doug Day, Brian Schmall (Radford); Darnell Sneed, Falur Hardarson (Charleston Southern); Derell Thompson, Sonique Nixon (Maryland–Baltimore County); Mark Hailey, LaShawn Coulter (Winthrop); Willie Black (North Carolina–Asheville).

BIG TEN

*1.	INDIANA	7.	OHIO STATE
*2.	MICHIGAN	8.	MINNESOTA
*3.	IOWA	9.	WISCONSIN
*4.	PURDUE	10.	NORTHWESTERN
*5.	MICHIGAN STATE	11.	PENN STATE
6.	ILLINOIS		

STANDOUTS: Calbert Cheaney, Damon Bailey, Alan Henderson, Greg Graham (Indiana); Chris Webber, Jalen Rose, Juwan Howard (Michigan); Acie Earl, Chris Street (Iowa); Glenn Robinson, Matt Waddell, Ian Stanbeck (Purdue); Mike Peplowski, Dwayne Stephens, Shawn Respert (Michigan St.); Deon Thomas, Andy Kaufmann, Rennie Clemons (Illinois); Lawrence Funderburke (Ohio St.); Voshon Lenard, Arriel McDonald (Minnesota); Tracy Webster, Michael Finley (Wisconsin); Pat Baldwin, Kevin Rankin (Northwestern); DeRon Hayes (Penn St.).

BIG WEST

*1.	UNLV	6.	CAL STATE FULLERTON
*2.	NEW MEXICO STATE	7.	CALIFORNIA–IRVINE
3.	LONG BEACH STATE	8.	NEVADA–RENO
4.	CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA	9.	SAN JOSE STATE
5.	UTAH STATE	10.	PACIFIC

STANDOUTS: J. R. Rider, Dexter Boney, Evric Gray (UNLV); Sam Crawford, Cliff Reed, D. J. Jackson (New Mexico St.); Lucious Harris, Bryon Russell, Chris Tower (Long Beach St.); Ray Kelly, Doug Muse, Paul Johnson (California–Santa Barbara); Carlito DaSilva, Jay Goodman (Utah St.); Bruce Bowen, Sean Williams (Cal State Fullerton); Jeff Von Lutzow, Lloyd Mumford (California–Irvine); Ric Herrin, Eric Morris (Nevada–Reno); Mike Brotherton (San Jose St.).

COLONIAL

*1.	JAMES MADISON	5.	NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
2.	RICHMOND	6.	GEORGE MASON
3.	OLD DOMINION	7.	AMERICAN
4.	EAST CAROLINA	8.	WILLIAM & MARY

STANDOUTS: Bryan Edwards, Jeff Chambers, Kent Culuko (James Madison); Kenny Wood (Richmond); Petey Sessoms, Kevin Swann (Old Dominion); Lester Lyons, Anton Gill (East Carolina); Tim Shaw (North Carolina–Wilmington); Craig Hodges (George Mason); Brian Gilgeous (American); Thomas Roberts, Brendan Connor (William & Mary).

EAST COAST

1.	HOFSTRA		
2.	CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE		
3.	BUFFALO		

STANDOUTS: Demetrius Dudley, John Mavroukas (Hofstra); Damian Johnson (Central Connecticut St.); Lou Johnson, Modie Cox (Buffalo).

GREAT MIDWEST

*1.	MEMPHIS STATE	5.	ALABAMA–BIRMINGHAM
*2.	CINCINNATI	6.	ST. LOUIS
3.	MARQUETTE		
4.	DE PAUL		

STANDOUTS: Anfernee Hardaway, David Vaughn (Memphis St.); Nick Van Exel, Erik Martin (Cincinnati); Damon Key, Ron Curry (Marquette); Terry Davis (DePaul); Stanley Jackson (Alabama–Birmingham); Scott Highmark (St. Louis).

IVY LEAGUE

*1.	COLUMBIA	5.	YALE
2.	PENN	6.	HARVARD
3.	PRINCETON	7.	CORNELL
4.	DARTMOUTH	8.	BROWN

STANDOUTS: Buck Jenkins, Tom Casey, Par Downing (Columbia); Jerome Allen, Barry Pierce (Penn); Chris Mooney, Rick Hielscher (Princeton); Crawford Palmer (Dartmouth); Tyler Rullman (Harvard); Jeff Gaca, Zeke Marshall (Cornell).

METRO

*1.	TULANE	5.	SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
*2.	LOUISVILLE	6.	SOUTH FLORIDA
*3.	NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE	7.	VIRGINIA TECH
4.	VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH		

STANDOUTS: Kim Lewis, Anthony Reed (Tulane); Dwayne Morton, Greg Minor, Clifford Rozier (Louisville); Jarvis Lang, Rodney Odom, James Terrell (North Carolina–Charlotte); Kendrick Warren, Sherron Mills (Virginia Commonwealth); Glen Whisby, Bernard Haslett (Southern Mississippi); Jesse Salters (South Florida); Thomas Elliott (Virginia Tech).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1.	MANHATTAN	5.	FAIRFIELD
2.	IONA	6.	NIAGARA
3.	SIENA	7.	CANISIUS
4.	LOYOLA–MARYLAND	8.	ST. PETER'S

STANDOUTS: Keith Bullock, Carey Edwards, Jamal Marshall (Manhattan); Harry Hart, Corey Taylor, Greg Barr (Iona); Lee Matthews, Doremus Bennerman (Siena); Michael Reese, Brian Pendleton (Loyola–Maryland); Drew Henderson, Kevin George (Fairfield); Brian Clifford (Niagara); Craig Wise (Canisius).

MID-AMERICAN

*1.	MIAMI	6.	EASTERN MICHIGAN
2.	BALL STATE	7.	WESTERN MICHIGAN
3.	TOLEDO	8.	CENTRAL MICHIGAN
4.	BOWLING GREEN	9.	KENT
5.	AKRON	10.	OHIO

STANDOUTS: Scott Belyeu, Craig Michaelis (Miami); Bill Gillis (Ball St.); Anthony Williams, Sam Brown, Archie Fuller (Toledo); Michael Huger, Shane Kline-Ruminski (Bowling Green); Mark Alberts (Akron); Bryant Kennedy, Theron Wilson (Eastern Michigan); Leon McGee (Western Michigan); Sander Scott (Central Michigan).

MID-CONTINENT

*1.	ILLINOIS–CHICAGO	5.	NORTHERN ILLINOIS
2.	WRIGHT STATE	6.	VALPARAISO
3.	CLEVELAND STATE	7.	YOUNGSTOWN STATE
4.	WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY	8.	EASTERN ILLINOIS
		9.	WESTERN ILLINOIS

STANDOUTS: Kenny Williams, Sherell Ford (Illinois–Chicago); Bill Edwards, Sean Hammonds (Wright St.); Anthony Reed, Sam Mitchell, Gravelle Craig (Cleveland St.); Larry Hill (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Randy Fens (Northern Illinois); Tracy Gipson, Lance Barker (Valparaiso); Jerome Sims (Youngstown St.); Curtis Leib (Eastern Illinois).

MID-EASTERN

*1.	SOUTH CAROLINA STATE	5.	MORGAN STATE
2.	NORTH CAROLINA A&T STATE	6.	COPPIN STATE
3.	HOWARD	7.	DELAWARE STATE
4.	FLORIDA A&M	8.	MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE
		9.	BETHUNE–COOKMAN

STANDOUTS: Jackie Robinson, Donald Fogle (South Carolina St.); Jermaine Williams (North Carolina A&T St.); Milan Brown, Charles Solomon (Howard); DeLon Turner (Florida A&M); Obadiah Johnson, Malik White (Morgan St.); Tariq Saunders, Steven Stewart (Coppin St.); Donell Thomas, Malcolm Musgrove (Delaware St.); Marlin Kimbrew, Roderic Caine (Maryland–Eastern Shore).

MIDWESTERN

*1.	EVANSVILLE	5.	LA SALLE
*2.	XAVIER	6.	DUQUESNE
3.	BUTLER	7.	LOYOLA–CHICAGO
4.	DAYTON	8.	DETROIT MERCY

STANDOUTS: Parrish Casebier, Sascha Hupmann, Scott Shreffler (Evansville); Jamie Gladden, Aaron Williams, Brian Grant (Xavier); Jermaine Guice, J. P. Brens (Butler); Alex

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

Robertson, Chip Hare (Dayton); Derrick Alston (Duquesne); Kerman Ali, Eric Dolezal (Loyola–Chicago); Dwayne Kelley (Detroit Mercy).

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1.	SOUTHERN ILLINOIS	6.	WICHITA STATE
2.	SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE	7.	CREIGHTON
		8.	NORTHERN IOWA
3.	ILLINOIS STATE	9.	BRADLEY
4.	TULSA	10.	DRAKE
5.	INDIANA STATE		

STANDOUTS: Ashraf Amaya, Marcus Timmons, Chris Lowery (Southern Illinois); Jackie Crawford, Tony Graves, Johnny Murdock (Southwest Missouri St.); Richard Thomas, Scott Taylor, Mike VandeGarde (Illinois St.); Mark Morse, Gary Collier, Jeff Malham (Tulsa); Greg Thomas, Jason Edwards (Indiana St.); John Smith, Claudius Johnson (Wichita St.); Nathan King, Mike Amos (Creighton); Cam Johnson, Brian Carpenter (Northern Iowa); Charles White (Bradley); Darrin Dafney, Curt Smith (Drake).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1.	DELAWARE	5.	BOSTON UNIVERSITY
2.	MAINE	6.	VERMONT
3.	NORTHEASTERN	7.	NEW HAMPSHIRE
4.	HARTFORD	8.	DREXEL

STANDOUTS: Spencer Dunkley, Anthony Wright, Brian Pearl (Delaware); Francois Bouchard, Deonté Hursey, Casey Arena (Maine); Anthony Brown, Dan Callahan (Northeastern); Vin Baker, Ricardo Roderick (Hartford); James Brown, Danny Delgardo, Bevan Thomas (Boston University); Dave Dstrosky, Brian Tarrant (Vermont); Jose Powell, Danny Williams (New Hampshire); Mike Wisler, Brian Holder (Drexel).

NORTHEAST

*1.	WAGNER	6.	ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK
2.	MARIST		
3.	ROBERT MORRIS	7.	ST. FRANCIS–PENNSYLVANIA
4.	FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON	8.	LONG ISLAND
5.	MONMOUTH	9.	MOUNT ST. MARY
		10.	RIDER

STANDOUTS: Bobby Hopson, Miladin Mutavdzic (Wagner); Fred Ingles, Izett Buchanan, Andy Lake (Marist); Myron Walker, Samba Johnson (Robert Morris); David Freeman, Clive Anderson (Fairleigh Dickinson); Steve Barnes (Monmouth); Ron Arnold, Louis Myers (St. Francis–New York); Deon George (St. Francis–Pennsylvania).

OHIO VALLEY

*1.	MURRAY STATE	5.	TENNESSEE TECH
2.	MIDDLE TENNESSEE	6.	AUSTIN PEAY
3.	EASTERN KENTUCKY	7.	TENNESSEE STATE
4.	MOREHEAD STATE	8.	SOUTHEAST MISSOURI

STANDOUTS: Frank Allen, Tony Bailey, Antione Teague (Murray St.); Warren Kidd, Robert Taylor (Middle Tennessee); John Allan, Arlando Johnson (Eastern Kentucky); Doug Bentz, Kelly Wells (Morehead St.); John Best, Maurice Houston (Tennessee Tech); Greg Franklin, Rick Yudt (Austin Peay).

PACIFIC TEN

*1.	ARIZONA	6.	WASHINGTON STATE
*2.	UCLA	7.	STANFORD
*3.	ARIZONA STATE	8.	WASHINGTON
*4.	CALIFORNIA	9.	USC
5.	OREGON STATE	10.	OREGON

STANDOUTS: Chris Mills, Khalid Reeves (Arizona); Shon Tarver, Mitchell Butler (UCLA); Stevin Smith (Arizona St.); Brian Hendrick, Lamond Murray, Jason Kidd (California); Scott Haskin, Charles McKinney (Oregon St.); Bennie Seltzer (Washington St.); Brent Williams, Peter Dukes (Stanford); Rich Manning, Mark Pope (Washington); Rodney Chatman (USC); Antoine Stoudamire (Oregon).

PATRIOT

*1.	HOLY CROSS	5.	LEHIGH
2.	BUCKNELL	6.	LAFAYETTE
3.	FORDHAM	7.	NAVY
4.	COLGATE	8.	ARMY

STANDOUTS: Rick Mashburn, Bill Walker, Roger Breslin (Holy Cross); Mike Bright, Chris Simpson (Bucknell); Sherwin Content, Ryan Hunter, Bobby Frain (Fordham); Darren Brown (Colgate); Chuck Penn (Lehigh); Larry Spigner, Keith Brazzo (Lafayette); Derrick Wall (Navy); David Ardayfio (Army).

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

*1.	KENTUCKY	4.	GEORGIA
*2.	TENNESSEE	5.	VANDERBILT
*3.	FLORIDA	6.	SOUTH CAROLINA

WESTERN DIVISION

*1.	ARKANSAS	4.	LOUISIANA STATE
*2.	AUBURN	5.	ALABAMA
*3.	MISSISSIPPI STATE	6.	MISSISSIPPI

STANDOUTS: Jamal Mashburn, Rodrick Rhodes (Kentucky); Allan Houston, Carlus Groves, Lang Wiseman (Tennessee); Stacey Poole, Andrew DeClercq (Florida); Charles Claxton, Travis Best, Cleveland Jackson (Georgia); Kevin Anglin, Bruce Elder (Vanderbilt); Jamie Watson, Chris Leso (South Carolina); Craig Tyson, Corliss Williamson, Darrell Hawkins (Arkansas); Wesley Person, Ronnie Battle, Mark Hutton (Auburn); Chuck Evans, Johnny Walker (Mississippi St.); Clarence Ceasar (Louisiana St.); James Robinson, Cedric Moore (Alabama); Joe Harvell, Kevin Watkins (Mississippi).

SOUTHERN

*1.	EAST TENNESSEE STATE	6.	DAVIDSON
		7.	WESTERN CAROLINA
2.	TENNESSEE–CHATTANOOGA	8.	VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE
3.	GEORGIA SOUTHERN	9.	THE CITADEL
4.	MARSHALL	10.	APPALACHIAN STATE
5.	FURMAN		

STANDOUTS: Trazel Silvers, Darell Jones, Jason Niblett (East Tennessee St.); Tim Brooks, Gary Robb (Tennessee–Chattanooga); Calvin Sinkfield, Tim Heath, Dexter Abrams (Georgia Southern); Tyrone Phillips, Malik Hightower (Marshall); Derek Waugh (Furman); Detlef Musch, Janko Narat (Davidson); Robert Gaines (Western Carolina); Lewis Preston, Jonathan Penn (VMI); Andre Harris (The Citadel).

SOUTHLAND

*1.	NORTHEAST LOUISIANA	6.	SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE
2.	NICHOLLS STATE	7.	TEXAS–SAN ANTONIO
3.	NORTH TEXAS	8.	STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
4.	TEXAS–ARLINGTON	9.	SAM HOUSTON STATE
5.	MCNEESE STATE	10.	NORTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA

STANDOUTS: Ryan Stuart, Keith Johnson (Northeast Louisiana); Reggie Jackson, Gerard King, Valachie Miles (Nicholls St.); Jesse Ratliff, Eric Jackson (North Texas); Johnny McDowell, Mike Rodgers (Texas–Arlington); Martin Yokum (McNeese St.); Lynwood Wade, DeJuan Brown (Southwest Texas St.); Rob Wallace, Mike Green (Texas–San Antonio); Nathan Randle (Stephen F. Austin); Roosevelt Moore (Sam Houston St.).

SOUTHWEST

*1.	HOUSTON	6.	BAYLOR
*2.	TEXAS	7.	SOUTHERN METHODIST
3.	TEXAS TECH		
4.	RICE	8.	TEXAS A&M
5.	TEXAS CHRISTIAN		

STANDOUTS: Charles Dutlaw, Derrick Smith (Houston); B. J. Tyler, Terrence Rencher, Albert Burditt (Texas); Will Flemons, Lance Hughes (Texas Tech); Brent Scott, Marvin Moore (Rice); Brent Atwater, Kurt Thomas (Texas Christian); Willie Sublett (Baylor); Mike Wilson, Tim Mason (Southern Methodist); Damon Johnson, David Edwards (Texas A&M).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1.	MISSISSIPPI VALLEY	5.	TEXAS SOUTHERN
2.	SOUTHERN	6.	ALABAMA STATE
3.	JACKSON STATE	7.	GRAMBLING STATE
4.	ALCORN STATE	8.	PRAIRIE VIEW A&M

STANDOUTS: Alphonso Ford, Mark Burford, Howard Young (Mississippi Valley); Leonard White, Tim Roberts (Southern); Lindsey Hunter (Jackson St.); Levi Wyatt, Marcus Walton (Alcorn St.); Theon Dotson, Charles Moore, Gerald Woods (Texas Southern); Marquis Davis, Kirby Fortenberry (Alabama St.); Felonta Evans, Patrick Minnifield (Grambling St.).

SUN BELT

*1.	NEW ORLEANS	6.	SOUTH ALABAMA
2.	SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA	7.	LOUISIANA TECH
		8.	TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN
3.	ARKANSAS STATE		
4.	WESTERN KENTUCKY	9.	JACKSONVILLE
5.	ARKANSAS–LITTLE ROCK	10.	LAMAR

STANDOUTS: Ervin Johnson, Melvin Simon (New Orleans); Byron Starks, Todd Hill, Michael Allen (Southwestern Louisiana); Fred Shepherd (Arkansas St.); Darnell Mee, Mark Bell (Western Kentucky); Tony Martin, Tony Chime (Arkansas–Little Rock); Cedric Yelding (South Alabama); Atiim Browne (Lamar).

TRANS AMERICA

*1.	FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL	4.	CENTENARY
		5.	MERCER
2.	GEORGIA STATE	6.	STETSON
3.	SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA	7.	SAMFORD

STANDOUTS: Dwight Stewart (Florida International); Zavian Smith (Georgia St.); Hank Washington, Pete Meriweather (Southeastern Louisiana); Nate Taylor, Shannon Washington (Centenary); Shaun Thompson, Kenny Brown (Mercer); Patrick Sams, Donell Grier (Stetson).

WEST COAST

*1.	GONZAGA	5.	SAN DIEGO
2.	PEPPERDINE	6.	SAINT MARY'S
3.	LOYOLA MARYMOUNT	7.	SANTA CLARA
4.	SAN FRANCISCO	8.	PORTLAND

STANDOUTS: Jeff Brown, Felix McGowan (Gonzaga); Dana Jones, Damin Lopez (Pepperdine); Zan Mason, Rahim Harris (Loyola Marymount); Orlando Smart, Alvin Brown (San Francisco); Gylan Dottin (San Diego); Troy McCoy, Darrell Daniel (Saint Mary's); DeWayne Lewis, Pete Eisenrich (Santa Clara); Peter McKelvey, Grant Tracy (Portland).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1.	UTAH	6.	COLORADO STATE
*2.	BRIGHAM YOUNG	7.	HAWAII
*3.	NEW MEXICO	8.	WYOMING
4.	TEXAS–EL PASO	9.	AIR FORCE
5.	FRESNO STATE	10.	SAN DIEGO STATE

STANDOUTS: Josh Grant, Jimmy Soto (Utah); Gary Trost, Russell Larson (Brigham Young); Khari Jaxon, Canonchet Neves (New Mexico); Eddie Rivera, Johnny Melvin (Texas–El Paso); Carl Ray Harris, Lee Mayberry (Fresno St.); Aaron Atkinson, Keith Bonds (Colorado St.); Fabio Ribeiro (Hawaii); Brian Rewers (Wyoming); George Irvin, Otis Jones (Air Force); Joe McNaull, Tony Clark (San Diego St.).

INDEPENDENTS

*1.	NOTRE DAME	3.	CHICAGO STATE
2.	MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY	4.	NORTH CAROLINA–GREENSBORO

STANDOUTS: Tony Dumas (Missouri–Kansas City); Frank Thames (Chicago St.); Yusuf Stewart (North Carolina–Greensboro).

*Our predictions to make the NCAA postseason tournament.

school star who averaged 41.2 points per game last season. **Siena** returns four starters, including assist specialist Doremus Bennerman and leading rebounder Lee Matthews. The return of three-year starter Mike Brown, who missed last season after back surgery, should also help.

MID-AMERICAN

Trying to pick winners in the Mid-American Conference puts gray hairs on the heads of prognosticators: Six or eight teams usually have a legitimate shot at coming out on top. **Miami,** which won the conference last season and nearly upset North Carolina in the first round of the NCAA tournament, has a lot of talent returning from that 23–8 team. But coach Joby Wright is cautious, since Miami lost its top three-point producers to graduation. **Ball State** will again be in the hunt. Coach Dick Hunsaker has proved he knows how to field a winner. Ball State's best returning player is center Bill Gillis. **Toledo** coach Larry Gipson thinks the Rockets, 7–20 in his first year, are ready to turn things around. His hopes are pinned on three junior college transfers: Anthony "Scoop" Williams, Sam Brown and Archie Fuller. **Bowling Green** is in the midst of a Shane movement. Center Shane Kline-Ruminski returns after winning MAC Freshman of the Year honors, and he'll be joined by this year's frosh phenom, Shane Komives. **Akron,** which makes its basketball debut in the MAC, has backcourt talent in senior Mark Alberts, junior college transfer David Hopkins and freshman Eddie Kellum. But the Zips may have some problems adjusting to the MAC's physical inside play. The **Michigans—Eastern, Central** and **Western**—all graduated important contributors from last year and will have to rebuild.

MID-CONTINENT

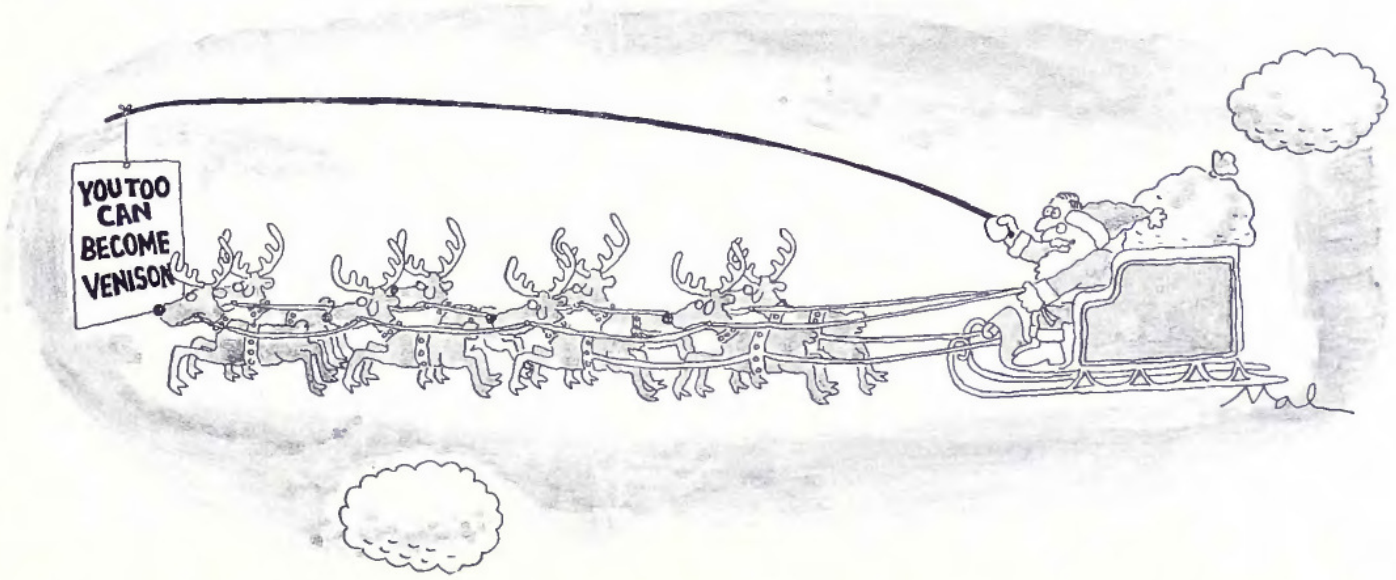
Bob Hallberg's **Illinois–Chicago** team appears good enough to take the Mid-Continent crown and perhaps to upset a major power or two along the way. Kenny Williams, a 5'10" guard who averaged 15.7 points per game and led the Flames in assists, steals and field-goal percentage, is only a junior. Proposition 48 casualty Sherell Ford, a 6'7" forward, will finally see action. **Wright State** has the best player in the conference in 6'8" senior forward Bill Edwards, who led his team in scoring (20.9 ppg) and rebounding (8 rpg) last season. Three other starters and a couple of strong bench players are returning to complement Edwards. **Cleveland State** returns all starters from its 16–13 squad of last season. Sam Mitchell, a 6'9" forward who transferred from Michigan because he didn't figure to get playing time behind the Wolverine's fab five, will see lots of it with the Vikings. **Wisconsin–Green Bay** won 25 games last season but couldn't win its conference tournament or get beyond the first round of the NIT. Guard Tony Bennett has graduated and coach Dick Bennett is left to rebuild the Phoenixes. It will not be an easy job. With the loss of four starters, **Eastern Illinois,** the conference's NCAA tourney representative last season, figures to tumble to the bottom half of the conference standings.

MID-EASTERN

The best two teams in the conference have the best two players: **South Carolina State's** Jackie Robinson returns as the Bulldogs' versatile man in the middle. Robinson is a 6'8" senior who averaged 18.2 points and 8.8 rebounds per game last season. **North Carolina A&T State** fortunes will ride on the shooting touch of Jermaine Williams. **Howard** made the NCAA tourney last season on defense. The team's top scorer averaged only 12.4 points per game. Coach Butch Beard will have to perform miracles if the Bisons hope to stampede into postseason play again this year. **Florida A&M** needs another big year from wide-body forward DeLon Turner (19.7 ppg), who was among the league leaders in scoring, rebounding and field-goal percentage last year. With 6'11", 300-pound Jarrad Smith at center, it will be tough to go inside against **Morgan State.** The Bears have also added 6'10" Malik White, a transfer from New Mexico State.

MIDWESTERN

If you want to impress friends by predicting a dark horse team that could wind up in the Sweet 16 or better, try **Evansville.** The Aces, who won 24 games last year, have almost their entire team back from last season. The ace of the Aces is junior forward Parrish Casebier, whose 25.4-points-per-game average was tenth best in the nation last season. His 9.5 rebounds per game weren't too shabby, either. The key for coach Jim Crews's crew, however, will be the play of 7'1" Sascha Hupmann, who wound up in the top 20 in the nation in shooting percentage (63.1) and blocked shots. The only team in the conference that appears to have a shot at trumping the Aces is Pete Gillen's **Xavier** squad. The Musketeers, who missed the NCAA tournament for the first time in Gillen's seven-year tenure, won't miss this time around. Best of the five Musketeers is guard Jamie Gladden (19.4 ppg). Two impact players, Brian Grant and Chris Mack, should be completely recovered from last season's knee injuries. **Butler,** a 21-game winner last season, will struggle after the graduation of scoring leader Darin Archbold. **Dayton** coach Jim O'Brien hopes to get back to an up-tempo style of play precluded last season by injuries and inexperience. **La Salle** and **Duquesne** make their Midwestern Conference debut and both are likely to struggle. **Loyola–Chicago** couldn't break .500 with Keir Rogers' 19-points-per-game average last season and are unlikely to do it this year without him. **Detroit Mercy,** conference cellar dweller for the past two years, will remain there.



MISSOURI VALLEY

Our unofficial award for best-player-you've-never-heard-of goes this year to **Southern Illinois's** Ashraf Amaya. The 6′8″ senior, who averaged 19.4 points and 10.3 rebounds per game last season, is a determined inside player and the Salukis' inspirational leader. SIU, 22–8 last season, returns all five starters. Former assistant Mark Bernsen replaces Charlie Spoonhour as head coach at **Southwest Missouri State.** The Bears, 23-game winners last season, shouldn't miss a beat, since four starters return. Bernsen will continue to advocate the same stingy man-to-man defensive philosophy that Spoonhour used so successfully. **Illinois State** coach Bob Bender was conference Coach of the Year last season after the Redbirds improved to 18–11 from 5–23 in 1990–1991. With four starters and most of the bench returning, Bender will continue to emphasize team balance (only one player scored in double figures last season) and defense. **Tulsa's** strengths last year were quickness and accurate three-point shooting. Coach Tubby Smith added three 6′8″ or better players to the mix and expects the Golden Hurricane to improve on last season's 17–13 record.

NORTH ATLANTIC

Delaware enjoyed its best season in school history, posting a 27–4 overall mark, sweeping the regular conference season (14–0) and play-offs (3–0) before falling to Cincinnati in the first round of the NCAA tournament. Despite losing Mark Murray and Alex Coles, Delaware's number-two and -three all-time scorers, coach Steve Steinwedel's squad will probably repeat as conference champ this season. Spencer Dunkley (a 6′11″ Englishman who grew up playing soccer and cricket before he discovered hoops), 6′6″ forward Anthony Wright and NAC Rookie of the Year Brian Pearl are the three returning starters. Deonté Hursey, Fritz Marseille and Francois Bouchard are: (1) three characters out of *Casablanca*, (2) waiters at Le Cirque, or (3) the returning starters for coach Rudy Keeling at **Maine.** (The correct answer is 3.) Keeling also landed a strong recruiting class, the best of which is Casey Arena, who will probably start at point guard. With almost its entire team returning from last season, **Northeastern** figures to be greatly improved. The Huskies, who aren't big, will emphasize outside shooting and quickness. **Hartford's** new coach, Paul Brazeau, inherits 6′11″ center Vin Baker (27.6 ppg), easily the best player in the conference. Unfortunately, the Hawks are short on talent at other positions. Freshman Bevan Thomas, a 6′8″ forward, will contribute immediately for **Boston University,** which has enough talent to play conference dark horse.

"JUMP UP AND KISS ME," I SAID.

Of course, I was simply saying the name of my favorite rum drink.

◆

Ton Ton the bartender made it with Myers's Original Dark Rum. It makes a Jump Up and Kiss Me twice as dark and alluring.

◆

"Why the monkey?" I asked.

◆

"He peels the bananas for my daiquiris," said Ton Ton. "I pay him peanuts."

How to Jump Up and Kiss Someone: 1¼ oz. Myers's Original Dark Rum, 4 oz. pineapple juice, ½ oz. lime juice, dash of bitters.

OHIO VALLEY

Murray State and Middle Tennessee will both make a strong run at the conference title this season. **Murray State,** last year's champ, gets our nod despite the graduation of Popeye Jones, the nation's leading rebounder last season. The Racers, however, return four starters, including Frank Allen (17.6 ppg). The team has added two strong junior college transfers in 6'5" Tony Bailey and 6'10" Antione Teague. **Middle Tennessee** may have found the point guard it needed in freshman Tim Gaither or transfer Rod Pryor. Heavy-duty rebounder Warren Kidd (10.8 rpg) and Robert Taylor (16.5 ppg) are second-year coach David Farrar's most dependable players. **Eastern Kentucky** coach Mike Pollio, who led the Colonels to consecutive second-place conference finishes the past two seasons, accepted an associate athletic director position at Louisville during the off-season. EKU also lost three 1000-point-career scorers to graduation. **Morehead State** coach Dick Fick never sits down during a game. If promising transfers Kelly Wells and Johnnie Williams team well with returning 6'9" center Doug Bentz (16.1 ppg), Fick may begin to levitate.

THE FIGHTING WHO?

Consider yourself a college-sports buff? You say you know whot Nittany Lions and Hoyas are, but do you know which team goes with which mascot? If you answer ten right, you're very good. Fifteen or more is expert. Correct on 20? Get a job.

1. Vandals
2. Lumberjacks
3. Fightin' Blue Hens
4. Fighting Camels
5. Fighting Gobblers
6. Highlanders
7. Chanticleers
8. Spiders
9. Delta Devils
10. Scalping Braves
11. Roadrunners
12. Zips
13. Stags
14. Golden Griffins
15. Waves
16. Gents
17. Hatters
18. Flying Dutchmen
19. Green Wave
20. Kangaroos

1. Idaho 2. Northern Arizona 3. Delaware 4. Campbell 5. Virginia Tech 6. Radford 7. Coastal Carolina 8. Richmond 9. Mississippi Valley State 10. Alcorn State 11. Texas–San Antonio 12. Akron 13. Fairfield 14. Canisius 15. Pepperdine 16. Centenary 17. Stetson 18. Hofstra 19. Tulane 20. Missouri–Konsas City.

PAC TEN

Competition is heating up in the Pac Ten as last year's big guns stumble into an uncertain new campaign. UCLA, the conference champ, has lost several key players, including forward Don MacLean, playmaker Gerald Madkins and superscorer Tracy Murray. Arizona has lost three starters, one of them big man Sean Rooks. Meanwhile, California has an interesting blend of returning veterans and highly touted recruits. Don't discount Arizona State, though coach Bill Frieder also lost a couple of key players from last season. We'll give the nod by the slightest of margins to **Arizona** because of the dynamic duo of Chris Mills (16.3 ppg) and 6'1" junior guard Khalid Reeves. And although the Wildcats' 71-game home-court winning streak was broken last season, Arizona will continue to be formidable in Tucson's McKale Center. Coach Lute Olson expects guard Damon Stoudamire (a Pac Ten All-Freshman team player last year) and 7' Ed Stokes to be major contributors. **UCLA's** chances for a second straight conference crown will hinge on 6'8" forward Ed O'Bannon and Richard Petruska, a 6'10" transfer from Loyola Marymount. Guards Shon Tarver and Mitchell Butler, plus 6'9" center Rodney Zimmerman, will be coach Jim Harrick's most experienced returning players. **Arizona State,** still without a bona fide center, will continue to be a perimeter-oriented team. Coach Frieder brought in junior college standout point guard Marcell Capers, plus Quincy Brewer and Ron Riley, two promising freshman guards, and all of them figure to improve the Sun Devils' occasionally anemic shooting. **California** has one proven player, 6'9" forward Brian Hendrick (16.1 ppg) and tons of potential. The Golden Bears landed well-advertised Jason Kidd, last year's high school player of the year. Kidd is a 6'4" guard who sometimes makes the kinds of spectacular passes that made a guy named Earvin famous. California also has five promising sophomores from a strong recruiting class two years ago. **Oregon State** has underrated 6'11" center Scott Haskin (18 ppg), but not enough talent overall to challenge the top four. Junior college transfer Mustapha Hoff could help. Last year **Washington State** (22–11) had its best season in more than a decade. Coach Kelvin Sampson will look to guard Bennie Seltzer to add scoring to his duties as the Cougars' floor leader. WSU will be good defensively but lacks the offensive firepower to challenge the big boys. Life will be the pits for both **USC** and **Stanford** without their team leaders. Southern Cal lost Harold Miner to the NBA, and Stanford will have difficulty finding a replacement for Adam Keefe, a strong power forward.

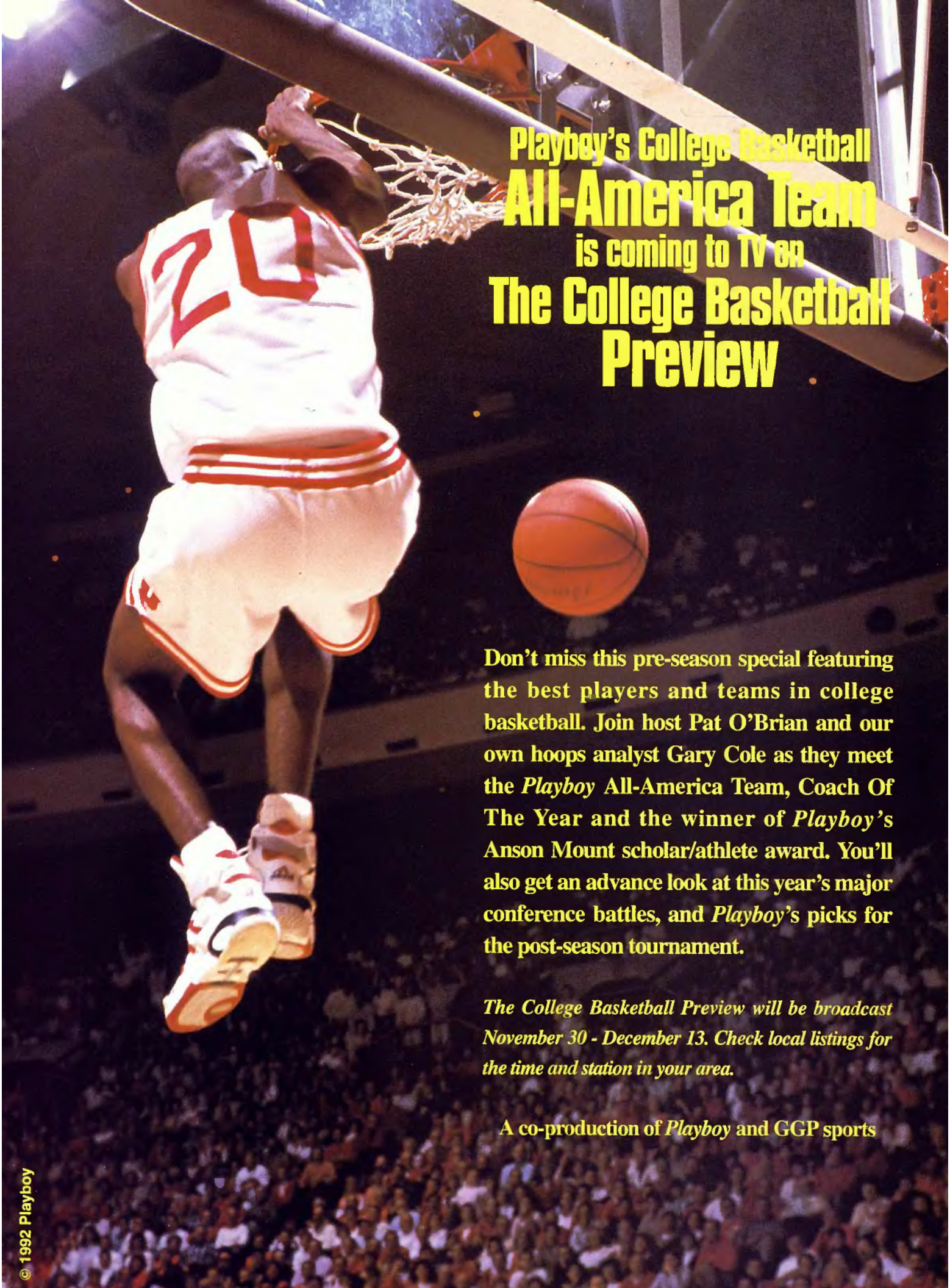
SOUTHEASTERN

Kentucky knocked loudly on the door to last year's Final Four before Christian Laettner nailed a last-second jump shot and ended the Wildcats' season. Playboy Coach of the Year Rick Pitino now expects Playboy All-America junior forward Jamal Mashburn to lead the Wildcats to New Orleans. The Wildcats won't get there with size. But Kentucky's 29 wins last season proved that Pitino's teams can win without a big man, perhaps because they shoot, and defend against, the three-point shot better than anybody else in the country. With four starters returning from last season, including Playboy All-America Allan Houston, **Tennessee** appears poised to make a run at the SEC Eastern Division title. The Volunteers improved from 12–22 two years ago to a 19–15 mark last year.

COLE'S ALL-NICKNAME TEAM

Cedric "Bubble" Gumm
Murray State
Tony "Slam" Dunkin
Coastal Carolina
James "Trigger" Terrell
North Carolina–Charlotte
Ronnie "Slice" McMahan
Vanderbilt
Richard "Tutu" Brown
Miami University

Coach Wade Houston, Allan's father, hopes the addition of 7' freshman Steve Hamer and 6'7" Stanley Caldwell will improve the Vols' weak rebounding of a year ago. Coach Lon Kruger returns the same starting five that carried **Florida** to a Final Four NIT appearance last year. Kruger landed a strong recruiting class, including 6'7" forward Dametri Hill, to back them up. The Gators' best player is forward Stacey Poole (17.9 ppg). **Georgia** coach Hugh Durham also had a strong recruiting year, bringing in first-team junior college All-America Cleveland Jackson and prep All-America Carlos Strong. But the Bulldogs will miss the 19.5-points-per-game average of departed guard Litterial Green. **Vanderbilt,** a 15–15 team last season, will be better this year. Six-four Kevin Anglin (16.9 ppg) hasn't received much press, but he's a solid all-around player. Coach Eddie Fogler will mix two transfers with his four returning starters: 6'9" Chris Lawson from Indiana and Bill McCaffrey, a part-time starter for Duke's 1990–1991



Playboy's College Basketball All-America Team is coming to TV on The College Basketball Preview

Don't miss this pre-season special featuring the best players and teams in college basketball. Join host Pat O'Brian and our own hoops analyst Gary Cole as they meet the *Playboy* All-America Team, Coach Of The Year and the winner of *Playboy*'s Anson Mount scholar/athlete award. You'll also get an advance look at this year's major conference battles, and *Playboy*'s picks for the post-season tournament.

The College Basketball Preview will be broadcast November 30 - December 13. Check local listings for the time and station in your area.

A co-production of *Playboy* and GGP sports

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champion team. **South Carolina** coach Steve Newton, who got off to a rocky 11–17 start in his first year last season, will find the going tough again this year. The Gamecocks return only one starter, 6'6" Jamie Watson, and will have minimal experience on the bench. Nolan Richardson will have an almost entirely new cast of players this season at **Arkansas,** but he's still optimistic about being able to script another competitive team for the Razorbacks, who have won four consecutive conference championships in two different conferences. Richardson's upbeat mood is based on a dazzling group of recruits, among them Corliss Williamson, who was Gatorade's national High School Player of the Year last season. Wesley Person, whose big brother Chuck is a star for the Minnesota Timberwolves, has grown into a solid player for the **Auburn** Tigers. So has guard Ronnie Battle, who already ranks seventh on Auburn's all-time scoring list with 1470 points. Auburn could be around well into tournament time if coach Tommy Joe Eagles can get solid production from junior college transfers Mark Hutton, a 6'8" forward, and Shawn Stuart, who could start at point guard. Several SEC insiders we talked with like this year's **Mississippi State** team. The Bulldogs return four starters from last season's 15-win squad and add three Mississippi prep all-state players, the best of whom is 6'4" guard Vandale Thomas. Over the past three seasons **LSU** coach Dale Brown learned what Terry Holland learned during Ralph Sampson's reign at Virginia: One great player—even Shaquille O'Neal—is not enough to deliver a national championship in the modern era. Now that Shack's in the NBA, Brown and the Tigers can get back to more traditional basketball, and they won't be all that bad. This could be the year that guard Jamie Brandon shows something. **Alabama** lost longtime coach Wimp Sanderson after a flap in which he was accused of slapping a female assistant. Assistant David Hobbs takes over as coach and will center the Crimson Tide offense around 6'2" guard James Robinson (19.4 ppg). The Tide will not have its usual muscle inside: Its three centers average less than 195 pounds. More biscuits, boys. **Mississippi** has an outstanding but unheralded player in 6'7" senior forward Joe Harvell, who led the SEC in scoring last season with a 26.3-points-per-game average. The Rebels return their other four starters as well, but that may not be an advantage—the combo netted only four conference wins last season.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their colleges, the candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend—held this year in Chicago—receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to Lang Wiseman from the University of Tennessee. Lang, a 6'4" senior guard, averaged 10.5 points per game last season, shooting 53 percent from the floor and 52 percent from the three-point line in conference games. He needs just 144 points to enter the Volunteers' 1000-point club. Lang's major is accounting and his grade point average last year was a perfect 4.0. In fact, his GPA for his entire collegiate career is 4.0. He received his last B in his sophomore year of high school.

There were many scholar/athlete nominees who deserve honorable mention: Rob Pelinka (Michigan), Mike Fink (St. Francis–Pennsylvania), Grant Moehring (Loyola–Chicago), Jeff Brown (Gonzaga), Creighton Drury (Rutgers), Jeff Neubauer (La Salle), Craig Sedmak (American), Greg Thomas (Indiana St.), Jim Potter (Idaho St.), Fred Hoiberg (Iowa St.), Michael Meyer (California–Santa Barbara), Brian Tarrant (Vermont), Quincy Lewis (Wagner), Tony Amundsen (Pacific), Peter Dukes (Stanford), Jeff Warren (Missouri), Charles Penn (Lehigh), Doug Day (Radford), Kevin Rankin (Northwestern), Travis Ford (Kentucky), Bruce Chubick (Nebraska), Terry Davis (DePaul).

SOUTHWEST

Houston, last season's SWC tourney champ, isn't quite as big or experienced as that 25-win team, but the Cougars are extremely quick, thanks to the addition of junior college transfer Anthony Goldwire at point guard and the return of 6'8" senior forward Charles Outlaw. Coach Tom Penders figures to have another good team at **Texas** despite the graduation of star forwards Dexter Cambridge and Benford Williams. The Longhorns' backcourt features B. J. Tyler (18.3 ppg) and Terrence Rencher (19.1 ppg). The key for Texas to finish in the top 25 is to find an effective big man. **Texas Tech** could be a sleeper if Nate Jackson, a 6'9" junior college transfer who sat out last season with a knee injury, is healthy. The Red Raiders return last season's SWC Player of the Year, Will Flemons (19.6 ppg). **Rice's** best player is 6'10" senior Brent Scott (15.8 ppg). The Owls will have to adjust to a new coach, former assistant Willis Wilson, who took over for Scott Thompson when Thompson moved to Wichita State at the end of last season. **Texas Christian** coach Moe Iba recruited three strong junior college players after losing five seniors from last season's 23–11 squad. Three-point ace Allen Bradley—who shot 112 out of 244 in junior college—should help the Horned Frogs' perimeter game. Darrel Johnson replaces Gene Iba as head coach at **Baylor.** Johnson will speed up the tempo for the Bears. In the Things Can Only Get Better Department: Last season **Texas A&M** was placed on NCAA probation, its planned special-events center was put on hold, its entire team was hospitalized after carbon monoxide leaked into the visitors' locker room at Baylor and it lost leading scorer and rebounder Damon Johnson to a broken bone in the foot in January. Coach Tony Barone expects better luck this year.

WEST COAST

Gonzaga was ignored last season by both the NCAA and NIT postseason tourneys despite winning 20 games for the first time in its 34-year NCAA Division I history. The Bulldogs, under coach Dan Fitzgerald, will not be denied this year. Four starters are back, including 6'9" Jeff Brown (17.9 ppg). Fitzgerald has also added Caslav Trifunovic, a 6'9", 230-pound bruiser from Belgrade, Yugoslavia, who played in junior college last year. **Pepperdine,** last season's conference tourney champ, will drop a notch with the loss of Doug Christie, now in the NBA. Best of the Waves is 6'6" junior forward Dana Jones. New coach John Olive will introduce—steady now—*defense* to **Loyola Marymount,** a team that built its reputation on a shoot-first-and-ask-questions-later offense. Gone, too, is the explosive backcourt of Terrell Lowery and Tony Walker. The Lions' best player will likely be UCLA transfer Zan Mason. **San Francisco's** Orlando Smart, who last season led the conference in steals and assists, is back for his junior year. Three-point ace Tomas Thompson (eight for eight in a game against LMU last season) and 6'10" center Rich Klein should give the Dons a varied attack.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

Utah lost Josh Grant, former WAC Player of the Year, for almost the entire season to a knee injury. But the Utes still managed to finish 24–11 and make the

Final Four of the NIT tournament. Grant is back after being granted another year of eligibility by the NCAA, and coach Rick Majerus has assembled a supporting cast that should give the Utes a good shot at the conference crown. Last year's sixth man, little Jimmy Soto (5'9") will handle the point, while 6'9" junior college transfer Tony Block will muscle up inside. The Utes will need muscle to handle **Brigham Young's** strong front line. Coach Roger Reid will start center Gary Trost (6'10") and forwards Jared Miller (6'8") and Kevin Nixon (6'8"), all seniors. And then there are the guys returning from Mormon missionary duty: Reid's son, Randy, should see plenty of playing time at guard. Mark Durrant and Ryan Cuff also return this year. **New Mexico** will likely extend its six-year streak of 20-plus win seasons this year. Coach Dave Bliss has added some strong junior college players and transfers to complement his three returning starters. He may have struck gold with one of the transfers: 6'9" forward Canonchet Neves. **Texas–El Paso** coach Don Haskins enjoyed a great 31st year of coaching last season. The Miners finished 27–7 and made it to the NCAA tournament Sweet 16 before falling to Cincinnati 69–67. Haskins has lost three talented starters from that squad but returns flashy little guard Eddie Rivera (5'8") and forward Johnny Melvin. **Fresno State** coach Gary Colson thinks he's found the point guard to make his aggressive offense hum in junior college recruit Brian Santiago. The Bulldogs, weak on the boards last season, need a big year from 6'9" junior center Lee Mayberry.

INDEPENDENTS

It took first-year coach John MacLeod half of last season to get his **Notre Dame** troops on his wavelength. This year MacLeod has less talent and more prep time. LaPhonso Ellis and Elmer Bennett have headed to the NBA—only starter Billy Taylor returns. MacLeod has landed a couple of promising freshmen in guards Ryan Hoover and Keith Kurowski. Former benchwarmer Malik Russell, plus the Ross twins (Jon and Joe), will see lots of action. **Missouri–Kansas City** enjoyed its first 20-win season in Division I last year. The Kangaroos return high scorer Tony Dumas (21.5 ppg). The 6'5" guard, who has a 38-inch vertical leap, can, according to coach Lee Hunt, "flat-out play." Wins have been hard to come by for **Chicago State** since it attained Division I status eight years ago. Coach Rick Pryor coaxed seven wins out of the Cougars last season and hopes for more this time around. **North Carolina–Greensboro** enters its second year in Division I. Yusuf Stewart (14.8 ppg) is the Spartans' leading point producer.

MCLAUGHLIN GROUP

(continued from page 176)

stand and deliver brilliant exegeses or risk the consequences.

Of course, McLaughlin's charges want to be recognized by their teacher. They also want to rack up points by demolishing one another's arguments. Like students everywhere, they also talk outside of class.

It's easier to leave the Jesuits than "The McLaughlin Group":

"I'm forever MOR-TAHN," says Kondracke. "It'll be written on my tombstone." According to his friend Barnes, "Even Mort's kids call him MOR-TAHN now."

Morton Kondracke assays the higher meaning of "The McLaughlin Group":

"You really get people's gut feelings as opposed to what they think. You can't correct yourself. On a vaguely serious level, we're a reflection of sentiment in the country. If people watch week in and week out, they'll get a sense of where opinion is in the country. We have a small role in helping to ventilate the opinions of various groups."

Jack Germond assays the higher meaning:

"*The McLaughlin Group* put my daughter through medical school."

Good television, bad television:

"It's a good show when the professor

"He just loves his cute little postmortem doll!"

lets me talk and isn't constantly interrupting me," says Kondracke. "There are shows when I barely get a word in edgewise. I don't like those."

Jack Germond on when it's time to turn off the show:

"When Barnes and I agree."

On the value of a prestigious position such as senior editor of "The New Republic":

Says Clift, "John tends to hammer on Morton, who can go either way on an issue and sometimes goes both ways at once. If McLaughlin's getting bored, he's going to cut Mort off."

On the value of appearances on prestigious television shows such as "The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour":

Page: "I go on all the shows and *McLaughlin* is the only one that gets me a reaction in airports and hotels."

The care and feeding of fireworks:

Former groupie Patrick Buchanan charged that the "Israel Defense Ministry and its amen corner in the United States" were the only advocates of an Iraq war. That raised a fire storm in the national media. The eruptions are usually more local in nature. Barnes is fuzzy on the exact content of his remarks, which inspired Clift to let loose with a blast that included references to Adolf Hitler. "You try not to get spontaneously angry on television," Barnes says. "That time I did." But he claims he's developed effective countermeasures. "I maximize the times I use the term abortion on demand. That gets her goat."

Closely guarded secret:

There's hardly any venom in Barnes's voice when he says, "Eleanor and I get along just fine. We don't socialize."

Reading tea leaves:

Kondracke: "I correctly predicted that Violetta Chamorro would win the Nicaraguan elections. That wasn't off the top of my head. I'm reporting all week long and thinking of predictions all week. I don't want to be sitting there without one."

Germond: "I predicted, for no reason, that Republican Senator Charles Mathias would retire. When he did, his staff called me and asked if I'd known something they didn't. I said I write for the Baltimore *Sun* and if I really knew something, I'd put it in the paper."

Germond adds, "Yeah, I was wrong on the Kentucky Derby, but Pine Bluff won the Preakness."

Are the liberals taking over?

Barnes: "I'm the only conservative left. Liberals used to complain about the show being tilted so far right. Not anymore. I'd like to be someone of such strength and power that I would overcome all these other people. On foreign policy I get Mort. He's usually harder to predict. He's pretty good on values issues, but he's for gays in the military."

Depends on where you sit. That's not the view from the so-called whiner's chair, occupied by Clift.

Clift's perspective: "I'm slightly left of center, but I look like a far-out liberal in that group."

Women have to work twice as hard to prove themselves:

Clift: "At first I felt I just interrupted a men's game. They'd let me speak and then go back to what they were doing." Now, at least, the guys pay attention. "There's a lot of finger-pointing by Fred and Mort. It's that look of 'Now we're going to educate you.'"

Surprising revelation from Jack Germond:

"I'm amazed at the numbers and types of people watching this kind of stuff," he says. "And not just in Washington. Black teenage parking-lot attendants came up to me in Houston and told me they watch it."

How groupies get McLaughlin's attention:

Barnes: "I learned the hard way. Be very aggressive. Keep talking when someone else is. I slide out to the end of my chair and throw my whole body out. You've got to use a lot of body language to get McLaughlin to look your way."

"Watch the show with the sound off," Page advises. "It's not a talk show. I now see why Barnes jumps up and down so much." He adds, "It wasn't my Pulitzer that kept me above the fray. I just couldn't get a word in edgewise."

He'd go home and tell his wife what great points he'd made and she'd give him a blank look. She couldn't recall him saying anything at all. She suggested some sort of gesture would help, but Page's mother always taught him that pointing was rude. He devised an original move: "I throw my hands out like I'm rolling dice."

Clift: "I'm in that outside chair and smaller in body size, so I do have to come out of the chair a little."

Reports that liken Germond to Buddha may be exaggerated. Page claims that Germond will occasionally preface a comment by touching his nose.

No kneeling to the electronic media here:

Barnes: "I hold the printed word in high esteem. I know Mort does. I don't know about John anymore. We've all been reporters for years and years and we still do a lot of it. John was never a conventional journalist or an opinion journalist except for a short stint at the *National Review*. We're superior in terms of being Washington journalists. He's superior in terms of being a television personality. "John's perfect for television. He's a ham, a blowhard, histrionic, mean and abusive." He quickly adds, "John's pushed the genre of the television chat show to a new area, and I'm delighted to be a part of it. He doesn't need me."

Kondracke: "If you want information, you should get it from the written word."

Germond: "My attitude toward television? I'm a print reporter."

Proof that Barnes needs to refine his television persona:

On *Saturday Night Live*'s parody of the group, "Mike Myers plays me and he doesn't do anything."

On former groupie Patrick Buchanan:

Despite her judgment that Patrick Buchanan's Republican Convention speech was advocating a race war, Clift does have a fond memory of the former groupie: "Buchanan was a real gentleman. He never interrupted on the show."

Page: "Buchanan was easy to get along with. He thinks the wrong side won the Civil War. He thinks the South got a raw deal. I'd tell him, 'But, Pat, we'd still be property.'" Pat was a bully character. He would have beat me up in grade school. In college, I would have run around with him and maybe almost have been arrested like he was."

On the obvious:

"Did you ever notice that there's no substitute host?" asks Page.

They know what's on the boss's mind:

Barnes: "McLaughlin? That's tricky. He's not the right-winger people make him out to be, despite loving the limelight and centers of power. John often goes with the wind. He flutters, depending on the circumstances, between right and center right. But he doesn't like to be pinned down. He's never been that conservative. He ran for the Senate from Rhode Island as an antiwar candidate, then wangled himself a job at the White House. He's agile."

Clift: "McLaughlin is much less a knee-jerk conservative than he's labeled. He's amazingly tolerant on social issues, almost a political libertarian."

Kondracke: "He's a Nixon–Connally Republican, with all the connotations that carries."

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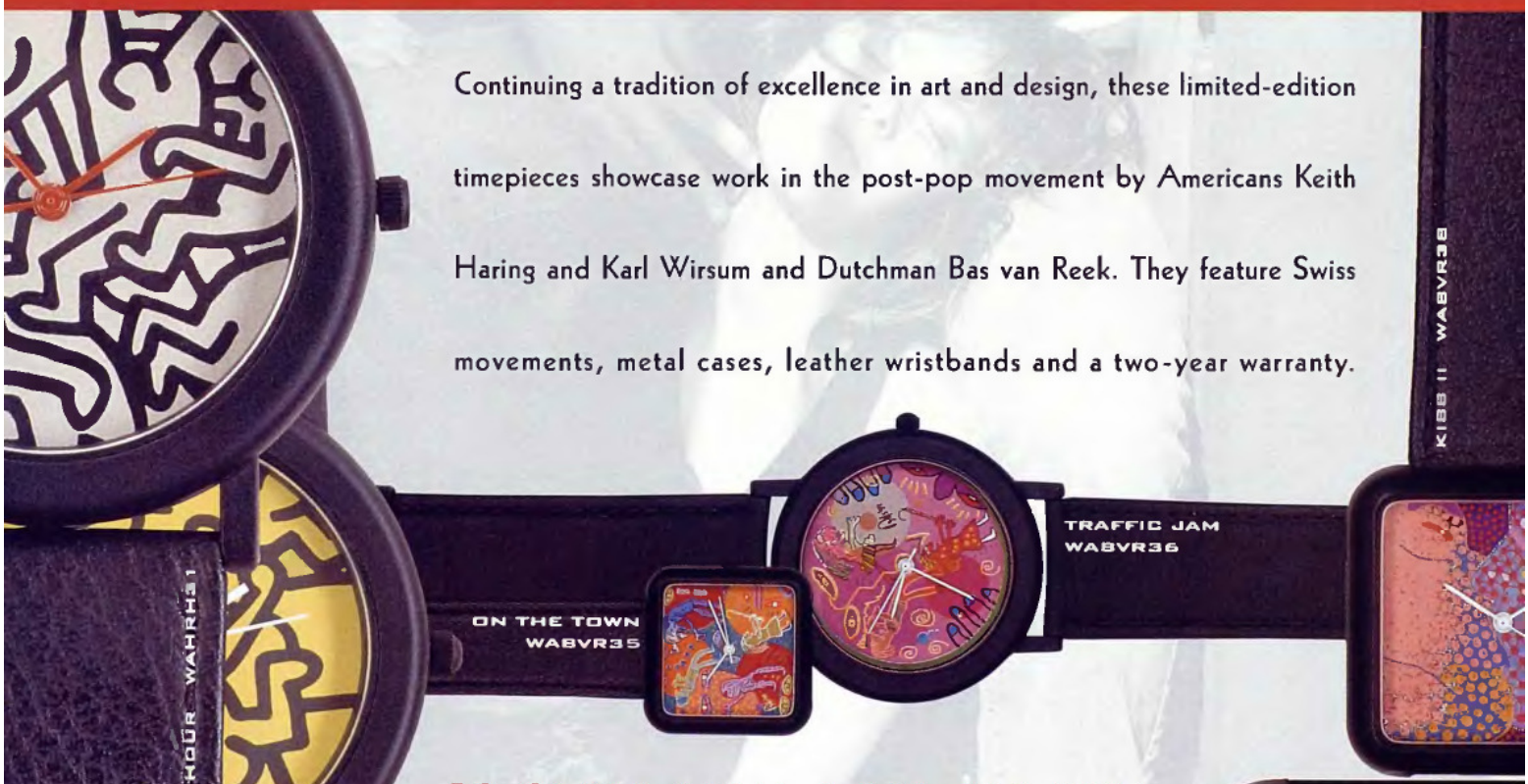

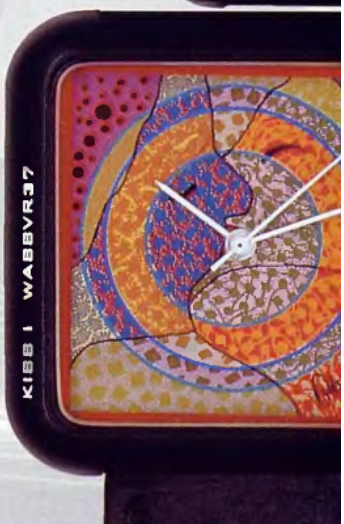

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HELMUT NEWTON *(continued from page 117)*

"I love big women, physically powerful women. I like how protected they make me feel. I don't like bimbos."

person. It's a fact: what better portrait than an extreme close-up?

5.

PLAYBOY: You've taken photographs of powerful people, everyone from heads of state to glamourous movie stars. Which portrait subject made your palms sweat?

NEWTON: Margaret Thatcher was so totally in command that when I gave her aide-de-camp the release forms, he said, "Mr. Newton, we never sign releases. You may print anything that you have on film." Nobody has ever said that to me. It's just that she doesn't give a thing away. I wanted to take the photograph down at the pool of this hotel in Anaheim, where there was a bloody gale going on and where I thought that her beautiful blue hair, which was very carefully coiffed, would blow. I couldn't do that. She wouldn't have said yes. But I got a good picture—it was bought by [Britain's] National Portrait Gallery. In it, because of her slightly protruding teeth, she reminds me of a shark. And in those pale blue English eyes is steel. She's an extraordinary woman. A lot of women are attracted to men, regardless of what they look like, because they are powerful. I find that a woman who has a lot of power is sexually very interesting. I mean, what other living woman has held more power than she has? The Queen of England is nothing.

6.

PLAYBOY: How big is big?

NEWTON: Big can be very big. Last year I photographed a woman for a picture called *The Smoking Nude*. I saw her recently and she was three times the size of what she was when I photographed her. [*Excitedly*] She was enormous! She was as big as a locomotive! But she's still very beautiful. I would love to rephotograph her. She was massive! She was like a giant, like a . . . a Mount Rushmore!

7.

PLAYBOY: And what is the allure of the Amazon?

NEWTON: A very early, very sexual childhood [memory] of mine is looking at copper engravings of Greek and Roman mythical and historical figures. Like Cleopatra wearing a breastplate and going down the Nile half-naked. You know how Amazons always have one breast out? One breast is covered so, I suppose, she can throw her spear. As a boy I found that alluring. In the Seventies I did many pictures of women who had on an evening gown with one shoulder strap dropped so that you could see one breast protruding. It's an image that's quite classical. In France you refer to it as *à la Amazone*. A wonderful expression that the French have for the whores who work in cars is *Amazones*—because they're riding on their horses. I just love big women, big, physically powerful women. I like how protected they make me feel. I also find it attractive when they are intelligent. I don't like bimbos.

8.

PLAYBOY: Describe the attraction of a vivid scar.

NEWTON: I love scars. I'm mad about scars. They show something of life that has left a trace. They're interesting. There's a picture in *Sleepless Nights* of a Berlin girl who had scars all over her body. I liked them so much I had them retouched a little bit, so that there was no doubt about them.

9.

PLAYBOY: The women in your photographs are usually as scantily clad as possible, if not completely undressed. Why are the men always fully clothed?

NEWTON: I'm not very interested in naked men. The only nude I've ever done of a man, a full-length frontal nude, was of Helmut Berger. Of course, I've done quite a lot of nudes of myself. When I'm in a hotel room by myself and I'm bored, I pick up a camera and photograph myself in the mirror. But I haven't shown that many. I'm getting a bit old for that.

10.

PLAYBOY: On the Helmut Newton scale of beauty, rate the importance of a perfect body.

NEWTON: I'm not that interested in the perfect body. In fact, I find that when stars such as Elizabeth Taylor are no longer at their zenith, when they've faded, gotten older, they're fascinating. Much more fascinating than young actresses. There are certain young actresses that are good on the screen, but they're not good in front of my camera. I photograph them and I find it's a bit of a waste of time. They're very boring for me because they haven't lived in any way. They don't have an aura, they don't have a past. Another thing is that they're totally ruled by their press agents. And to have these hysterical agents on the telephone saying, "Oh, you can't do that. . . . And she mustn't wear this. . . ." I mean, who needs it? The big stars don't have axes to grind. It's the younger ones who are pains in the neck.

11.

PLAYBOY: Which part of a woman's body do you look at first?

NEWTON: I look at the legs. Legs are very important. Bosoms, whether they're little or big, don't make much difference to me. I'm not crazy about remade breasts—I find that very unsexy. I did find it interesting when I saw it for the first time, because I'm interested in Dr. Frankenstein. And I love the idea of a woman who is totally artificial, like the monster that Frankenstein created out of nothing. I think that's wonderfully fascinating. But now everybody, especially in this town, has remades. I find it boring. I find it more interesting to see breasts that are too small, by PLAYBOY standards, which I think in many men's eyes is the ideal woman. I'm not very interested in that kind of beauty. I find [real bosoms] more interesting—even if they're not firm anymore, or if they don't exist. But mostly, when I look at a woman, I look at what she wears. Sometimes I will see someone I met four years ago and I won't be able to remember her name, but I can tell her what she was wearing.

12.

PLAYBOY: Does June get ticked off when you scope the babes?

NEWTON: No, she's used to it. And it's all part of work. Even in the beginning, she was never jealous. In fact, when I was young, I used to find these girls in the streets of Paris and I would always be too shy to approach them. June would always go up to them and say, "My husband's a photographer and he would like to photograph you. Could I have your telephone number?" My wife's attitude is that if I started taking architecture pictures, which I like doing, or pictures of flowers, which I like doing, too, we'd starve. But if I take pictures of naked girls, I'm going to make a good living. Besides, she knows that models are not generally what I go for. I'm interested in writers; I like actresses very much. And I know exactly what kind of guys my wife likes. She likes them young and dark. Sort of Latin. She likes flamenco dancers and Gypsies. Dangerous types. She loves them because she's sort of square. A good girl.

13.

PLAYBOY: Your wife has several different names. Which ones do you use and under what circumstances?

NEWTON: First of all, her maiden name is Browne. Then as an actress she was called June Brunell. Then when she married me she became June Newton. Then she picked up the camera and she changed her name to Alice Springs to give herself a nom de guerre. I call

her June, always. It's an old-fashioned Hollywood name, isn't it? Few girls today are called June and I like that name very much, so I call her June. But a lot of people call her Alice. And she loves being called Alice. She's always hated being called Mrs. Newton. She's got a thing about it. She wants to have her own identity and doesn't want to live in the shadow of somebody else. I'll tell you a funny story: About twenty years ago, when she started taking photographs and changed her name, there was a story going around Paris that Helmut Newton had left his wife and shacked up with a young photographer called Alice Springs. [*Laughs happily*]

14.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife have been married for forty-four years. What are the praises of holy matrimony?

NEWTON: Even after all this time, I couldn't imagine another woman who would interest and amuse me more. June still makes me laugh. She's a very good storyteller. She'll come back from whatever she has been doing and we'll sit down and have a drink and she'll tell me everything that happened in detail. She acts out all the parts, which I can't do because I'm too impatient. With her, a banal day becomes amusing, funny or dramatic.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any men friends?

NEWTON: Not enough. I like going out with men and talking to men—it's nice, you know? When I was young I didn't care for men that much. All I wanted to do was to meet as many girls as possible. Obviously. But when I was in the army, I didn't mind being with guys. I liked that very much. I find women easy to talk to; they seem to confide in me. For instance, recently I had lunch with two successful businesswomen whom I hardly knew. Half an hour into the lunch, they were telling me their innermost sexual secrets. Maybe I inspire confidence, or maybe it's because I'm older. Maybe the pictures, or something like that. But I've never used a hard come-on with the women. Even when I was young I didn't go in for that.

16.

PLAYBOY: What cliché about models do you find to be true?

NEWTON: Often, as we say, they have not invented the gunpowder. But what if you take a million shopgirls? They're not all smart, either. Or a million secretaries—there are not that many smart ones. I know. I've been looking for a secretary.

17.

PLAYBOY: How about a tip for the amateur fashion photographer?

NEWTON: In my studio or at my sittings, it's like being in a toy shop: DON'T TOUCH THE MODELS. In fashion photography, when you go on a trip or on a shoot, generally you have two girls. If the photographer starts screwing the models, I think he will lose a lot of authority. Because his girlfriend will be able to control him. I never touch the models. Never, ever. I find that totally wrong. If I'm alone with a model and her hair is out of place, I may fix it. Even then, I'll excuse myself to the girl.

18.

PLAYBOY: If women came from only one country, which country would you prefer that to be?

NEWTON: It's not a country, it's a city—Berlin. Women from Berlin have certain attributes that I find exciting. They're blonde. They are tall and they have this skin that is transparent because the sun doesn't shine that much and the weather is pretty cool. Their skin is so transparent you can see the veins. I think it's exciting when you can see the veins in a woman's breasts. Then they also have high cheekbones and they have rings under their eyes. When a girl doesn't have rings under her eyes, I often have the makeup man put them there. Because I find them interesting, those black smudges. I think they're beautiful. They bring out the eyes and also give her a kind of mystique. You don't know what she's been up to the night before. She may have been up to all kinds of things—alone, or with other people.

That's not to say there's anything wrong with American women. I think American women are interesting in many ways. To me, America is the last exotic country. It's so different from Europe. For instance, I've never thought that French women were all that erotic. A lot of it is language. Although the French language is beautiful, a lot of the women have high-pitched voices, which I don't like. I love Texas. The Texan girls are knockouts. Very sexy. I love that slightly deep voice, which is a little bit masculine. The accent just floors me.

19.

PLAYBOY: When you are composing an erotic tableau, how much of it is for the good of the photograph and how much is for the good of Helmut?

NEWTON: I think only of myself. I never do anything for the public or for the magazine. But I never get a hard-on. Even when I look at [the photographs] later, they don't arouse me. All I can think about is the hard work that went into them. If somebody else does exciting pictures, then I get a kick out of them. I'm not worried about the hard work he went through.

20.

PLAYBOY: Your celebrity portraits often seem to capture your subjects' more ominous sides. When it comes to snapping self-portraits, what are you trying to bring out in yourself?

NEWTON: I'm trying to make myself as good-looking as possible.

In order to recapture the true Christmas tradition, Bob joins an Elvis caroling group.

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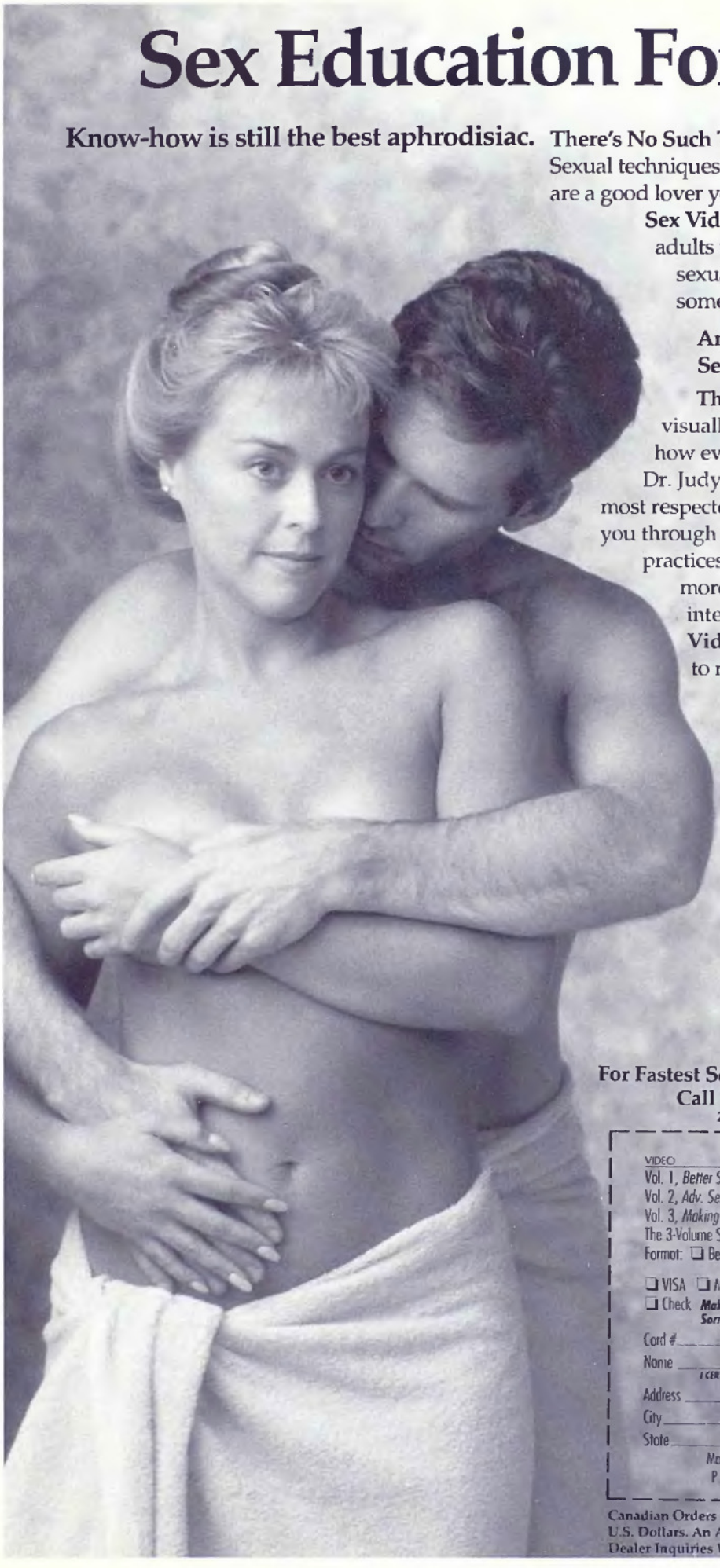

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featherbedders *(continued from page 170)*

"Perhaps Grace is an experiment to test the motivational value of eliminating the need to pay taxes."

purchase prices. No, in some ways, it did something even worse. It left all of the old options in place and then granted Lego two new options, each of monster dimensions.

After Westinghouse stock dropped to $28.56 per share during the first half of 1991, Lego was given an option on 350,000 shares. But the stock took no notice and kept falling. After October 1991, when Westinghouse announced the second of its huge write-offs, the stock fell to $16 per share. That became the purchase price for Lego's second stock option, again covering 350,000 shares.

Since that second grant, Westinghouse stock has hovered at $16 per share, or less than half of what it sold for when Lego took charge. If the stock recovers to $36.75 per share, Lego's two option grants will be worth $10.1 million. And he will have all his earlier option grants working for him as well.

Lego's case illustrates the money that can be made by chasing a stock price as it declines. With stock volatility being what it is, the chances are good that share prices will eventually recover some of their lost ground. When they do, pow!

J. PETER GRACE
W. R. GRACE

Peter Grace has been chief executive officer of his family-founded and Manhattan-headquartered industrial and natural-resource firm for 47 years. (Late last year he moved himself and the company to Boca Raton, Florida.) I don't have records on his performance during his entire tenure, but over the past two decades, his shareholder return record was bettered by 59 percent of major companies. Even during shorter periods of time, the performance of W. R. Grace has been substandard.

But Peter Grace's mediocre performance has not kept him from making a great deal of money. Last year he received cash compensation of $1.7 million. Yet the centerpiece of his banquet table was the estimated $5.2 million he made from exercising 446,668 previously granted stock-option shares. The $5.2 million in option profits triggered the need for him to pay about $2 million in federal, New York state and New York City income taxes. It's hard, however, to work up much pity for Grace, because his company paid the taxes for him. Unfortunately, the $2 million tax payment itself became taxable to Grace, so his company cut another check for him. That second check became taxable income, too . . . and so on and so on until his company ended up paying him an additional $3.3 million to extinguish his tax liability on the $5.2 million of option profits.

Perhaps Grace, far from being venal, is a selfless person. In pharmaceutical trials, an experimental group of people take the new drug, while the control group gets the sugar pills. Perhaps Grace is a one-man experiment to test the motivational value of eliminating the need for a person to pay income taxes. The rank-and-file workers of W. R. Grace are, of course, the control group. In the interests of science, they must pay their own taxes, at least until the effects on Grace can be assessed. But it may well take years before it can be determined that this new drug is suitable for all W. R. Grace employees.

And don't feel bad that Peter Grace had to dig into his cookie jar of stock options and burn 446,668 shares to garner his $5.2 million of option gains and $3.3 million of tax reimbursement payments. The company promptly issued him a new option on another 446,668 shares.

A few months back, I was a guest on Larry King's radio show. After listening to example after example of huge CEO pay, Larry expostulated: "Don't these people have any shame?" To paraphrase Leona Helmsley, only the little people have shame. And even if the CEOs profiled in this article do have a bit of shame, think of the resources they can draw on to pay their shrink bills.

"Next time, why don't you run? You're a well-known figure, people seem to like you and you haven't had an original idea in years."

PREMONITION

(continued from page 108)

Whitney's hand. She appeared to be leaning slightly against him, as if for balance.

Whitney had to admit he was profoundly relieved. The thought that his brother was in no way close at hand, in no way an active threat, that restored Whitney's composure considerably.

"So. Quinn has flown off, and you and the girls are following him?"

"He has his business dealings, you see. Otherwise, we'd all have gone together. Quinn wanted us to go together." Ellen spoke more precisely now, as if repeating memorized words. "Quinn *wanted* us to go together, but it wasn't practical, under the circumstances. After Tokyo he thought he might have to fly to—I think it's Hong Kong."

"So you're going to miss Christmas here? All of you?"

"I've done my Christmas shopping, though! I won't feel guilty about not participating. The girls and I just won't be at your parents' to watch our presents being opened," Ellen said cheerfully, with a peculiar emphasis, as if she were trying not to slur her words. "Of course, we're going to miss you all. Oh, terribly! Your dear father, your lovely mother, *all* Quinn's family—yes, we're going to miss you terribly. And so will Quinn."

Whitney asked, "When did you say Quinn left, Ellen?"

"Did I say? He left last night. On the Concorde."

"And you and the girls are leaving——"

"Tomorrow! Not on the Concorde, of course. Just regular coach. We're tremendously excited, as you can imagine."

"Yes," Whitney said guardedly. "I can imagine."

Whitney deduced that Quinn *had* gone off with his latest woman friend, to the Seychelles, or wherever. He'd managed to convince his credulous wife that he was on one of his "confidential" business trips, and she seemed satisfied by—grateful for?—the explanation.

How women crave being lied to, being deluded! Poor Ellen.

Whitney thought: I'm not the one to enlighten her.

"How long did you say you're going to be gone, Ellen?"

"*Did* I say?—I don't remember, if I did!" Ellen laughed.

And she pushed gaily through the swinging doors into the kitchen, leading Whitney by the hand, as if in triumph.

•

"It's Uncle Whitney!" Molly cried.

"Uncle *Whit*-ney!" Trish cried, clapping her rubber-gloved hands.

The kitchen was so brightly lit, the atmosphere so charged, gay, frenetic, Whitney halfway thought he'd stepped into a celebration of some kind. This, too, he would remember afterward.

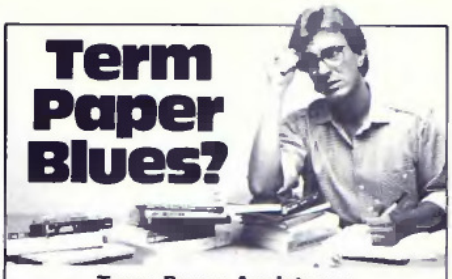
Ellen helped him remove his overcoat as his pretty nieces beamed upon him, giggly and breathless. Whitney had not seen them in six months, and it seemed to him that each had grown. Molly, 14 years old, was wearing a slovenly shirt, jeans and an apron knotted around her thin waist; white plastic-framed sunglasses with amethyst lenses hid her eyes. (Was one of the eyes blackened? Shocked, Whitney tried not to stare.) Trish, 11 years old, was similarly dressed, but with a baseball cap reversed on her head. When Whitney entered the kitchen she'd been squatting, wiping something off the floor with a sponge. She wore oversized yellow rubber gloves, which made a sticky, sucking sound as she clapped her hands.

Whitney was fond, very fond, of his nieces. Their girlish mock-rapturous delight in his visit made him blush, but flattered. "Great to see you, Uncle Whitney!" they cried in unison, and, giggling, "Great to see you, Uncle Whitney!"

As if, Whitney thought, they'd been expecting someone else? He tasted cold, wondering if perhaps Quinn had not gone, after all. Ellen was hurriedly removing her stained apron. "It's ideal that you've dropped by tonight, Whit," she said warmly. "You are the girls' favorite uncle by far. We were all thinking how sad it is that we wouldn't be seeing you on Christmas Day!"

"And I'd be sorry not to see *you*."

A distinctly female atmosphere in the room, Whitney thought; with an undercurrent of hysteria. A radio was tuned to a popular music station, and from it issued the simplistic, percussive, relentlessly shrill music young Americans loved, though Whitney could not see how Ellen tolerated it. All the overhead lights were on, glaring. Surfaces gleamed, as if newly scrubbed. The fan above the stove was turned up high, yet the kitchen still smelled—of something rich, damp, sour-sweet, cloying. The very air was overheated, as if steamy. Scattered about were empty cans of diet Coke and crusts of pizza; on the counter near a stack of gift-wrapped packages was a bottle of California red wine. (So Ellen had been drinking! Whitney saw that her eyes were glassy, her lips slack. And she, too, had a bruise, or bruises, just above her left eye.) What was remarkable was that most of the available space in the kitchen, including the large butcher-block table at the center, was taken up with packages and Christmas wrapping paper, ribbons, address labels. Whitney was astonished to realize that, on the very eve of their ambitious trip abroad, his sister-in-law and nieces had given themselves up to a frenzy of Christmas preparations. How like women, to be



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thinking of others at such a time! No wonder their faces were so bright and feverish, their eyes glittering manic.

Ellen offered Whitney a drink, or would he prefer coffee? "It's so cold out. And you'll have to go back out in it!" Ellen said, shivering. The girls shivered, too, and laughed. What *was* so funny, Whitney wondered? He accepted the offer of a cup of coffee if it wasn't too much trouble, and Ellen said quickly, "Of course not! Of course not! Nothing is too much trouble *now*!"

And again the three of them laughed, virtually in unison. Do they know, Whitney wondered, that Quinn has betrayed them?

As if reading Whitney's thoughts, Trish said, "Daddy is going to the Sea Shell Islands. That's where he's going."

Molly said, with a little laugh, "No, silly, Daddy is going to Tokyo. Daddy is *in* Tokyo. On business."

"Then he's going to meet us. On the Sea Shell Islands. 'A tropical paradise in the Indian Ocean.'" Trish ripped off her stained rubber gloves and tossed them onto a counter.

"The Seychelles Islands," Ellen said, "but we're not going there, any of us." She spoke pointedly to Trish, voice slightly raised. She was making coffee with quick, deft motions, scarcely paying attention to the movements of her hands. "*We're* going to Paris. Rome. London. Madrid."

"'Paris. Rome. London. Madrid.'" The girls toned in near unison.

The fan whirled loudly above the stove. But the close, steamy air of the kitchen was very slowly dispelled.

Ellen chattered about the upcoming trip, and Whitney saw that the bruises on her forehead were purplish-yellow. If he were to ask her what had caused them, she would no doubt say she'd bumped her head in an accident. Molly's blackened eye—no doubt that was an accident, too. Whitney recalled how, many years ago, at a family gathering on the lawn of the Paxtons' estate, Quinn had suddenly and seemingly without provocation slapped his young wife's head—it had happened so swiftly few of the guests had noticed. Red-faced, incensed, Quinn said loudly, for the benefit of witnesses, "Bees! Goddamn bees! Trying to sting poor Ellen!"

Eyes smarting with tears, Ellen recovered her poise, and deeply embarrassed, hurried away into the house. Quinn did not follow.

No one followed.

No one spoke of the incident to Quinn. Nor did they, so far as Whitney ever knew, speak of it to one another.

The Paxtons were a close-knit family, for all their size. Whitney uneasily anticipated the comments that would be made on Christmas Day when Quinn and his family were absent, willfully absent, it would seem. He wondered, but did not want to ask, if Ellen had spoken with his mother yet, to explain, and to apologize. Why hadn't they waited until January to take a vacation? Quinn and his woman friend, too?

No, better not ask. For it was none of Whitney Paxton's business.

Ellen gave Whitney his coffee, offered him cream and sugar, handed him a teaspoon, but the spoon slipped from her fingers and fell clattering to the damp floor. Double-jointed Trish stooped to pick it up, tossed it high in the air behind her back and caught it over her shoulder. Ellen said crossly, "Trish!" and laughed. Molly, wiping her overheated face on her shirt, laughed, too.

"Don't mind Trish, she's getting her period," Molly said wickedly.

"Molly!" Ellen cried.

"Damn you!" Trish cried, slapping at her sister.

Whitney, embarrassed, pretended not to hear. Was little Trish really of an age when she might menstruate? Was it possible?

He raised the coffee cup to his lips, with just perceptibly shaking fingers, and sipped.

•

So many presents! Ellen and the girls must have been working for hours. Whitney was touched, if a bit bemused, by their industry, for how like women it was, buying dozens of gifts that in most cases no one really wanted, and in the case of the affluent Paxtons, certainly did not need; yet fussily, cheerfully, wrapping them in expensive, ornate wrapping paper, glittering green and red Christmas paper, tying big ornate bows, sprinkling tinsel, making out cards—*To Father Paxton*, *To Aunt Vinia*, *To Robert*, were a few that caught Whitney's eye—with felt-tip pens. Whitney saw that most of the packages had been wrapped and neatly stacked together; no more than a half-dozen remained to be wrapped, ranging in size from a small hatbox to an oblong container made of some lightweight metal measuring perhaps three feet by two. One unwrapped present appeared to be a gift box of expensive chocolates in a gilt-gleaming canister, metallic, too. Everywhere on the counters and the butcher-block table were sheets and strips of wrapping paper, ribbon remnants, rolls of tape, razor blades, scissors, even garden shears. On a green plastic garbage bag on the floor, as if awaiting removal to the garage or disposal, was a heterogeneous assortment of tools—claw hammer, pliers, another garden shears, a butcher knife with a broken point and Quinn's electric carving knife.

"Uncle Whitney, don't peek!"

Molly and Trish tugged at Whitney's arms, greatly excited. Of course, Whitney realized, they didn't want him to discover his own Christmas present.

Yet he said, teasing, "Why don't I take my own present tonight and save you the trouble of mailing it? If, that is, you have one for me."

"Of course we have one for you, Whit dear." Ellen said reprovingly. "But we can't give it to you now."

"Why not?" He winked at the girls. "I promise not to open it till Christmas Day."

"Because—we just can't."

"Even if I promise, cross my heart and hope to die?"

Ellen and the girls exchanged glances, eyes shining. How like their mother the daughters were, Whitney was thinking, with a pang of love, and loss—these three attractive, sweet-faced women, like benign Fates, his brother Quinn's family and not, not ever, *his*. The girls had Ellen's fair, delicate skin and her large, somber, beautiful gray eyes. There was little of Quinn, or of the Paxtons, in them, only a twisty sort of curl to their hair, a pert upper lip.

They were all giggling. "Uncle Whitney," Molly said, "we just *can't*."

The remainder of the visit passed quickly. They talked of neutral matters, of travel in general, of Whitney's undergraduate year in London; they did not speak of, nor allude to, Quinn. Whitney sensed that, for all their high spirits and their obvious affection for him, they were eager to be alone again, to finish preparations. And Whitney was eager to be gone.

For this *was* Quinn's house, after all.

•

Like the kitchen, the guest bathroom had been freshly cleaned; the washbowl, the toilet bowl, the spotless white bathtub fairly sparkled from a thorough scrubbing with kitchen cleanser. And the fan whirred energetically overhead, turned to high.

And there was that peculiar odor—a cloying, slightly rancid odor, as of blood. Washing his hands, Whitney puzzled over it uneasily, for it reminded him of something—but what?

Suddenly, then, the memory returned: Many years ago, as a child at summer camp in Maine, Whitney had watched the cook cleaning chickens, whistling loudly as she worked—ducking the limp carcasses in steaming water, plucking feathers, chopping and tearing off wings, legs, feet, scooping out, by hand, moist slithery innards. Ugh! The sight and the smell had so nauseated Whitney that he had not been able to eat chicken for months.

With a thrill of repugnance, he wondered now if the blood-heavy odor had to do after all with menstruation.

His cheeks burned. He didn't want to know, really.

Some secrets are best kept by females, among females. Yes?

•

Then, as Whitney was about to leave, Ellen and the girls surprised him: They gave him his Christmas present, after all.

"Only if you promise not to open it before Christmas!"

"Only if you *prom*-ise!"

Ellen pressed it upon him, and delighted, Whitney accepted it: a small, agreeably lightweight package, beautifully wrapped in red and gilt paper, of about the size of a box containing a man's shirt or sweater. *To Uncle Whitney with love—Ellen, Molly, Trish.* Quite pointedly, Quinn's name had been omitted, and Whitney felt satisfaction that Ellen had taken revenge of sorts upon her selfish husband, however petty and inconsequential a revenge.

Ellen and the girls walked with Whitney, through the darkened house to the front door. He noticed slipcovers on the living-room furniture, rolled-up carpets, and again, in the shadowy foyer, a number of boxes, suitcases and small trunks. This was a preparation not for a brief vacation but for a very long trip; apparently Quinn had tricked Ellen into agreeing to some sort of wild plan, to his own advantage, as always. What this might be, Whitney could not guess and was not about to inquire.

They said goodbye at the door. Ellen, Molly and Trish kissed Whitney, and he kissed them in turn, and breath steaming, feeling robust and relieved, he climbed into his car, setting the present in the seat beside him. Girlish voices called after him, "Remember, you promised not to open it till Christmas! Remember, you promised," and Whitney called back laughingly, "Of course I promise." An easy promise to make, for he had virtually no interest in whatever they'd bought for him. There was the sentiment, of course, which he appreciated, but so little interest did he have in these annual rituals of gift giving, he arranged for his own presents to be sent out gift wrapped from a department store for all occasions requiring gifts; if items of clothing given him didn't fit, he rarely troubled to exchange them.

Driving back home across the city, Whitney felt pleased, however, with the way things had turned out. He'd been brave to go to Quinn's house—Ellen and the girls would always remember. He glanced at the present beside him, pleased, too, that they'd given it to him tonight, that they'd trusted him not to open it prematurely.

How characteristic of women, how sweet, that they trust us as they do, Whitney was thinking; and that, at times at least, their trust is not misplaced.

Do you remember where you had your first Jack Daniel's? If so, we hope you'll drop us a line and tell us.

NO ONE IN LYNCHBURG knew why Jack Daniel missed work that spring day in 1904.

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HOW TO PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD

(continued from page 120)

from between your lips. Have your date gently pull it from between your lips.

Ask, "Have you ever seen anyone do that?" Your date probably will say yes—lots of people watched *Twin Peaks* and lots of people do this trick.

Say, "OK, then, I'll do it the hard way." (If you're the kind of person who winks, here's a good place to throw one in.)

Ask your date to loosen the knot a little bit (this is important to the believability) and put the tied stem back into your mouth. (If you can get away with it, give her or his fingers a little kiss as they come to your lips with the stem.)

Keeping up the sexy act as your top priority, reverse the two stems again. Take a while on this. Work it. If you make it look too easy, you'll get caught.

Once again, have her or him take the untied stem from between your lips.

Don't be anxious to get the tied stem out of your mouth. You can eat, you can drink, you can even do some making out with the stem hidden. Be patient.

When conversation has moved to other things, bring your napkin to your lips, spit your stem into it and wad it up.

You can take it from there, babe.

POPCORN

Teller and I love scary movies. When there's a "cat scare," a big "boo" surprise that turns out to be something harmless like a kitty, Teller and I jump out of our seats. Teller even screams a little. We're embarrassing to be with at monster and slasher movies.

I used to be a lot worse. Until I was 24, I avoided horror movies. I was dragged to see *The Exorcist* when I was living with a woman who was going to college. We didn't have a car. We had to hitchhike back to our place. At the opening credits, I was shook. After standing in the dark on the side of the road and riding home with a stranger, I was useless. As we got to the top of the apartment stairs, her roommate's boyfriend, hiding in the dark, said "Fuck me" in a low Mercedes McCambridge voice.

I screamed, jumped straight into the air and grabbed my ankles. There are things about evolution that baffle me. I understand why screamers in panic situations may help the tribe to be the fittest, but where the hell did my jump-into-the-air-and-grab-your-ankles genes come from? What chromosome was that riding on? What prehistoric weakling took a dip in my gene pool? Were cowardly guys with broken kneecaps desirable to Cro-Magnon chicks? I don't get it.

If you know someone who's jumpy in scary movies, here's a gag that works pretty well.

(1) Get her to go with you to a spooky movie. I suggest using the bait-and-switch method: Tell her you're going to see some Lawrence Kasdan piece of garbage and switch at the last minute. If you can choose a movie with creepy-crawlies, that's the best. Something real buggy, such as *Arachnophobia*, is perfect.

(2) Get a large popcorn to share.

(3) Get a moment alone to do your secret preparation. If your friend runs to the bathroom right before the flick, fine. If not, you can say you're going to the rest room and set it up in the back.

(4) Carefully rip a hole the size of your wrist in the side of the bag or the bucket. If you do this carefully, little popcorn will fall out. Even if many kernels fall to the floor, don't sweat it. "Large" in movie popcorn means large. You'll have plenty.

(5) Work your hand into the hole up to your wrist. It looks great. It looks like you're just holding the popcorn.

(6) If your friend is sitting on your right, put your left hand in the popcorn and vice versa.

(7) Watch the movie and wait as the popcorn gets eaten down to just about the buried hand.

(8) Be patient; wait until she goes for the perfect scared, distracted handful of consoling salty, greasy carbohydrate. When her hand starts digging around, grab hard! Don't let go. Clamp on! Fight!

She'll go crazy. I don't know what she'll think is happening. Maybe she will think it's a monster in the popcorn, or maybe she will think the popcorn has come alive. But whatever she'll think, she'll be tortured and you'll have a good laugh. If you're lucky, when you let her go, she'll jump and grab her ankles.

P.S.: Anyone who finished high school will recognize the ancestry of this trick. We asked people we knew if they had ever tried the slightly different hole-in-the-bottom-of-the-popcorn-bucket trick. They had all heard of it, but no one had done it or had it done to them.

So, I tried it.

It works well.

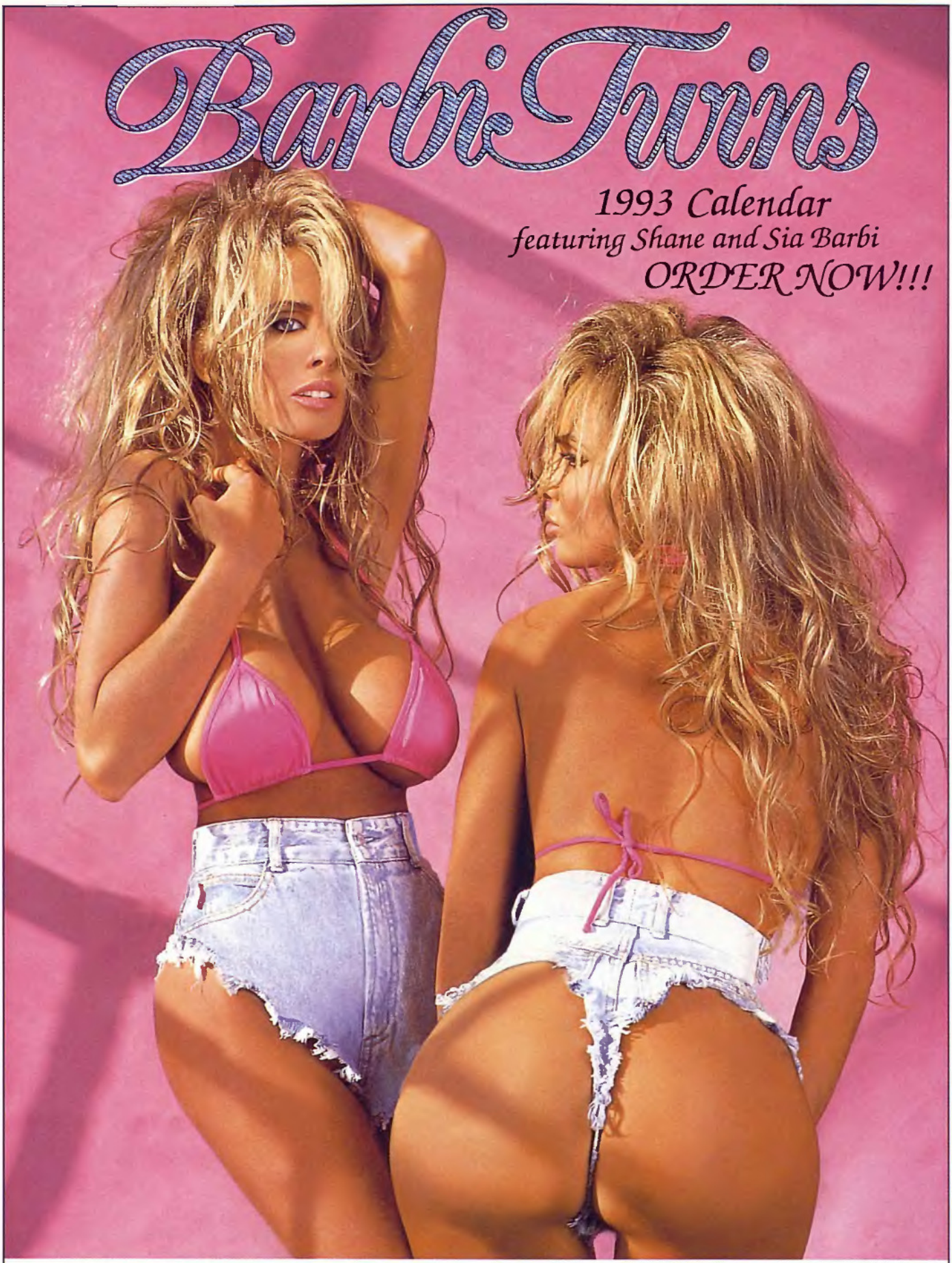
And you don't need a scary movie.

HOW TO BE A GREAT OLDER RELATIVE

Extravagance is the hallmark of a good older relative. Such a person takes you fishing or to the movies, gives you brass dinosaur paperweights and money from foreign countries, knows all about tortures and perfumes and horse racing, and, naturally, does a few crazy tricks—tricks much too rude and silly for your parents—that really make you laugh.

(1) When a child is looking the other way, palm a grape in your curved fingers.

(2) Now, with the same hand, visibly take another grape and quickly toss it into your mouth along with the hidden one. Make a sour face and spit one out. *Don't try to talk*; make cave-dweller grunts.



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(3) Pretend to put the spit-out grape under the front of your shirt or down your blouse. While your hand is under the shirt, again palm the grape and bring out your hand. From the back, your casually curved hand looks empty.

(4) Immediately pretend to push the grape deeper into your body. Imagine you are forcing it in through your navel. Use both hands. (Note: The grape is still palmed in your hand.)

(5) Now really go to town. Act as though you're using your hands to work the grape up through your stomach, into your chest and up your throat. Let it appear at your lips.

(6) Kids will demand that you repeat the trick. No problem. Bring the hand with the palmed grape in front of your mouth. Pretend to take the grape out of your mouth but really just suck it back in and show the one from your palm.

(7) Repeat the trick. The more funny starting places you can find, the better. For example, you may pretend to put the grape into your shoe and squish it with your foot, then appear to work it up your leg back to your mouth. No matter where you start, be sure you use your fingertips to massage it along its imaginary course.

(8) For the finale, hand the grape to the child and tell him or her to smash it as hard as possible on the top of your head (sure it will be a little fruity blob, but if you want to attain mythic status, you have to be willing to suffer). Pause. Look dazed. Then tilt your head back and spit the grape in your mouth high into the air.

Kids will beg you to teach this trick to them. Don't. They really don't want to know.

"Trust me, Gordon, we're in the grip of real social change—I got more condoms for Christmas than neckties."

PERSONAL POWER

(continued from page 178)

with a tarnished buckle. "Thank you. I've been thinking about that chicken. They charge too much for it here. Your savings would be enormous if you bought it fresh from the supermarket down the block and just boiled it up. Probably be better for the doggie anyhow."

"What a great idea!"

"If you've got a minute, we could go there right now."

She smiled. "If you have the time, I would really be grateful for your company. Those places make my head spin: too many colors, too many choices." Her voice was as silken as her jacket, and obviously she was prosperous, to speak so cavalierly of supermarkets. However, it was clear that he had assumed authority.

They had almost reached the door when a tall young man loped through it and thrust a huge handgun at the clerk nearest the cash register. Although the gunman had ignored the half-dozen customers and the two remaining deli workers, all froze in position as if so ordered. But in Devlin's case this was true for less than a second, after which he stepped near the would-be robber and spoke sharply to him, and when the man turned malevolently, Devlin stared between his fierce eyes.

Now it was the gunman who froze. Devlin put out a hand. "Give me that."

The man docilely, politely, surrendered the weapon, butt first. "Now, you," Devlin said to the ashen clerk at the register while gesturing at the front window with the gun barrel. "See those cops in the car in front of the drugstore? Go to the door and yell at them. Quicker than nine-one-one."

When this had been done and Devlin saw one of the officers leave the vehicle, he gave the pistol to the clerk. "I've got an appointment. If he moves, pull the trigger." Even so, the deli employee, a thin, graying man, stayed frightened. Devlin therefore stared between his eyes and said, "You can do it. He's unarmed now. He's nothing."

The clerk grinned cockily. "Sure." He brandished the weapon at the criminal. "Hit the deck, face down and spread 'em."

Devlin and the young woman walked to the nearby supermarket. Just outside the entrance she stopped and said, in a certain awe, "That was impressive. I know you took it in your stride, but *I* can't. I'm still shaking. Are you some kind of detective? How in the world . . . ?"

Devlin had impressed himself, insofar as he believed the incident happened in fact and not in a waking dream. "I don't know," he said with genuine modesty. "I

just had an idea and it worked. Come on, let's find that chicken."

•

Miranda turned out to have an executive position in the advertising department of a television network. Her marvelous body came from nature: Like him, she hated exercise for its own sake, though she would swim some, when the spirit moved her, in the pool at her weekend house, or bike over to see the new ducklings on the town pond. They also shared a preference for Indian-Pakistani food over the cuisines from the Farther East. Neither liked horror films, any kind of pasta but the three old standards, spag, mac and nood; and TV panel discussions irrespective of topic were also disliked. Both enjoyed wearing shoes without socks on the weekends, feeling superior to those who used "graduated" without an accompanying "from" and listening to vintage jazz of the late Twenties on ten-inch 78s recorded on one side only. Actually, these tastes were Devlin's. Whether or not Miranda would have shared them without being kraffted was not important. What mattered was that she could be counted on to agree with him on every opinion and in every taste. This situation was all the more gratifying in that she was otherwise a self-reliant person, successful in her career, beautiful and even more prosperous than he was aware of until after they had lived together for a while in her midtown duplex and decided to get married: She was the only child of an investment banker who had close links to the current administration.

Devlin had yet to meet his prospective father-in-law, who was abroad educating the liberated Slavs in how a free market is supposed to work. But he was anxious to try the technique of H. Krafft on this powerful individual. If it was effective on the likes of Virgil C. Harrelson, with his access to the White House . . . ? But Devlin tried to restrain himself from too extravagant projections. Life was going fabulously well as things stood. He had certainly used the technique to good advantage at his company, where staff conferences now went as he wanted them to go. His marketing system had been instituted, and though the early results were disappointing, putting the firm a good four points behind its chief competitor, nobody whose eyes he had stared between blamed him, including the head of the department, who had in fact been asked to resign. Whereas Devlin had been elevated to the newly created post of special assistant to the CEO, a place of the most power conjoined with the least responsibility, much preferable to that of the conspicuous chief executive, who could too easily be made a target by press and government snoops and disgruntled stockholders.

The Krafft technique was successful in all areas of life: getting the best restaurant tables without enriching maître d's, nonviolently subduing the pugnacious maniacs encountered everywhere on city sidewalks, winning political arguments with dinner-party zealots and inducing the purveyors of luxury goods such as high-performance motorcars, custom-made clothing and vintage wines to offer large discounts. Of course, it could not be used by telephone, fax or mail. One's living presence was required. And Devlin discovered another limitation on the windy day when some foreign matter was blown into his left eye, which subsequently he could not keep open. That the waiting room of the eye clinic was jammed with fellow sufferers meant little to him until he tried to dominate the receptionist with the Krafft stare.

"I'll go first," said he, one functional eye focused between her two.

The woman snorted. "You got to be kidding."

He waited three hours but learned a valuable lesson: On windy days, he would henceforth wear sunglasses, even if the sky was overcast, removing them when the Krafft technique was required. To be efficacious, the stare had to employ both eyes with maximum intensity. It was as if he were drilling a hole through the frontal bone and penetrating the soft tissue of the brain—not a pretty thing to visualize for someone as squeamish as Devlin, but he forced himself to disregard unattractive matters and take pleasure in the evidence that the effects seemed permanent.

Miranda continued to regard him as exemplary even after, developing a new method of fireplace cookery, he burned down a wing of her house. At work each of his policies was proving worse than the last, bringing the firm ever nearer to Chapter 11. Yet, while others were fired, his salary kept rising. The irony was that only now did he at last understand why, throughout his life, until the discovery of the Krafft technique, other people had not taken him as seriously as he would have liked. It was simply because his ideas were rotten. But it would be asking too much of any successful human being to stop doing that from which his success came, just because it could not be called honorable, or else many celebrated professions would provide a living for few. And there was no law against staring between someone else's eyes.

He did wonder why the technique was not more widely known, and for that matter, why H. Krafft had not made more of a mark on the world—unless of course he *had* discreetly done so, as in Devlin's own case. Tyrannical leaders of many kinds, from political despots to the robber barons of industry, were often said to have an almost hypnotic influence on their underlings. There had been people who professed to hate Hitler but were helplessly mesmerized by

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his presence. Perhaps Krafft had had more pupils than one might think from the apparent modesty of his business. But that was unlikely. Why would he have remained so obscure if his technique had been used by others to conquer countries and make billions?

It seemed more probable that many other people, in fact just about everybody who did extremely well in life, had discovered Krafft's trick, or some variant of it, on their own. Yet Devlin had been face to face with a few persons of power—had shaken the hand of a senator whose name was a household word, given some papers for signature to a noted publishing magnate, negotiated with a famous general whom his firm paid to endorse its products—and had never seen any of them stare between his eyes. But then, he had already been in a subservient position with all, and furthermore, had behaved so obsequiously that additional domination would have been a waste of time for men whose time was in such demand. The real test would be to observe how they acted toward those who resisted them. But surely the defiant were few up there on the heights and were dealt with on lower levels by junior dominators. What complicated the whole business was that rebels also often dominated others, beginning with their own natural constituencies, the allegedly disenfranchised, and if successful went on to establish masteries at least as absolute as those they replaced.

But before long it occurred to Devlin that to be truly dominant was to become so habituated to the exercise of power as to forget how it was acquired: One should rule as if there were no alternative. With this understanding, he became secure—except in one minor area. The Krafft stare had no effect on Miranda's dog, the female shelty, who had in effect, with its diet of chicken, brought them together. There was a choice of reasons why the technique did not work on Georgette. It was hard to do since the nervous creature disliked him to begin with. Then he had heard somewhere that Mace, which will repel a 200-pound mugger, is ineffective against dogs because they have no tear glands. Perhaps something else was lacking in canines that kept them immune to the stare: Devlin liked to think it was an incapacity to aspire to that which was beyond basic animal needs. In a word, despite Miranda's sentimental conviction, Georgette was demonstrably not human. But, of course, he could not produce such evidence without revealing the source of his own power, without which, he now realized, he had no special value to anyone.

•

Although dominating others was so easy nowadays, Devlin had not yet grown tired of doing so. He could have afforded to travel exclusively by limo, but with that mode of transport there was only the driver to control. Devlin therefore used public carriers and taxis when they were scarce, at rainy rush hours, for the pleasure of reducing otherwise aggressive, even hostile, people to toadies who made way for him, holding doors and simpering. He began to yearn to go into politics and was only waiting for the first face-to-face meeting with his father-in-law, who currently was en route to the Far East. Meanwhile, by acquiescing to his wishes in all matters, Miranda had begun to bore him, and he frequented other women, some of whom he would allow to show a stimulating resistance before being subdued at a moment of his choice. Among his conquests was the young movie star most often in the news, to whose presence he made his way at a premiere party and, after krafftting her bodyguards, put her under his power by staring between her famous emerald-green eyes. He also krafftted the gossip columnists, lest news of his latest score become an item, with possible adverse effects on his political ambitions.

Then one day when he was at his office—the big corner one surrendered to him by the CEO, whose career was on the brink of ruin because of the policies he had been krafftted into adopting—Devlin's assistant announced that a visitor without an appointment wanted to see him.

There was a standing order barring such intruders, Devlin roared angrily into the intercom. Since learning the Krafft technique, he had never needed to raise his voice. He was furious now and frightened. This was an unprecedented wearing off of the effect. His assistant, a lively young woman with a natural tendency toward insolence, had long since been stared into sycophancy. It was unthinkable for her to disobey explicit orders. Was it only the first of many defections? Or could he take corrective measures, administer, so to speak, booster shots of the stare, as was done with certain types of inoculations when their residual potency had diminished?

The door was opened by the offending assistant. "Listen here," Devlin cried

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out quickly. "Look at me!"

But she brazenly ignored him and instead turned to the person she was ushering in. "Mr. Devlin will be happy to see you now."

A stocky figure marched into his office, a woman in her middle years, with graying hair and glasses, the temple pieces of which dipped below the level of the eye. Devlin was made uncomfortable by the sight of such frames, associating them in memory with a teacher he had had in grade school so long before: She had often hectored him for inattention.

Annoyed, he determined to lose the intruder without ceremony. Who was she, with those glasses, that navy-blue suit and big black bag? Someone self-righteously collecting for a charity? "Sorry," said he, trying to stare between her eyes, "I'm too busy to see you now."

Advancing, the woman disregarded his stare. "I'm Hilda Krafft. Some time ago, you sent me a nasty letter."

"*You?*" He came around the desk. "You are H. Krafft? You've taken me by surprise. . . . Your technique is all it claims to be! I should not have. . . . Once it began to work so well, I guess I forgot. Look, I apologize. I should have written back, not only to beg your pardon but to tell you how effective the technique has been!"

But could she be the real thing? To have discovered the secret of domination and remained so commonplace in appearance?

"Victor, you're a silly little person," Hilda Krafft said, more in schoolteacherly reproof than in anger.

"Yes, ma'am." Devlin looked toward the floor. "But please tell me this, if you don't mind. Why aren't you famous? Your work is truly miraculous."

"You moved," Hilda Krafft said reprovingly. "But it's just as well I found you at work. Your wife has somehow survived, but I gather you are destroying this firm."

He raised his eyes. "You're right, of course. I'll resign immediately. Then I'll go find Miranda and offer her a divorce. All I want to do in life henceforth is to serve you."

"Why am I not famous?" Hilda Krafft shook her head in contempt. "Victor, you're a total loss."

"I'm stupid, is what I am," Devlin readily confessed. Having surrendered his will to her, he thought he saw himself without vanity.

"No," said Hilda Krafft. "Your mistakes are due not to a weak mind but rather to the kind of weak character that sees success as due only to cheap tricks." She brought up her bag, rummaged in it and produced a capacious coin purse from which she audibly counted out bills and change to the amount of $109.90. She placed this money on the desk.

"I could learn," Devlin pleaded. "Please take me with you!"

"Certainly not," said Hilda Krafft in her positive way. "You are by nature simply too sentimental." She marched out of his office on her thick-heeled shoes.

It was remarkable: She had given him the stare only briefly and not again, but he had been so thoroughly in her power that for some moments he did not believe he could survive bereft of a connection with her. And once she returned the fee, the Krafft technique no longer worked as performed by him. People assumed he was rudely staring at pimples on their foreheads or displaying a new tic and were annoyed or bored, as the case may have been. At the office, his bygone errors forgotten, he was soon reduced to his old status as a comfortable mediocrity, and business picked up.

Miranda severed their connection, though she was decent about it, letting him take along the gold cuff links and the expensive cologne. Strangely enough, now that he had lost his power, Georgette took an unprecedented liking to him, nudging his ankle with an affectionate nose and whining piteously as he left for good. But then, nobody was easier to take, by one and all, than the old Vic Devlin.

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"Oh, you shouldn't have!"

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EROS IN ORBIT

(continued from page 106)

"The absence of gravity would make the 'Kama Sutra' less likely to invoke the services of a chiropractor."

flight surgeon (those currently on the payroll are conspicuously silent on the subject) as saying that physical intimacy in the weightlessness of space would probably be enjoyable, perhaps more so than on earth. "You're going to have lots of freedom of movement," she noted. Hear, hear! And at the least, you'll be able to say goodbye to the old problem of waking up with the circulation in one arm cut off by the inert weight of a sleeping partner.

Space tourism will be getting off (sorry about that) the ground just in time to celebrate the centennial of Griffith's *Honeymoon in Space*. When *2001*'s Orbiter Hilton is finally built—my guess is around 2015, but then I'm a well-known conservative—many of its customers will be newly married couples, as well as lots of unmarried ones. They will be able to choose suites with any gravity they like, from zero at the center of the slowly rotating wheel to perhaps half a *g* at the rim. It may well turn out that after the novelty has worn off, complete weightlessness will not prove as satisfactory, for rather obvious reasons, as fractional gravity. Doubtless, the time will come when there will be endless debates between Martians (one-third *g*) and Lunarians (one-sixth *g*) over the erotic superiority of their respective habitats.

Meanwhile, a great deal of preliminary research can be done right here on earth, and I am happy to point the way. The parallel between scuba diving and living in space is now common knowledge. One day the bumper sticker DIVERS DO IT DEEPER will be matched by ASTROS DO IT HIGHER.

My personal interest in diving derived entirely from my desire to experience weightlessness in my own lifetime (though, so far as I recall, I did not have this particular application in mind). From 1950 on, I took every opportunity to infect my fellow space cadets with this enthusiasm—in at least one case with notable consequences.

During a visit to Washington in March 1954, I spent a weekend with my two closest American friends, Pip and Fred Durant. The other houseguest was Dr. Wernher von Braun, and before the weekend was over, I had, in his own words, "introduced me to the sport that has become my favorite—skin diving."

I did not know it at the time (though I suspected what was afoot), but Fred and Wernher were organizing a meeting of the engineers and scientists involved in Project Orbiter, a secret Army-Navy effort to launch a satellite. After various ups and downs—mostly downs, including the unlucky Vanguard—this was to lead to the successful launch of Explorer I, the first U.S. satellite.

Immediately after he had dealt with the Project Orbiter business, Wernher rushed off to buy his first Aqualung and, much more important, initiated construction of the enormous tank at Huntsville, Alabama, a vital astronaut training device for almost 30 years. In 1973 it saved U.S. taxpayers some $2.5 billion, when a team advised by Pete Conrad developed the tools and procedures that salvaged the crippled Skylab space station and turned disaster into triumph.

So the basic equipment is readily available to solve what Ben Bova, president emeritus of the National Space Society, has called "some very interesting problems in rendezvous and docking." If it accepts this challenge, NASA could certainly get itself into the public eye again and divert some of the TV coverage from gamy Supreme Court hearings and sordid court cases.

Bova, whose recent novel *Mars* is a worthy addition to those I've already mentioned, goes on to add, "Essentially, you're turning sex into a three-dimensional experience." The absence of gravity would certainly make some of the more acrobatic performances outlined in the *Kama Sutra* less likely to invoke the urgent services of a chiropractor, and there are some more startling possibilities. Consider, for example, the notorious daisy chain—hitherto, merely two-dimensional. In zero gravity, all the regular solids and many highly irregular ones could be constructed. And that's just the beginning. Look at those extraordinary carbon compounds, shaped like geodesic domes, that the organic chemists have discovered. Buckminsterfullerene, anyone?

I think I'd better stop here, before that school board starts gunning for me again. So let us end on a more serious, not to say dignified, note.

Life began in the weightless environment of the ocean, and we all spend the first eight months of our existence in the ocean of the womb. Here on land, crushed and often killed by gravity, we are refugees in transit camp who have lost the freedom of the sea and not yet—except for a lucky few, and for brief periods—attained the freedom of space.

Many years ago I wrote a short story called *Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Orbiting* in which I said that we would not really have conquered space until the first baby was born on the moon. Let's change that locale to Mars and try, despite all the odds, to meet that 2015 target.

 (continued from page 128)

"She was always late; once, it is said, three days late. But they would wait—for that look, for that smile."

pictures of her, suggested she change her hairstyle to the bangs that became her trademark and introduced her to Irving Klaw, the impresario of mail-order girlie pix.

Yes, her upper lip is a bit thin. Her teeth are not aligned. She is, by today's standards, a touch broad in the hips. Her right eye droops a little. But every man who photographed her or bought a photograph of her fell under her spell. She looked straight into the camera, straight at you, with an expression of real pleasure, of genuine friendliness that promised equal amounts of bliss and playfulness. You could take her home to mother—but watch out for dad.

Within two years Betty Page was a superstar in the strange, hermetic world of girlie pix. The customers of Klaw's *Movie Star News* and *Cartoon and Model Parade* demanded more pictures of Betty. The photographers loved her. She would pose all day (at ten dollars an hour), nude or seminude, in dusty studios and dark apartments and outside in lousy weather. She didn't complain. The only problem they had with her was that she had trouble being on time. She was always late; once, it is said, three days late. But they would wait—for that look, for that smile.

•

Between 1954, when I got out of the Army, and 1960, I worked in my chosen profession perhaps a dozen times. Just enough to keep hope alive. Once I worked in an industrial film. It was shot at a hotel in Atlantic City. I have no idea what industry it was extolling, but it was there, on that job, that I met my girlfriend, Brandy, a nice Jewish girl from Brooklyn. Black-haired, dark-eyed, with a lush figure, she, like Betty, had caught the acting bug.

Brandy made her living as a figure model. She posed for camera clubs. She posed in private sessions with amateur photographers. And she posed for Irving Klaw.

I was in the Klaw studio only once. That was the day I first saw Betty Page on the street outside. Brandy was doing a shoot there. I met Irving Klaw, a cheerful, balding, rotund fellow, and his sister, Paula, a handsome, friendly woman who ran the studio operation and, ultimately, shot most of the 8mm and 16mm classics in the Klaw oeuvre.

These films were five or ten minutes long, silent and almost always in black and white. There was never any nudity and there were no men. The girls posed, danced, modeled bathing suits and lingerie. In the bondage series, girls kidnapped other girls, gagged them, handcuffed them, tied them up and spanked them in the friendliest way. Sometimes they indulged in *merciless tickling*.

Brandy and another girl, dressed in what appeared to be two-piece leather bathing suits, wrestled on a rug while Paula operated the camera and made suggestions. Now and then, other girls wandered in and out of the dressing room in various stages of undress, watched the scene and commented on the degree of difficulty of the unorthodox wrestling holds. I was, of course, playing it cool (as we said then), as though it were nothing special for me to spend a Saturday afternoon watching my girlfriend getting her head squeezed between another girl's powerful thighs.

In truth, I was somewhat confused. The atmosphere was a peculiar mixture

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of prurience and innocence, rather like a whorehouse sequence filmed by Steven Spielberg.

•

The second time I saw Betty was at Jim Atkins', a 24-hour restaurant on Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village. At four in the morning the place would be jammed with the determinably Beat and the desperately hip, crouched on stools at the curving counter, stoking their (usually) marijuana-induced feeding frenzies with jelly doughnuts and double orders of corned-beef hash. Confirmed junkies drank endless cups of coffee into which, for that added lift, they would stir the contents of Benzedrine inhalers.

She came in with some guy whom we all immediately hated, sat down, smiled and ordered something. Oatmeal, I think. Even the severely stoned sat up straight, stopped giggling and watched the spoon going in and out of her mouth.

•

By 1955 Betty was the queen of pinups, the undisputed superstar of bondage pix, the main event in the Battling Babes series. She was the biggest hit on the photography-club circuit, the members of which paid a set fee for an afternoon field trip to some deserted meadow, park or farm in New Jersey or Connecticut.

Even some publisher named—let's see—Helkner or Hemler, something like that, selected her as his magazine's January 1955 centerfold. It's a picture shot by Bunny Yeager, the great cheesecake-and-glamour model turned great cheesecake-and-glamour photographer. In the photo, Betty, dressed in an abbreviated Santa Claus outfit, is kneeling by a Christmas tree, winking at the camera and holding ornaments.

Betty's legitimate acting credits are less memorable. She performed in several showcase productions and in a Long Island theater, playing the part of the sultry Gypsy dancer, Esmeralda, in Tennessee Williams' *Camino Réal*. She appeared in three exploitation burlesque films: *Strip-o-Rama*; *Varietease*, starring Lili St. Cyr; and *Teaserama* ("In Beautiful Eastman Color"), starring Tempest Storm and featuring "Saucy Betty Page." About the nicest thing *Variety* could find to say in its review was: "Apparently there's a market for this type product."

She also showed up in several TV variety shows, in bit parts, background, dressed as immodestly as standards and practices would allow.

A friend of mine who wrote for the *Steve Allen Show* remembers her. He says, "She did some bit with a bunch of other girls. There was too much hair spray and too much makeup."

•

An advertisement for a burlesque theater in Jersey City proclaimed that Betty Page would be on the bill for a week, performing a "naughty but nice" bathtub routine. Some friends and I sat through several performances, but she never showed up. Although I was severely disappointed, I could hardly blame her. It was a tacky joint, even by grindhouse standards, populated in the front rows mostly by middle-aged men with coats, hats or newspapers placed strategically on their laps.

Our evening came to an abrupt end when I leaned over and asked one of the patrons if I could borrow the sports section when he was through with it. I had to assume that he was not amused at my attempt at friendly jocularity when he threatened me with dismemberment.

•

Betty's personal life through these years was not one to write home about. She seemed to have had no close female friends. She did have a few lovers, mostly men who photographed her. They are remarkably uninsightful about her. Unless, of course, there's nothing to be insightful about. A couple of them asked her to marry them, but her hoped-for acting career came first.

One of them took a trip with her to Florida and briefly met a sister who, he reported, looked like Betty but not as good. Another said that she was adept at lovemaking. All the men seem to have destroyed whatever private photographs they once had of her so that, apparently, the nature of their relationship with her would not be discovered by a past, present or future wife.

In spite of her admirable scholastic record, no one can remember her reading a book. No one recalls going with her to a play or a movie, though some think she had a particular fondness for Jimmy Dean, Gregory Peck and Bette Davis. No one remembers ever seeing her in any of her theatrical efforts. No one can remember her ever cooking a meal. She was polite, friendly, a good girl, a sweet girl, a trusting girl. She didn't gossip or complain or take the good Lord's name in vain.

Someone remembers an uncharacteristic flash of anger. The police descended on a photography club's field trip and cited everybody for indecency—which, in those years, meant any behavior that couldn't be found in the text of a Dick and Jane book. At the moment of the bust, Betty was relieving herself behind some bushes. Afterward, in the car going home, Betty was in a silent rage. The photographers assured her that the penalty would be only a small fine. That wasn't the point, she said. "That man—that policeman—he *saw me go*!"

•

Then the Kefauver Committee came to town. Senator Estes Kefauver—Democrat from Tennessee—was, because of his affection for Davy Crockett

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headgear, referred to by some as the dork in the coonskin cap. Desperately trying to attract attention to himself after a failed presidential bid, Kefauver chaired a congressional committee investigating obscenity.

It was an era of investigation. And this one got everybody's attention because it dealt, after all, with material that was *dirty*. Dirty books were everywhere. Dirty comics (look for the female organs craftily disguised in the folds of the garment worn by Sheena, Queen of the Jungle) drove our nation's youth into a sexual frenzy. Not unlike the splenetic Senator Orrin Hatch, who searched grimly through contemporary literature for the mysterious pubic hair during the Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill bout, Kefauver hurled half-witted accusations in all directions.

The committee focused on Irving Klaw's operation. There was the claim that the body of a murdered Florida man who was found in full bondage gear looked suspiciously like something out of a Klaw catalog. Expert witnesses attested to the links between pornography and juvenile delinquency, organized crime, madness, suicide, blindness, spotty complexions, un-Americanism, you name it.

The charges didn't quite stick because the law said that to make the case, the material must arouse or excite the normal person. And since the committee members were, after all, normal persons, would they admit to becoming aroused or excited themselves by photographs of girls being tied up and gagged? Gracious sakes, no.

But in the process of their investigation, they effectively broke Irving Klaw. He made a deal to destroy thousands of photographs. Deeply hurt by the accusations, Klaw slowly withdrew from the business and, a few years later, fell ill and died.

In the meantime, Betty got subpoenaed. Although no one remembers being there when she testified, she appeared before the committee and was lectured by Kefauver.

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Betty had been knocking at all those doors for almost ten years. She'd been lying about her age and it was beginning to show. She still got a lot of criticism for the accent she had never been able to get rid of. The big break seemed as remote as ever. The investigators were still trying to put someone in jail. And the owners of the building she lived in were threatening to tear it down. It was all too much.

So, in 1957 she packed it in. She went to Florida, modeled for three or four years and then disappeared. Utterly.

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What became of her? Here is a selection of the rumors that I have heard over the years:

After gangsters threatened her life, she had plastic surgery and went to live in Europe.

She entered a convent.

She secretly married a minor film star, or the brother of a minor film star, or a friend of a minor film star's lawyer, and lives with him in Canada.

What happened, of course, is much less colorful. Probably, as most of those who were close to her believe, she went back to Tennessee, got married, had kids and settled down to a decent stable Baptist life. By now, if she's still alive, she's pushing 70.

There's a man in California who claims to be her brother. He's not talking. There are others, Bunny Yeager among them, who undoubtedly know where she is, but they are keeping her secret. A tidy sum of money was recently offered to her through intermediaries if she'd surface and tell her story. The response, if indeed it was an authentic one, seemed to have something to do with "the Lord's work."

•

The Betty Page that we know ceased to exist some time ago. She never got to play those glamourous, exciting parts on stage or in the movies that she dreamed about. But the part she did play, however inadvertently, was unique. *That* Betty Page will never grow old. She will never be hounded by crazed fans. Paparazzi will not track her down and humiliate her. The tabloids will not draw comparisons between what they say she has become and what we know she is.

One hopes she has cashed in on at least a fraction of the happiness she gave to others. Maybe she has a daughter or, by now, a granddaughter who has black hair and a slightly droopy eye.

•

The third and last time I saw her was on a camera-club shoot. We all met on a weekend afternoon at an abandoned farm someplace in the New Jersey countryside: Betty, Brandy, one other model, a dozen or so photographers and I. The guys clicked away for four or five hours as the girls lounged against barn doors and leaned out of windows, hugged trees, draped themselves against boulders and rolled around in the grass. Mostly, the men followed Betty from place to place, as did I. They asked her to turn this way and that way, bend over a little more, even more, look back, back here, back here at the camera, at the lens, smile now, big smile, one more time, right at the lens, please. . . .

She smiled for all of them. Even though I didn't have a camera, she smiled one time, I think, at me.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 32, 134–139, 164–169, 173–175 and 245, check the listings below to find the store nearest you.

STYLE

Page 32: "Gifting Yourself": **Leather jeans** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace Boutiques nationwide; Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Bracelet** by *Chrome Hearts*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300; Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. **Jacket** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Ties** by *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Wayne Edwards, 1521 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-563-6801. **Sweaters** by *Joseph Abboud*, at I. Magnin, San Francisco; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Cuff links** and **studs** by *Cartier*, available at all Cartier boutiques nationwide, for information or store locations nearest you, 800-227-8437. **Leather portfolio** by *De Vecchi*, for store locations nearest you, 212-758-9770. "Dark Shadows": **Shirts:** By *Wilke-Rodriquez*, at Marshall Field's, Dayton's and Hudson's and Cignal stores nationwide. By *J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud*, at all Mark Shale stores; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. By *Ruff Hewn*, to order or for information, 800-723-7833. By *International News*, at Fred Segal stores; all Urban Outfitters. "Clothesline": **Shoes** by *Prada*, at Prada, 45 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-308-2332, and 9521 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills, 310-276-8889. **Boots** by *Justin*, at Alcala's Western Wear, 1733 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, 312-226-0152, call for free catalog; Thieves Market, for store locations, 714-380-7700. **Sports coat** by *Thierry Mugler*, at Syd Jerome, 2 N. La Salle, Chicago, 312-332-9095. **Trousers** by *Men Go Silk*, for information or store locations, 800-964-4484. "Hot Shopping: Chicago": Barneys New York, 312-587-1700; Boogies Diner, 312-915-0555; J. Crew, 312-751-2739; Knot Shop, 312-944-7121; Nike Town, 312-642-6363; Sony Gallery of Consumer Electronics, 312-943-3334; Crate & Barrel, 312-787-5900.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Page 134: **Shoes** by *Unique Life & Fitness Products*, to order or for information, 800-752-8080. Page 135: **Camcorder** by *Sharp*, to order or for information, 800-BE-SHARP. **Knife** by *Victorinox*, for dealer nearest you, 800-442-2706. Page 136: **Scissors, matchbox holder, matches** and **cigars** by *Davidoff*, to order or for information, 800-548-4623 outside NY, 800-328-4365 inside NY. Page 137: **Plate** by *Special Editions, Ltd.*, to order or for information, 800-258-1995. (This plate was created without the participation or approval of Keith Haring or his estate.) Page 138: **VCR** by *Goldstar*, for information, Goldstar Consumer Affairs, c/o Bozell Public Relations, Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.C., 10019. **Telephone** by *Bang & Olufsen*, for dealer nearest you, 800-284-BANG. Page 139: **Motorcycle** by *Harley-Davidson*, for dealer nearest you, 800-443-2153.

SLICKED UP ON MELROSE PLACE

Page 164: **Suit** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, Inc., 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-627-9770; Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300, by special order only. **Belt** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, Inc., 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-627-9770. **Sweater** from *I. Magnin*, at I. Magnin, Beverly Hills. Page 165: **Sports jacket** and **turtleneck** by *Michael Kors*, at Wayne Edwards, 1521 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-563-6801. **Trousers** by *Michael Kors*, at Thomas Miller, 8285 Jericho Turnpike, Woodbury, NY, 516-367-3590; Syd Jerome, 2 N. La Salle, Chicago, 312-332-9095. Page 166: **Suit** by *Donna Karan*, at Bloomingdale's New York, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **Sweater** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000, Chicago, Costa Mesa and Dallas; I. Magnin nationwide. **T-shirt** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's nationwide. Page 167: **Sports jacket, trousers** and **vest** by *Istante*, for information, Istante Showroom, 212-582-0042. **Sweater** by *Ballantyne for Cashmere Cashmere*, at Cashmere Cashmere, Inc., 840 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-988-5252. Page 168: **Sports jacket** by *Donna Karan*, at Rubenstein Bros., 102 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, 800-725-7823; Stanley Korshak, 500 Crescent Ct., Ste. 100, Dallas, 214-871-3610. **Trousers** by *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York, 25 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-587-1700. **Shoes** by *Donna Karan*, at Maraolo, 782 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., 212-832-8182. **Sweater** by *Gentry Portofino*, at Cuffs Clothing Co., 18 E. Orange St., Chagrin Falls, OH, 216-247-2828. **Vest** by *Byblos*, at Courtoue, 459 Geary St., San Francisco, 415-775-2900. Page 169: **Sports jacket** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani, Boston, N.Y.C. and San Francisco. **Trousers** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani, Boston, Costa Mesa, Honolulu, N.Y.C., Toronto and San Francisco. **Sweater** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani, Boston, Costa Mesa and N.Y.C.

PLAYBOY'S KILLER GUIDE TO SNOWBOARDING

Page 173: **Fleece pullover** by *Burton*, for information, 802-862-9900. Page 174: **Boots** by *Burton*, for information, 802-862-9900. **Hat** by *Bula*, at Valley Sports, Town Square, Waterville Valley, NH, 603-236-4075. Page 175: **Gloves** by *Morrow Snowboards*, for dealer, 503-393-9703. **Snowboard** by *Sims Snowboards Corp.*, for information, Sims Snowboards Corp., P.O. Box 8019, Blaine, WA 98231 or call 604-525-9441.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 245: *Bowmore Scotch*: for store locations, 708-439-4355. *Courvoisier cognac*: for information, 800-336-3783. *Glenfiddich Scotch*: order from your local spirit merchant. *Absolut vodka*: to order, Carillon Importers, Ltd., Glenpointe Centre West, Teaneck, NJ 07666-6897.

For free information on advertised fashions only, call Playboy's Fashion Line at 1-800-354-4502.

WHAT MAKES A MOMENT

A MEMORY

Courvoisier Cognac 40% alc./vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1992

THE SPIRITS OF GIVING

A gift of liquor is one of the easiest ways to cure those who-gets-what holiday blues. Then, too, this year's bottle could well end up on your own back bar. Who but the most generous Santa would bestow Courvoisier's $3750 Succession "J.L." cognac on anyone but himself? Or a $3000 Glenfiddich 30-year-old single-malt Scotch that's sold in an imported crystal decanter with a sterling-silver stag's-head stopper? But the ultimate holiday liquid asset is being offered by Jim Beam—an oak barrel of Booker Noe's True Barrel bourbon, plus two first-class airline tickets to Clermont, Kentucky, where the barrel is selected and its contents bottled. The price? A mere $20,000. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good nip. —PAUL PACULT

JAMES IMBROGNO

Below, left to right: Crystal, silver and gold House of Stewart Dynasty decanter containing 31-year-old Bowmore Scotch, $3700. Courvoisier's rare Succession "J.L." cognac, $3750. Crystal and sterling-silver stag's-head decanter filled with 30-year-old Glenfiddich single-malt Scotch, $3000. Absolut vodka in a limited-edition (of 50) glass decanter that's been hand-etched with an image honoring Native Americans, $5000, including a hammered sterling-silver top and a bird's-eye maple presentation box. Absolut plans to market additional decanters annually.

Where & How to Buy on page 243.

Just Kidding Around

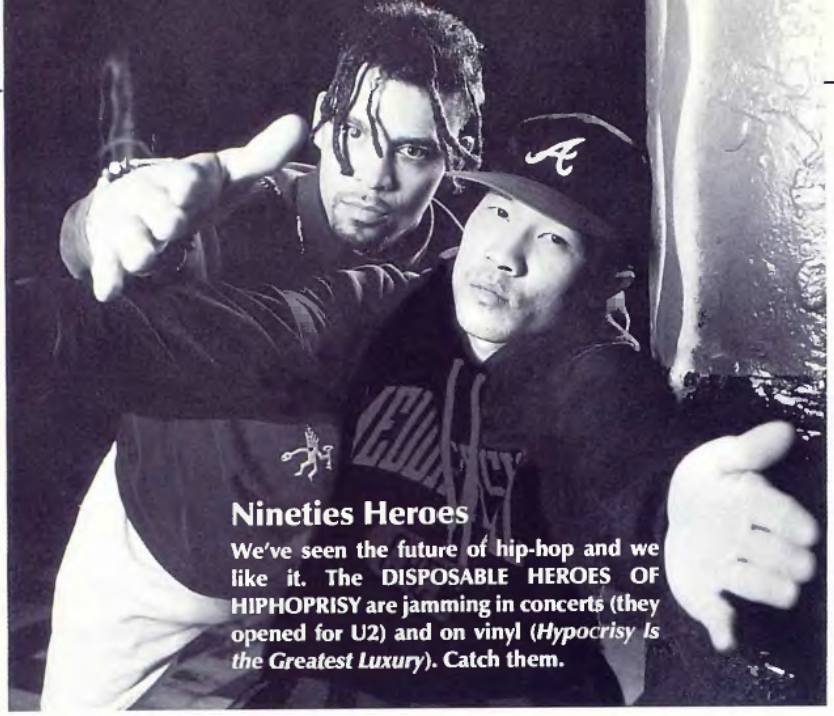
UGLY KID JOE came up with their name when they opened for a band called Pretty Boy Floyd. And it stuck. Their EP *As Ugly as They Wanna Be* went multiplatinum. Now they hope the same thing happens to their LP *America's Least Wanted*. Party on, dudes!

Bell Rings for Us

You saw starlet JACQUI BELL in *The Doors* in a non-speaking role and on TV as a pitchwoman for Sunkist, Sprite and Coke. Jacqui's waiting for her big break, and we'll be proud to say we knew her when.

No Rust on This Tin

DAVID BOWIE isn't having a mid-life crisis. He got married and his group, Tin Machine, is having a banner year with the release of *Oy Vey, Baby*, their live album recorded on the 1991–1992 world tour. Having spoofed U2's hot LP *Achtung Baby*, this machine hopes life imitates art.



Nineties Heroes

We've seen the future of hip-hop and we like it. The DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRISY are jamming in concerts (they opened for U2) and on vinyl (*Hypocrisy Is the Greatest Luxury*). Catch them.

Uncovering the Real Diane

Actress DIANE COLTON knows how to wear a pair of cutoffs. Her TV credits include *Wings*, *Baywatch*, *Jake and the Fatman* and, more recently, *The Larry Sanders Show*. Even after we've turned off the tube, Diane still flickers for us.

A Shoulder to Sigh On

Did you see RACHEL WAGNER in *Universal Soldier*, *Eyes of the Storm* or *The Underground*? Do you need a more regular fix? Rachel appears in Levi's jeans commercials, too.

All Tapped Out?

SPINAL TAP returned with an LP, *Break Like the Wind*, a tour and an NBC special this fall, proving wrong all those people who say rock gods have sense of humor They just have no sense.

SHOWBOX TIME!

Of the 16 billion snapshots developed in the U.S. each year, about 15.8 billion of them end up in drawers, shoe boxes or closets. Until now, that is, because Burnes of Boston has created a Swiss-made Showbox photo viewer that stores and displays up to 40 photos in a 3½″ x 5″ or 4″ x 6″ container that doubles as a picture frame. To load the Showbox, you slide open a concealed drawer, drop in your favorite snapshots and close the drawer. To view your pictures, you simply open and close the drawer and a new photo will automatically appear in the viewer window. Neat, huh? The price: about $20 in two colors—soft white and charcoal—at gift and department stores and photo retailers.

WE GO POGO

Walt Kelly may have passed on to that great Okefenokee Swamp in the sky, but Peter and Carolyn Kelly, his son and daughter, have resurrected his comic strip. The Entertainment Art Company, 47 Euclid Avenue, Department 99, Stamford, Connecticut 06902, is offering a free quarterly *Pogo Is Back* newsletter that's chock-full of Pogo news and products. The limited-edition lithograph *Christmas Greetings* pictured above, for example, is $195 framed ($125 unframed), and there's also a Pogo Flower T-shirt ($16.95), a Pogo watch ($69.95) and a We Have Met the Enemy and He Is Us tote bag ($15), among other products. And you can even purchase original Walt Kelly artwork of *Pogo* at prices ranging from $1000 to $5000. For more information, call 800-GET-POGO.

THE LATEST HOT SHOT

According to Domecq Importers, the "shot heard round the world" this year will be a golden-brown shot glass that comes filled with smooth Sauza Conmemorativo tequila. To fire it down, amigo, all you do is yank away the pull-off cap. The glass is yours to keep and the price is simpatico—about $2. Liquor stores will be stocking it. Salud!

CAPITOL IDEA

Capitol Records' yearlong 50th-anniversary celebration is underway, and four CDs have been released featuring such timeless hits as Ella Mae Morse singing *Cow Cow Boogie* and the Kingston Trio's *Tom Dooley*. *The Birth of a Dream: Capitol's Early Hits*, *Memories Are Made of This*, *When AM Was King* and *Traditions in Country Music* cost about $14 each. *The Capitol Records 50th Anniversary Jazz*, a triple-CD package, is about $45.

AVOIDING A BLUE CHRISTMAS

'Tis the season to be jolly—and pickpocketed, but rest ye merry, gentlemen. The Swedish-made Colloc security wallet is like having Fort Knox in your pocket. You can open the wallet with your four-digit code, but if a thief forces it open, dyes burst out and render the contents worthless. The price: $135 ($115 without a carrying strap or an extra return label), postpaid, from Colortag, Inc., 2425 East Commercial Boulevard, Suite 308, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33308.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

DAN QUINE

CATCH A FALLING STAR

What better time than Christmas to buy a piece of a star? Bethany Sciences, P.O. Box 3726-P, New Haven, Connecticut 06525, sells hunks of meteorites by the gram, priced from $2.50 for octahedrite coarsest—a Russian specimen with a beautiful steel-blue fusion crust—to $50 for carbonaceous chondrite, a rare black stone with a bubbly crust that fell to earth near Luxor, Egypt. Books on meteorites are also available. For more information: 800-525-1052.

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY

Rizzoli International has just published *The Compleat Gentleman*, "Five Centuries of Aristocratic Life," by Geoffrey Beard. If you're a blue blood or aspire to act like one, you couldn't own a better Baedeker. Some of the subjects include taste, attire, manners, travel, marriage, food and drink and, of course, life on the country estate and in the city. Plus, 165 photographs and illustrations portray how the compleat gentleman comports himself at work and play. The price: $50. Gentlemen, pay up.

TAKE A WIZARD

Wake the Wizard is the Magic 8 Ball of the Nineties. You pass your hand over a 10"-high sphere and the eyes of the Wizard inside flash as he responds to yes and no questions with about 40 answers, sound effects included. TechniArt, the manufacturer in Unionville, Connecticut, says hundreds of combinations of words and sounds are possible. Instructions for playing a Wizard game are also included. Price: about $50 at game and gift stores.

NOW YOU'RE SMOKIN'

From the picture of a bronzed metal ashtray in the shape of a naked nymph to reproductions of early ads for Spud and Old Gold cigarettes, the $17.95 softcover book *Smokerama*, by Philip Collins, is fully packed with the stuff a puffer's dreams are made of. Within its 124 pages are more than 150 color photographs, plus brief descriptions of the classic tobacco accouterments shown. Chronicle Books in San Francisco is the publisher.

NEXT MONTH

TORRID TWINS

IRISH BLUES

HAUNTING PRAGUE

PLAYMATE REVIEW

BLUEBEARD IN IRELAND—CAN GEORGE AND VIVIAN'S SHAKY MARRIAGE STAND A LONG WALK DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD?—FICTION BY JOHN UPDIKE

NUKE THE PENTAGON—CASTING A SHARP EYE AT THE NATION'S MILITARY HQ, AMERICA'S MOST DECORATED LIVING VETERAN OFFERS A DRAMATIC PLAN TO REDO U.S. DEFENSE—BY DAVID HACKWORTH

THE BARBI TWINS—IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL SHOT IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, HOLLYWOOD'S BILLBOARD BEAUTIES LOOK TWICE AS NICE THE SECOND TIME AROUND

MY PRAGUE—OUR FAVORITE LONELY GUY CHECKS OUT THE PARIS OF THE NINETIES—A UNIQUE INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

THE WATCH—A PLAYWRIGHT LEARNS THAT SOME GIFTS TRULY STAND THE TEST OF TIME—BY PULITZER PRIZE WINNER DAVID MAMET

THE AGE OF TURNAROUND—THE KREMLIN, THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR, FEDERAL EXPRESS, CNN, IBM AND EVEN WOODY TEACH US HOW CLOSE THE DOWNSIDE IS TO THE UPSIDE—AND VICE VERSA—BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

QUERENCIA—IF THOUGHTS OF THE HOLIDAY SOCIAL SCENE CAUSE TREMORS OF PERIL, EASE UP WITH YULETIDE ADVICE FROM OUR SUAVE EXPERT—BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE—CONFINED TO HIS BED FOLLOWING A RIDING ACCIDENT, A RETIRED MILITARY MAN LETS HIS IMAGINATION RUN WILD—FICTION BY ANDRE DUBUS

IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT HER CRUSADE AGAINST EROTICA IS ANTISEX, ANTIMALE AND SO BORING, NOW **CATHARINE MACKINNON** WANTS THE LAW ON HER SIDE—A *PLAYBOY PROFILE* BY PETE HAMILL

PREMIERE FUNNYMAN **STEVE MARTIN** TELLS US HIS FAVORITE TALES—AND THE JOKES THAT BOMBED—AND REVEALS WHY HE SQUIRMS AT SEX SCENES, IN A SERIOUSLY DELIGHTFUL *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*

PLUS: CELEBRITY CHRISTMAS PARTIES YOU MISSED; THE YEAR'S DUMBEST QUOTES; PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW; A CARIBBEAN YACHT ADVENTURE ABOARD THE LUXURIOUS DRUMBEAT II; A SCANDALOUSLY CANDID *20 QUESTIONS* WITH SEAN YOUNG; FICTION BY FILMMAKER ETHAN COEN; AND, YES, MUCH, MUCH MORE

Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Farmington Hills, MI © 1992

You could serve Cutty Sark in the glass
on the left, which is made of fine European crystal.
Or the one on the right, which is just glass.
Or was it the other way around?
The point is, all that really matters is what you put inside.

CUTTY SARK®

SCOTS WHISKY

UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH

The RCA 35" Home Theatre. So real, it's scary.

Looking at a roller coaster on the RCA Home Theatre is like riding it without getting strained vocal cords, your hair messed up, or a strange feeling in the pit of your stomach. The picture's so lifelike (up to 55 watts of picture power) and the sound's so intense you'll feel like part of the show. Experience the Home Theatre™ at an RCA dealer. We promise, there's nothing to be afraid of. **Changing Entertainment. Again.™** RCA

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